



10 ~~7879.28~~ \*\*

Defoe

13  
.1789A



GIVEN BY

Mrs. M. J. Mann







THE

NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE;

AN INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING

H I S T O R Y,

FOR THE USE OF

CHILDREN OF BOTH SEXES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

5851

---

D U B L I N :

PRINTED BY W. COLLES, DAME-STREET,

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

\*\*Deje 13.1789 A

1000

1000

---

## P R E F A C E.

SOME writers have affirmed that mankind are all born with the same dispositions and the same degree of understanding; and that education, laws, and customs, create all the difference perceivable between man and man. I confess, I can hardly bring myself to suppose that education alone produced the wide dissimilarity which exists between the characters of Thersites and Achilles, or those of Socrates and Anytus: at the same time it will ever be an acknowledged truth, that even he who is most indebted to Nature will reap but small advantage from her gifts, unless they are improved by mature and judicious cultivation.

It is unnecessary to undertake a serious demonstration of a truth universally admitted in all ages and nations; a truth confirmed by daily experience, and the practice of which was the object constantly aimed at by the labours both of the philosopher and the bulk of mankind. The improvement of the latter, as far as it can be effected by education, has been more attended to in the present age than ever it was in any preceding one. If the endeavours used to this purpose have not had all the success that might be expected from them, they have at least excited the attention and directed the minds of men towards an object, the accomplishment of which, as it is more or less perfect, has ever a proportionable effect upon the happiness of families, and consequently upon the state of society in general.

A great genius of the present age has contributed, even by his false opinions, towards the accomplishment of this important object: for the errors of great men

are remarked, and the discussion of them frequently leads to the truth from which they have deviated. Thus Mr. Rousseau's *Emilius* will, in spite of the false opinions advanced in it, always be a valuable book, both on account of the important truths which it contains, and those which it has caused to be discovered; and it would be unjust not to attribute to it at least a considerable enlargement in our ideas concerning education.

To free our species, as far as in us lies, from the ailments and disabilities to which Nature subjects them from their very birth, is a great object, but certainly not the only one. It is essential to society that its members be sound and robust in constitution; but if they are not, at the same time, honest, just, and good, they will be of more prejudice than advantage to society. Mr. Rousseau was perfectly sensible of this truth; he has paid considerable attention to it; but, if I may be allowed the assertion, he was frequently deceived both in the nature of social virtue, and the extent to which it should be practised. While he boldly attacks the prejudices under which we are enslaved from our infancy, he has, on the other hand, denied, or endeavoured to render doubtful, many valuable truths which constitute our happiness in a more advanced age. While he meant to prune away the greedy branches that impeded the growth of the tree, he has, though perhaps without intention, wounded its very roots. Whilst he wishes to assist Nature, he allows Nature too much; and where he thought he found her defective, he has not always been able to find the best means of supplying her defects. In a word, young *Emilius* is the child of Mr. Rousseau's fancy, not the child of education.

Nevertheless, the following work is indebted to that of Mr. Rousseau for the form that it bears. Mr. Campe, the author of it, expresses himself thus: "I never read the following passage in the second volume of *Emilius* without the most sensible satisfaction. Nothing upon earth can be so well calculated to inspire one with ardour in the execution of a plan approved by so great a genius."

“ Might there not be found means,” says Rousseau, “ to bring together so many lessons of instruction that lie scattered in so many books; to apply them through a single object of a familiar and not uncommon nature, capable of engaging the imitation, as well as rousing and fixing the attention even at so tender an age? If one could imagine a situation, in which all the natural wants of man appear in the clearest light to the understanding of a child, and in which the means of satisfying these wants unfold themselves successively in the same clear, easy manner, the lively and natural description of such a state should be the first means that I would use to set his imagination at work.

“ I see thine expand already, thou ardent philosopher. But be not in pain; we have found such a situation. It is described, and no disparagement to your talents, much better than you would describe it yourself, at least with more truth and simplicity. Since we must have books, there is one that furnishes, in my opinion, the best imagined treatise upon natural education that can possibly be. This book shall be the first that I will put into the hands of my Emilius; this singly shall for a long time compose his whole library, and indeed shall always hold a distinguished place there. It shall be the text to which all our discourses upon natural science shall serve as a commentary. It shall be the criterion of our taste and judgment; and, as long as these remain uncorrupted, the reading of it will always be agreeable to us. Well, then, what is this wonderful book? Is it Aristotle, Pliny, Buffon?—No: it is Robinson Crusoe.

“ Robinson Crusoe, alone in his island, deprived of the assistance of his fellow creatures, without \* tools of any sort, yet providing for his safety and subsistence, and even procuring himself a sort of happiness, presents

---

\* *Mr. Rousseau is mistaken here. The Old Robinson Crusoe has plenty of tools and instruments, which he saves from the wreck of a ship; whereas the New Robinson Crusoe has nothing but his head and his hands to depend on for his preservation.*

a subject interesting to every age, and which there might be a thousand ways of making agreeable to children. This you see realizes the ideal circumstances of the desert island, which I used at first as a comparison. I grant, it is by no means the state of man as destined for society; nay, probably Emilius might never experience such a situation; nevertheless, it is that by which he should estimate the value of every other condition in life. The surest way to rise superior to all prejudice, and to form our judgment upon the true report of things, is to place ourselves in the situation of a man cut off from all society, and to judge of every thing as that man must naturally judge, regard being had at the same time to his own degree of utility in the sphere of existence.

“ This story, cleared of all its unnecessary rubbish, beginning with Robinson’s being shipwrecked upon his island, and ending with the arrival of the vessel that takes him away, shall be both the amusement and instruction of Emilius during the tender age that I speak of. I will have his head run upon nothing else but Robinson Crusoe; he shall talk incessantly about his castle, his goats, and his plantations. He shall learn, not from books, but from things, every single particular necessary to be known in such a case; he shall imagine *himself* to be Robinson Crusoe, and dress himself up in skins, with a great cap on his head, a broad sword by his side, and, in short, the whole of the grotesque dress and accoutrements with which we generally see Robinson Crusoe’s picture represented, except the umbrella, for he shall have no occasion for that. I will have him study how he should proceed if he happened to be in want of this or that necessary; he shall examine his hero’s conduct, and try if he has left nothing undone, or if he went the best way to work about what he has done; he shall remark where he is wrong, and take care not to fall into the same mistake himself; for you need not have the least doubt but he will be for imitating Robinson in his whole plan. Nothing, indeed, can be better calculated to please the imagination at that calm period of life, when, if our wants are satisfied, and our actions unrestrained, we look no farther for happiness.

“ What

“What advantage may not an able master take of this romantic project in a child! a project to which he himself has given birth for the sake of the profitable fruits that may be reaped from it. The child, ever busy and eager to make provision for his island settlement, will be more ready to learn than the master to teach. He will desire to know every thing that is useful, and nothing more; you will have no occasion to spur him on—The exercise of the natural arts, for which one man alone is sufficient, leads to the invention of the arts of industry, which require the co-operation of many hands.”

This passage from Rousseau will explain, infinitely better than I can, the utility of a book composed upon such a plan; it now remains to be seen how far Mr. Campe, the author of the following work, has pursued Mr. Rousseau's idea.

The public is pretty generally agreed not to depend on the report of translators concerning the works which they translate, especially if their judgment be favourable to the original: and I believe this caution is well founded; for it is no easy matter to decide with impartiality where self-opinion has equal influence with justice in passing the sentence.

Perhaps some may not think as I do concerning this work of Mr. Campe's; particularly, those who are fond of metaphysical treatises upon education, will, no doubt, be disappointed to find nothing in the New Robinson Crusoe but things that are useful, introduced in an unaffected manner, clearly expressed and demonstrated without pedantry; they will be surprised to see children speak like children, and their instructor assume the simple language of childhood, in order to make himself understood. Those who are governed by the spirit of free thinking will find it strange that religion is respected and rendered respectable in this work; that God is represented as the mover of all things, and the principle to which all our actions should be referred, as well as the motives which determine them, and the sentiments which gave them birth. These are, no doubt, particularities that may be remarked: nevertheless, at this

time of day, to think wisely, we must not always think with philosophers.

“The Old Robinson Crusoe,” says M<sup>r</sup>. Compe, in his Preface to the original of this work, “independent of its other defects, is erroneous in one particular sufficient to destroy every advantage that this History might produce, which is, that Robinson Crusoe is provided with all sorts of European tools and instruments necessary to procure him many of those conveniencies that belong to society. Thus the opportunity is lost of affording the young reader a lively sense both of the wants of man in a state of solitude, and the multiplied happiness of a social life; another important reason why I thought proper to depart from the old History of Robinson Crusoe.

“I have, therefore, divided the time of my New Robinson Crusoe’s remaining upon the island into three periods. In the first he is all alone and destitute of any European tool or instrument whatsoever, assisting himself merely by his hands and invention; in order to shew, on the one hand, how helpless man is in a state of solitude, and, on the other, how much reflection and persevering efforts can contribute to the improvement of our condition. In the second period, I give him a companion, on purpose to shew how much a man’s situation may be bettered by taking even this single step towards society. Lastly, in the third period, a vessel from Europe is shipwrecked on his island, and gives him an opportunity thereby of providing himself with tools and most other articles necessary in common life, in order that the young reader may see how valuable many things are of which we are accustomed to make very little account, because we have never experienced the want of them.”

---

Thus far the French Translator’s Preface; which containing a very ample explanation of the plan and scope of the following work, there is little necessity to offer any thing in addition to what he has said upon that subject.



subject. It only remains for the English Translator to request the indulgence of the Public, on account of the deviations which he has taken the liberty to make from the original. Many passages he has found himself obliged either to omit entirely, or to throw into a new form, according as the difference of national manners and character seemed absolutely to require it. He hopes, however, that this liberty has never been used unless under circumstances of unavoidable necessity.

With these advantages, it is hoped, the New Robinson Crusoe will find its way to the studies of the younger class of both sexes, and afford them at once both innocent entertainment and moral instruction.



---

T H E

NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE.

---

FIRST EVENING.

**A** GENTLEMAN, of the name of Billingsley, resided some years ago at Twickenham, who, having a pretty large family, and but a moderate fortune, determined to undertake himself the care of his children's education. He proposed, by this plan, on the one hand, to avoid the enormous expence of keeping them at what are called genteel boarding-schools, and, on the other, to enjoy the pleasing observation of their improvement in learning, sense, and good behaviour. To remark, with silent but attentive eyes, the gradual advance of his children towards the perfection of reason and virtue; to assist, with his advice and instruction, their endeavours to become more learned, honest, and wise; and to have the happy consciousness, that he should one day be considered, what all parents ought, as the instrument and cause of his children's eternal welfare; all this, he thought, would be more than a sufficient reward for whatever cares and fatigue he should undergo in the course of their education.

He, therefore, laid down for them a regular plan of study, to which he afterwards strictly adhered. In this was included a course of reading; and some book, that

was at once both instructive and entertaining, afforded them amusement every evening for two or three hours before supper. But, as this exercise was meant by their father solely to encrease their fund of knowledge, and enlarge their understanding, in order that it might appear rather as a relaxation from their closer studies, than a labour imposed on them, Mr. Billingsley, in general, undertook the task of reading himself. The following History of the New Robinson Crusoe was, during some weeks, the subject of their evening's entertainment; and was thus introduced.

Mr. and Mrs. Billingsley, being seated by the parlour fire, together with Mr. Rose and Mr. Meredith, two intimate friends of the family, and all the children, whose names will appear successively in the course of the story, being assembled in their proper places, Mr. Billingsley began his relation as follows:

*Mr. Billingsley.* Well, my dear children, I have a book for your entertainment this evening that contains a very extraordinary story. Some parts of it will make your hair stand on end, and others will perfectly delight you.

*George.* Ah! but do not let it be too melancholy, papa.

*Harriet.* No, my dear papa, not too melancholy; for then it will make us all cry, you know.

*Richard.* Hold your tongues; papa knows what to read, I warrant you.

*Mr. Bill.* Do not be uneasy, my dears. I will take care that there shall not be any thing too tragical in it.

There lived in the town of Exeter a person of the name of Crusoe, who followed the profession of a broker. He had three sons, the eldest of whom, having an inclination to serve in the army, enlisted himself as a soldier, went abroad with his regiment to Flanders, and was killed at the battle of Fontenoy.

The second entered the University of Oxford, and made a considerable progress in learning; but pursuing his studies with too much eagerness, he impaired his health beyond all possibility of recovering, and died of a consumption.

There

There remained, therefore, but the youngest, whose name was Robinson. In him, as he was now become their only son, Mr. and Mrs. Crusoe placed all their hopes and expectations. They loved him as the apple of their eye, but their love was blind and injudicious.

*Geo.* What is the meaning of that, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* I will tell you—your mother and I love you all, my dear children, as you well know; but for that very reason we keep you close at your business every day, and teach you many things both useful and agreeable, because we know that to be the best way to make you good and happy. But Robinson's parents did not act in the same manner. They suffered their *dear child* to do whatever he pleased; and as this *dear child* liked better to play than to work or to learn any thing, they let him play almost the whole day long, by which means he learned little or nothing. Now this is what we call an injudicious love in parents.

*Geo.* I understand now, papa.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson grew up a stout stripling before his parents had determined what profession they should give him. His father was desirous that he should learn some trade, but the son had not the least inclination that way. He said he should like better to travel, to see the world, and become acquainted with the various objects and customs that foreign countries afford.

In speaking thus, young Crusoe shewed his ignorance and folly. If he had begun by laying in a good stock of learning, it would have been another matter. But what profit could a raw, ignorant boy, like him, gain by seeing foreign countries? When a man wishes to make his way in the world, be it in what country it will, he ought to be provided beforehand with a tolerable share of knowledge; but this was what Robinson never thought of.

He was now seventeen years of age. The greatest part of this time he had mispent in sauntering about and playing in the streets of Exeter. Every day he was teasing his father for leave to go and travel. But his father told him that he did not know his own mind, nor what sort of a request he was making, and therefore would not hear a word upon the subject. "My dear

child," his mother would say to him, "stick to your own country, and never think of rambling."

One day——

*Harriet.* Aha! now it begins.

*Edw.* Pshaw! hold your tongue.

*Mr. Bill.* One day, when, according to custom, he was strolling about the streets, he met one of his old playfellows, whose father was captain of a ship trading to Amsterdam, and who had just come down from Plymouth to see some of his relations that lived at Exeter. He told Robinson that he was to set off with his father in a day or two for Amsterdam.

*Charlotte.* What, papa, by the stage?

*Henry.* No, Charlotte, but in a ship; for you must cross the sea to go to Amsterdam. Well, papa.

*Mr. Bill.* He asked Robinson if he should like to go with him. "Yes, very well," replied he, "but my parents will not consent to it." "Pooh!" said the other, "come off with me as you are, just for the frolick. We shall be back again in a month or six weeks; and as to your father and mother, you have only to let them know where you are gone." "But," says Robinson, "I have no money in my pocket." "You will not want any," replied his companion; "but if you should when we arrive at Amsterdam, I'll supply you."

Young Crusoe hesitated a few moments, as if considering what resolution he should take; at last, slapping his companion's hand, he cried, "Agreed, my boy! I will go along with you: let us set off this moment for Plymouth." At the same time he commissioned one of his acquaintances to let his father know (after the expiration of a few hours), that he was only gone to see the city of Amsterdam, in Holland, and that he should be back in a week or two.

*Rich.* I do not like this Mr. Robinson Crusoe.

*Edw.* Nor I neither.

*Mr. Jess.* Why so, Richard?

*Rich.* Because he seems to make nothing of leaving his father and mother without their permission.

*Mr. Jess.* You are extremely right, Richard; he committed there a very rash, foolish action, and we should pity him for his folly. But, thank Heaven, there

are

are not many young persons now so ignorant as not to know their duty towards their parents.

*Edw.* What! are there other boys, then, like Robinson Crusoe?

*Mr. Rose.* I have not yet found any; but one thing I know for certain, which is, that no good can ever come of young people who behave like him.

*Rich.* Well, let us hear what becomes of Robinson.

*Mr. Bill.* A short time after Robinson and the captain's son were got on board, the sailors weighed anchor and set their sails. The wind blew fresh, and they cleared out of the harbour, bidding adieu to Plymouth for a short while. Young Crusoe was upon the deck with his friend, and almost out of his wits with joy that he was at length going to begin his travels.

The evening was fine, and the breeze blew so favourably, that they soon lost sight of the town and harbour of Plymouth. They were now on the open sea, and Robinson stared with admiration when he saw nothing before him but the sky and the water. By degrees they began to lose sight of land, and as night came on, they could see nothing on that quarter but the Eddystone lighthouse. This also disappeared in a very short time, and from that moment Robinson saw nothing above him but the sky, nor before, behind, and all round him, but the sea.

*Geo.* That must be a prospect!

*Mr. Mered.* It is not impossible but you may see such a one before it be long.

*Geo.* Oh! shall we go upon the sea?

*Mr. Mered.* If you will be very attentive while you are learning geography, so as to know which course you must take to go from one place to another.

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, and if by working constantly, and being temperate in your victuals, you make your bodies hardy enough to bear the fatigue of such a voyage, we may, perhaps, some day in summer, take a boat down the river as far as London, where some of you have never been yet.

*All the Children.* Oh! oh!

*Mr. Bill.* I cannot tell but we may take a trip to Margate for a few weeks, where you will have as wide a prospect

prospect of the sea as Robinson Crusoe had when he was sailing out of Plymouth harbour. (*Here they all get up and run about their father. They hang on his neck, his arms, and his knees, expressing their joy with caresses, clapping of hands, and jumping about.*)

*Harriet.* Will you let me make one of the party?

*Mrs. Bill.* Yes, my dear, if you are able to go so far.

*Harriet.* But it is very far, is not it, papa? Perhaps farther than Richmond, where Mr. Compton lives, and another gentleman that has a great house and a large garden—oh! so large! a great deal larger than our garden. I was all through it, was not I, papa? the day that Charlotte and I were gathering cowslips in the meadow.

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, I remember, and we were looking at the folks plowing.

*Harriet.* Yes, and we went into a smith's forge that was by the road's side.

*Mr. Bill.* And afterwards up into a wind-mill.

*Harriet.* Ah, yes, where the wind blew off my bonnet.

*Mr. Bill.* Which the miller's boy brought back to you again.

*Harriet.* That was a good boy; was not he, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, he was a good boy for being so obliging as to do us a kindness, though he had never seen us before.

*Harriet.* However, you gave him something, I suppose.

*Mr. Bill.* Certainly, my dear, I gave him something; for every one likes to reward those that are obliging—But we forget Robinson Crusoe. We must make haste to overtake him, or else we shall lose sight of him, for he is going at a furious rate.

For two days they had constantly good weather, and a favourable wind. The third day the sky was darkened with clouds, the wind blew with uncommon violence, and the air grew every moment darker and darker.

In short, it was a dreadful storm. At one time the lightning flashed as if the sky was on fire; then succeeded a pitchy darkness, like that of midnight, with claps of thunder which they thought would never end. The rain came down in floods, and the violence of the wind



toiled the sea about in such a manner that the waves swelled and rose mountain high.

Then it would have been worth while to see how the ship went see-saw. One time a large wave carried it, as it were, up to the clouds; another time it dipped down as if it was going to the bottom of the deep; then it rolled to one side and the other, and lay down so flat that at times its very masts seemed to touch the water.

What a noise was amongst the ropes! what a clattering upon the deck! The sailors were obliged, each of them, to hold fast to something or other for fear of being washed overboard. Robinson Crusoe, who had never been accustomed to all this, grew giddy, felt a sickness at his stomach, and was so bad that he thought he should have vomitted to death. They call it sea-sickness.

*Rich.* That is what he has gained by running away.

*Mr. Bill.* "Oh! my poor parents! my poor father and mother!" cried he incessantly; "they will never see me more! Oh miserable fool that I am to have brought this affliction on them!"

Crack! went something on the deck. "Heaven have mercy on us!" cried the sailors, turning as pale as death, and clasping their hands together. "What is the matter?" asked Robinson, who was half-dead with affright.

"Ah! we are all lost!" answered one of the seamen; "the lightning has shivered our mizen-mast to pieces," (that is, the hindmost of the three masts that are in a ship,) "and the main-mast stands by so slender a hold that we must cut it down and throw it overboard."

"We are all lost!" cried out another voice from below; "the ship has sprung a leak, and there are four feet water in the hold."

At these words Robinson, who was sitting down on the cabin floor, fell backwards void of sense and motion. All the rest ran to the pumps, in order, if possible, to keep the vessel afloat. At last, one of the sailors came and shook Robinson by the shoulder, asking him if he intended to be the only one who would do nothing

thing for the preservation of the ship, but lie there stretched at his length while all the rest of the people worked until they were not able to stand.

He tried, therefore, to rise, weak as he was, and took his place at one of the pumps. In the mean time the captain ordered some guns to be fired as a signal of distress to other ships, if there should happen to be any within hearing capable of assisting them. Robinson, who did not know the meaning of these shots, thought the vessel was splitting in pieces, and fainted away again. One of the sailors, who took his place at the pump, pushed him on one side with his foot, and left him there stretched at full length, imagining that he was dead.

They pumped with all their strength; nevertheless the water still gained upon them in the hold, and now they only waited for the moment when the vessel would sink. In order to lighten her, they threw overboard every thing that they could possibly spare, as the guns, bales of goods, hogheads, &c. But all that was of no manner of service.

However, another ship had heard their signals of distress, and, as the storm began about this time to abate considerably, ventured to send out her boat, in order, if possible, to save the crew. But the boat could not come near, the waves running too high. At length, however, they came near enough to throw a rope to the people who were on board, by means of which they towed the boat close under the ship's stern, and then every one who could make use of his legs eagerly jumped into it. Robinson, who could not stand upon his, was tumbled in hastily by some of the seamen more compassionate than the rest.

They had hardly rowed many minutes, before the ship, which was still pretty near them, sunk before their eyes. Happily the storm was now almost totally abated, otherwise the waves would inevitably have swallowed up the boat, which was then as full of people as it could hold. After many dangers it got safe at length to the ship, where they were all taken in.

*Geo.* Ah! well, I am glad, however, that the poor people were not drowned.

*Edw.* I was sadly in pain for them.

*Harriet.* Well, this will teach master Robinson never to be so naughty again.

*Mrs. Bill.* That is just my opinion too. Let us hope that he will be the better for this danger.

*Henry.* Well, what became of him after?

*Mr. Bill.* The ship that had taken him and the rest of the crew in, was bound to London. In four days she arrived at the Nore, and the next day came to anchor in the river.

*Charlotte.* What is the Nore, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* The Nore is a small sandy bank at the mouth of the Thames, where a vessel is constantly stationed, which hangs up two lights every night to be a guide to ships that enter the river.

They now landed, and happy was each one to have thus escaped the dangers of the sea. As to Robinson, his first care was to see London, and for this purpose he spent a day or two in rambling all over the city, where he met with such a variety of new objects as entirely put the remembrance of past dangers out of his head, as well as all thoughts of the future. Happening one day to meet the captain with whom he had set sail from Plymouth, he received an invitation to dine with him, which was very agreeable to Robinson, as he had spent what little money he had borrowed from the captain's son, and his pocket now was not able to afford him a single meal. At dinner the captain asked him what particular motive he had for going to Amsterdam, and what he intended to have done there. Robinson answered him frankly, that he had nothing in view but his amusement; that he had come off unknown to his father and mother, and at present did not know what to do with himself.

“Unknown to your father and mother!” cried the captain, laying down his knife and fork: “Good heavens! why did not I know that before? Believe me, imprudent young man, if I had known so much at Plymouth, I would not have taken you on board of my ship, if you had offered me a million of money.”

Robinson sat with down-cast eyes blushing for shame, and unable to answer a single word.

The honest captain continued to represent to him the folly that he had been guilty of, and told him that he could never be happy unless he repented of what he had done, and obtained forgiveness of his parents. At these words Robinson wept bitterly.

“But what can I do now?” cried he at length, sobbing heavily: “Return to your parents, fall on your knees before them, and, like a sensible and dutiful lad, implore their pardon for your imprudence: that is what you can do, and what you ought to do.”

*Harriet.* Ah, papa, I like this captain much; he was a very good man.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear, he did what every one ought to do when he sees his fellow-creature fall into an error; he endeavoured to bring this young man back to his duty.

“Will you take me with you to Plymouth again?” said Robinson.

“Who, I?” said the captain: “Have you forgot, then, that my ship is lost? It may be a considerable time before I return there in a ship of my own: but as for you, there is not a moment to lose; you should go aboard of the very first vessel that sails for Plymouth, if it were even to-day.

“But,” says Robinson, “I have no money.”

“Well,” said the honest captain, “I will lend you a couple of guineas out of the little that I have to spare. Go down to the river, and get aboard of some vessel that is bound for Plymouth, unless you rather chuse to travel by land. If your repentance is sincere, God will bless your return, and make it happier than your outset has been.” With these words, having made an end of dinner, he shook Robinson by the hand, and wished him a good voyage, who parted from him with many thanks for his kindness and good advice.

*Edw.* What, is he going back home again already? I thought the story was only beginning.

*Mrs. Bill.* Are not you satisfied, then, my dear Edward, that he should go home to his parents, and put an end to the sorrow and distress that they suffer on his account?

*Mr. Mered.* And are you not pleased to find that he sees his error, and is willing to make amends for it?

*Ezra.* Yes—that—to be sure. But I thought to hear something of it before it came to that.

*Mr. Mered.* He is not returned home yet. Let us hear the remainder of his adventures.

While he was walking down towards the river, his head was filled with various reflections. “What will my father and mother say,” thought he to himself, “if I go back to them now? Certainly they will punish me for what I have done. And then all my companions, and every one else that hears of it, what game they will make of me for returning so soon, after seeing only two or three streets of London!”

This thought made him stop short. One moment he seemed determined not to go home yet; again, he reflected on what the captain had told him, that he would never be happy unless he returned to his parents. For a long time he was at a loss what to resolve on. At length, however, he went down to the river; but there he learned, to his great satisfaction, that there was not a single vessel in the river bound for Plymouth. The person who gave him this information was a captain of a ship in the African trade, who was shortly to set sail for the coast of Guinea.

*Charlotte.* Where is the coast of Guinea, papa?

*Mr. Pill.* Henry can tell you that; he knows where it lies.

*Henry.* Don't you remember there is a country called Africa? Very well; one part of the coast——

*Charlotte.* Coast! What is that?

*Henry.* The land that lies along by the sea-side. Hold, here's Fenning's Geography: look at this little map. All this part of Africa that turns down here is called the Coast of Guinea.

*Mr. Pill.* And English ships sail to this coast in order to trade there. The person who spoke with Robinson was captain of one of those ships.

When he found that the young man had so eager a desire for travelling, and would have been sorry to return so soon to Plymouth, he proposed to him to take a trip to the Coast of Guinea. Robinson at first was startled

startled at the idea : but when the captain assured him that the voyage would be exceedingly pleasant ; that, so far from costing him any thing, it might turn out a very profitable adventure, Robinson's eyes began to sparkle, and his passion for travelling revived in his breast with such force that he immediately forgot every advice which the honest Plymouth captain had given him, and all the good resolutions that he himself had taken but so short a time before.

“ But,” said he, after considering a while within himself, “ I have only two guineas in the world ; what use can I make of so small a sum in trading at the place that you mention ? ”

“ I will lend you five more,” said the captain ; “ that will be quite sufficient to purchase you goods, which, if we have but tolerable success, may make your fortune.”

“ And what sort of goods must I purchase ? ” said Robinson.

“ All sorts of toys and playthings,” answered the captain ; “ glass, beads, knives, scissars, hatchets, ribbands, guns, &c. of which the negroes of Africa are so fond that they will give you a hundred times the value in gold, ivory, and other things.”

Robinson was not able to contain himself for joy. He forgot, at once, his parents, friends, and country. “ Captain,” said he, “ I am willing to go along with you when you please.”

“ Agreed ! ” replied the other, taking him by the hand, and thus the matter was settled.

*Rich.* Well, now it is all over ; I shall never have the least pity any more for such a blockhead as Robinson, whatever misfortunes may happen to him.

*Ab. Bil.* No pity, Richard ?

*Rich.* No, papa : why is he such a fool as to forget a second time his duty to his parents ? Providence, no doubt, will punish him afresh for it.

*Ab. Bill.* And do you think that a man deserves no pity who is unfortunate enough to forget his parents, and to draw down upon himself the chastisement of Heaven ? I grant he is himself the cause of every thing that happens to him ; but is not he for that very reason so  
much

much the more unfortunate? Oh! my dear child, may Heaven preserve you and every one of us from that most terrible of all punishments, to feel that we alone have caused our own wretchedness! But whenever we hear of such an unfortunate person, we should consider that he is our brother, our poor deluded brother; we should shed over him tears of compassion, and offer up to Heaven the prayers of brotherly love in his behalf.

All were silent for a few moments; after which Mr. Billingsley continued in the following words:

Robinson made haste to lay out his seven guineas. He purchased with them such articles as the captain had mentioned to him, and had them carried on board.

After some days, the wind being favourable, the captain weighed anchor, and they set sail.

*Henry.* What course should they hold to arrive at Guinea?

*Mr. Bill.* Here, you have Fenning's Geography: I should think you cannot be at a loss to know, as you pointed out to your sister the Coast of Guinea just now. However, I will shew you their course. You see, from London here they go down the Thames, and come into the Downs. Afterwards they steer West, through the British Channel, and enter the the great Atlantic Ocean, in which they continue their course here close by the Canary Islands, until at last they land hereabouts on the Coast of Guinea.

*Henry.* But at what particular spot will they land?

*Mr. Bill.* Perhaps there, near Cape Castle.

*Mrs. Bill.* Well, now I think it is high time for us to set sail towards the land of supper. What think ye, children?

*Geo.* I am not the least hungry, mama.

*Harriot.* And I would rather hear the story too.

*Mrs. Bill.* To-morrow, my dears, to-morrow evening we shall have the rest of Robinson's adventures. At present we will put him by and prepare for supper.

## SECOND EVENING.

THE next evening the whole company having taken their places as before, Mr. Billingsley continued his story in the following terms :

Robinson's second voyage began as favourably as the first. They had already cleared the Channel without any accident, and were now in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean : here they met with such contrary winds for several days successively, that they found themselves driven a considerable way towards the coast of America.

Here, my dear children, I have brought you a large map, which will shew you much better than a small one the course which the ship should have held, and that which the wind obliged her to take. They wanted to steer down all along this way, so ; but because they had a side wind from that quarter, they were driven, in spite of themselves, towards this part, where you see America lie. I will lay it down here on the table that we may all cast our eyes upon it whenever there is occasion.

One evening the steersman declared that he saw a fire at a great distance, and that he heard the firing of guns from the same quarter. All hands immediately hastened upon deck, where they both saw the fire and could distinctly hear the report of several guns. The captain examined his maps, and found there was no land on that quarter within the distance of a hundred leagues ; and they all unanimously concluded that what they saw could be nothing else but a ship on fire.

It was immediately resolved to assist the vessel in distress, and they accordingly steered that way. In a very short time their conjectures were verified ; for they beheld a large ship all in flames, and burning with the greatest fury.

The captain instantly ordered five guns to be fired as a signal to the poor people who were on board the burning ship, that help was at hand. Scarcely was this order put in execution, before they saw, with terror and  
astonishment,



astonishment, the ship which had been on fire blow up with a dreadful explosion; and immediately after every thing sunk, and the fire was seen no more. It is to be observed, that the flames had, at length, reached the powder room, and this was the cause of the ship's blowing up.

Nobody could tell as yet what was become of the poor people belonging to her. There was a possibility that they might have taken to their boats before the vessel blew up; for which reason the captain continued firing guns the whole night, in order to inform them on what quarter the ship was that desired to assist them. He also ordered all the lanterns to be hung out, that they might have a chance of seeing the ship in the night time.

At break of day they discovered, by means of their glasses, two boats full of people, toiling about at the mercy of the waves. They could perceive that the wind was against them, but that they rowed with all their force towards the ship. Immediately the captain ordered the colours to be hoisted as a signal that he saw their distress, and was ready to relieve them. At the same time the ship made all the sail possible towards them, and in the space of half an hour happily came up with them.

There were sixty in the boats, men, women, and children, who were all taken on board. It was an affecting scene to behold the actions of these poor people when they saw themselves so happily delivered. Some sobbed and wept for joy, others lamented as if their danger was but just begun; some jumped about upon the deck as if they had lost their wits, others were wringing their hands, and as pale as death; several of them were laughing like mad people, and danced and shouted for joy; others, on the contrary, stood stock-still as if speechless and insensible, and could not utter a single word.

Sometimes one or two amongst them fell on their knees, lifted up their hands to Heaven, and with a loud voice returned thanks to God, whose providence had so miraculously saved them from perishing.

Some of them again would start up, dance about like children, tear their cloaths, cry and fall down in fainting fits, from which they could with difficulty be recovered. There was none of the ship's crew, though ever so hardened, that could help shedding tears at the sight of these poor people's extravagant behaviour.

Among them happened to be a young priest, who acted with more firmness and dignity than any of the rest. As soon as he set his foot upon the deck, he fell upon his face, and seemed to have lost all sense and motion. The captain went to assist him, thinking that he had swooned away; but the clergyman calmly thanked him for his good-nature, and said, "Allow me first to return thanks to my Creator for our deliverance; I will afterwards endeavour to shew you how lively a sense I entertain of your extreme kindness to us." Upon this the captain politely withdrew.

The priest remained a few minutes in this posture of humble prostration; after which, rising cheerfully, he went to the captain to testify his gratitude to him for the civility that he had shewn to him and his people. This done, he turned to his companions in misfortune, and said, "My dear friends, calm the agitation of your minds. The Being who is supremely good, hath vouchsafed to stretch out a father's hand over you. You should lift up your hearts to him, and thank him without delay for the unexpected preservation of your lives." There were several of them who acted in conformity to his exhortations, and immediately began to return thanks to Heaven with fervour and devotion.

After this the priest gave the captain an account who they were, and what had happened to them.

The ship that was burnt was a large French merchantman, bound for Quebec—Here, you see; this spot in America—The fire broke out in the sail room, and burned with such rapidity as baffled all their endeavours to stop it. They had barely time to fire some guns as signals of their distress, and then to take to their boats, uncertain of the destiny that awaited them. The most likely prospect before them in that moment of horror was, that, upon the least swell of the sea, the waves would swallow up them and their boats, or else  
that

that they must perish with hunger, as they had been able to save nothing from the ship on fire but a small quantity of biscuit and water, sufficient for a few days.

*Charlotte.* What occasion had they to carry water with them? They were on the water.

*Mr. Bill.* You forget, my dear Charlotte, that the water of the sea is salt and unfit for drinking.

*Charlotte.* So, so!

*Mr. Bill.* In this distressed situation they heard the guns that were fired by the English ship, and soon after observed the light of their lanterns. They passed all that long and dismal night between hope and fear, exerting all their strength to get to the ship, but continually driven back by the winds and waves. At length, however, the long-wished-for appearance of day put an end to their distress.

Robinson all this time had been filled with the most dreadful reflections. "Heavens!" said he to himself, "if these people, amongst whom there are certainly many good and devout persons, have suffered so great distress, what must not I expect, who have acted with so much ingratitude towards my poor parent!" This thought lay heavy at his heart. Pale and silent, like one whose conscience is not good, he sat in a corner, with his hands clasped together, and scarcely daring even to pray, because he feared lest God would have no regard to his prayers.

The people who were saved from the boats, and were almost exhausted with fatigue, had now taken some refreshment, when their captain, holding a large purse full of money in his hand, came up to the ship's captain, and told him that whatever money they had been able to save from their ship was in that purse, which he begged him to accept as a slight mark of the gratitude which they all entertained towards him for the preservation of their lives.

"God forbid," answered the captain, "that I should accept your offers! I have done no more than humanity required of me, and I am convinced that you would have done the same thing if you had been in our place, and we in yours."

In vain did the Frenchman press him to accept the purse ; the captain persisted in refusing it, and begged him to say no more about it.—It was now debated where they should land the people that had been saved. To carry them to Guinea did not appear adviseable for two reasons. In the first place, why should those poor people be obliged to make so long a voyage to a country where they had not the least business in the world ? And besides there were not provisions enough aboard for so many people to hold out until they should arrive at Guinea.

At length the captain generously resolved to go a hundred leagues out of his way for the sake of these poor people, and to carry them to Newfoundland, where they might have an opportunity of returning to France in some of the ships employed in the cod fishery.

*Harriet.* What is that ?

*Rich.* Do not you remember what papa has told us about the cod fish ; how they come down from the North seas to the very banks of Newfoundland, where people fish for them and catch them in such quantities ?

*Harriet.* Oh, yes ! now I recollect.

*Rich.* Look here on the map : this is Newfoundland up here, near to America, and those dotted spots are the banks where they fish for the cod.

*Mr. Bill.* To Newfoundland, therefore, they bent their course ; and as it happened to be the middle of the fishing season, they found several French vessels there, which took on board the people of the ship that had blown up. Their gratitude to the English captain was too great to be expressed in words.

As he had now, therefore, conducted them to ships of their own nation, he returned with a favourable wind, in order to continue his own voyage to the Coast of Guinea. The ship cut the waves with the swiftness of a bird that wings its airy way through the skies, and in a short time they had sailed some hundred leagues. This was what Robinson Crusoe liked ; things never could go too fast for him, as he was of a restless, unsettled disposition.

Their course now was mostly directed to the Southward. One day as they were steering in that direction, they

they perceived a large ship making up towards them. Presently after they heard them fire some guns of distress, and could discern that they had lost their fore-mast and their bowsprit.

*Edw.* Bowsprit? What is that?

*Mr. Bill.* Why, surely, you cannot have forgot what that is.

*Edw.* Ah! right! It is a little mast that does not stand straights up like the rest, but comes out sloping, so, from the fore-part of the ship.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well. They steered their course towards the ship that was in distress, and when they were within hearing of each other, the people aboard of her cried out, “For Heaven’s sake have compassion on us, and save our lives! We are at the last extremity, and must perish if you do not relieve us.”

The captain, therefore, asked them in what consisted their distress; when one of their number answered thus:

“We are Englishmen, bound for the French Island of Martinico”—See, children; here it lies in the West Indies—“We took in a cargo of coffee there; and while we were lying at anchor, and just ready to depart, our captain and mate, with most of the ship’s crew, went ashore one day to get in a few things for the ship’s use. In their absence, there arose so violent a storm that our cable was broke, and we were driven out from the harbour into the open sea. The hurricane”——

*Geo.* What is that, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* It is a kind of whirlwind occasioned by many winds blowing from different quarters, one against the other.——

“The hurricane,” continued he, “blew furiously three days and three nights. We lost our masts, and were driven some hundreds of leagues out to sea. Unfortunately we are most of us passengers, with but one seaman and a boy or two on board to work the ship; so that for nine weeks we have been driven about at the mercy of the winds and waves; all our provisions are gone, and many of us are, at this moment, dying with hunger.”

Immediately the good captain ordered out his boat, took some provisions, and went aboard the ship, accompanied by Robinson Crusoe.

They found the crew reduced to the most deplorable condition possible; they all looked as if they were starved, and many of them could hardly stand. But when they went into the cabin—Heavens! what a shocking spectacle they beheld! A mother, with her son and a young maid servant, were stretched on the floor, and, to all appearance, starved to death. The mother, already quite stiff, was sitting on the ground between two chairs tied together, with her face leaning against one of the planks of the ship's side. The maid servant was stretched at her length beside her mistress, and had one of her arms clasped round the foot of the table. As to the young man, he was laid upon a bed, and had still in his mouth a piece of a leather glove, of which he had gnawed away the greatest part.

*Harriet.* Oh! papa, what a shocking account this is!

*Mr. Bull.* Right—I had forgot that you did not wish to hear any thing melancholy. Well, then, I will pass by this story.

*Ann.* Oh no! Oh no! Dear papa, let us have the whole of it now.

*Mr. Bull.* As you please. I must tell you then, in the first place, who these poor people were that lay stretched in this deplorable manner.

They were coming passengers in this ship from America to England. The whole crew said that they were very worthy people. The mother was so remarkably fond of her son, that she refused all manner of nourishment purposely that her son might have something to eat, and this excellent young man had done the same thing, in order to reserve every thing for his mother. The faithful maid servant was more concerned for her master and mistress than for herself.

They were thought to be dead, all three, but, on examination, appeared to have some remains of life; for, after a few drops of broth had been forced into their mouths, they began, by degrees, to open their eyes. But the mother was now too weak to swallow any thing; and she made signs that they should confine their atten-  
tions

tions to her son. In effect, she expired a few minutes after.

The other two were brought to themselves by the force of cordials, and as they were in the flower of their age, the captain, by his attentive care, succeeded in restoring them to life. But when the young man turned his eyes upon his mother, and saw that she was dead, the shock made him fall again into a swoon, from which it was very difficult to recover him. However, they were fortunate enough to bring him to his senses again, and he was, in a short time, perfectly re-established; as was also the servant maid.

The captain furnished the ship in distress with all the provisions that he could possibly spare; he ordered his carpenter to put up masts for them in the room of those that had been broken, and gave the crew proper instructions for conveying themselves to the nearest land, which was that of the Madeira Islands. He bent his course thither also, on purpose to take in more provisions.

One of these islands, you know, is called Madeira, from which the rest take their name.

*Henry.* Yes, I know it; they belong to the Portuguese.

*Rich.* From them the fine Madeira wine comes; does it not?

*Geo.* And the sugar canes.

*Mr. Bill.* The same. At this island the captain cast anchor; and Robinson went ashore with him in the afternoon.

He could never sufficiently admire the beautiful prospect which this fertile isle affords. As far as his eyes could see, the mountains were all covered with vines. How his mouth watered at the sight of the delicious grapes that hung on them! and how did he regale himself when the captain paid for him that he might have leave to eat his fill!

They understood from those who were in the vineyards, that in making wine they did not press the grapes here in a wine press, as they do in other countries.

*Geo.* How then?

*Mr. Bill.* They tumble the grapes into a large tub,

and then tread upon them with their feet, or bruise them with their elbows.

*Harriet.* Oh fie! I shall not like to drink Madeira wine for the future.

*Rich.* Now I should not like to drink it, if it were even made with the wine press.

*Charlotte.* Why?

*Rich.* Ah! you were not here when papa shewed us that wine is not good for young people. If you were to know all the harm that it can do them!

*Charlotte.* Is he in earnest, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, my dear; nothing can be more true. Children that drink wine or other strong liquors often, become weak and silly.

*Charlotte.* Gracious! I'll never drink wine any more.

*Mr. Bill.* You will act very wisely, my dear.

As the captain was obliged to stop here some time to repair his ship which had received a little damage, poor Robinson, at the end of a few days, began to grow tired of his situation. His restless temper wanted some change, and he wished to have wings that he might fly all over the world in as short a time as possible.

Just at this interval arrived a Portuguese ship that came from Lisbon, and was bound for Brazil, in South America.

*Henry (pointing to the map).* Is it not this country here, belonging to the Portuguese, and where so much gold dust and precious stones are found?

*Mr. Bill.* The very same.

Robinson got acquainted with the captain of this ship, and hearing him talk of gold-dust and precious stones, he would have given the world to make a voyage to Brazil, where he thought he should fill his pockets with diamonds.

*Edw.* He did not know, I suppose, that in that country nobody dares to gather gold dust or precious stones, which are the sole property of the king of Portugal.

*Mr. Bill.* And the reason that he did not know was, because when he was young he would never learn any thing.

Finding therefore, that the Portuguese captain was disposed to take him along with him as one of his crew, and that the English ship would be obliged to stop at least  
a fortnight



a fortnight longer, he could not resist his desire of rambling. He, therefore, told his good friend, the English captain, bluntly, that he was going to leave him, and to take a voyage to Brazil. The captain, who had learned from Robinson himself, a short time before, that he was rambling thus about the world without the knowledge or consent of his parents, was glad to get rid of him. He agreed to take Robinson's venture, which consisted of toys and hardware, for the money that he had lent him in England, and gave him besides all manner of good advice.

Robinson, therefore, went aboard the Portuguese; and now behold him sailing for Brazil. They passed pretty near the isle of Teneriff.

*Harriet.* Where that high mountain is to be seen, called the Peak of Teneriff; eh, papa?

*Rich.* Aye, aye, don't interrupt.

*Mr. Bill.* It was an admirable prospect, even long after sun-set in the evening, when all the sea was covered with gloomy darkness, to see the top of that mountain, one of the highest in the whole world, shine with the rays of the sun as if it had been all on fire.

Some days after they saw another sight upon the sea, which was very agreeable. A large number of flying fishes rose upon the surface of the water. They glistened like polished silver, so that they threw forth a strong light from their bodies, as it were in rays.

*Charlotte.* What, are there fishes that fly?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, Charlotte; and I think, on a certain day, you and I saw one.

*Geo.* Ah, yes; that was when we were in town last Whitsuntide: but for all that, papa, it had neither feathers nor wings.

*Mr. Bill.* But it had a couple of long fins, which serve it as wings when it rises above the surface of the water.

For several days successively the voyage was as fine as possible; but all of a sudden a violent hurricane arose from the South-East. The waves frothed and rose mountain high, tossing the vessel to and fro. This dreadful storm continued for six days successively, and carried the ship so far out of her way, that neither the captain nor

any person on board knew where they were. However, by their reckoning, they supposed that they could not be far from the Caribbee Islands. They lie hercabouts.

The seventh morning, exactly at day-break, one of the sailors threw the whole crew into a fit of extravagant joy, by crying out from the mast head, Land!

*Mrs. Bill.* This call comes very seasonably, for supper is almost ready in the next room. To-morrow we shall hear the rest.

*Geo.* O dear mama, only let us hear how they landed, and what happened to them afterwards. I should be contented with a bit of dry bread, if papa would but go on.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, my dear, as your mama only says that supper is *almost* ready, perhaps there may be a few minutes to spare. If she will indulge you until supper is quite ready, I am content.

*Mrs. Bill.* I have no objection: so that you may go on until I call you, which shall be when every thing is perfectly ready.

*All the children.* Oh! that will do. That is charming!

*Mr. Bill.* To proceed, therefore, with my story:

The whole crew hastened upon deck to see what land this was; but in the very moment their joy was changed into terror and consternation: the ship struck and all those who were upon the deck received so violent a shock as almost to throw them backwards.

*Pick.* What was the matter?

*Mr. Bill.* The ship had run upon a sand bank, and stuck fast as suddenly as if it had been nailed to the spot. Then the foaming waves dashed over the deck with such violence, that they were all obliged to take refuge in the cabin and between decks, for fear of being carried overboard.

Nothing was now to be heard amongst the crew but lamentable cries, groans, and sighs, that would have softened a heart of stone. Some were praying, others wept aloud; some tore their hair like people in despair, others were half dead, and stupidly insensible. Amongst this last class was Robinson Crusoe, who was literally more dead than alive.

Suddenly

-Suddenly some one cried out that the ship had split. These dreadful tidings brought them all to new life. They ran hastily upon deck, lowered the boat as fast as possible, and all jumped into it with the most precipitate haste.

But there were now so many people in the boat, that its sides were scarcely four inches above the water. The land was still far off, and the storm so violent, that every one thought it impossible to reach the shore. Nevertheless, they exerted their whole strength in rowing, and fortunately the wind drove them towards land. All at once they beheld a wave, mountain high, rolling towards the boat.

At this dreadful sight the whole crew sat motionless, and dropped their oars. The huge wave strikes the boat, overturns it, and all are at once swallowed up in the enraged deep!

Here Mr. Billingsley made a stop; the whole company remained silent, and many of them could not help sighing with compassion for the fate of the poor seamen. At length Mrs. Billingsley arriving with the news that supper was ready, put an end to these melancholy ideas.

### T H I R D E V E N I N G .

**G**EORGE. Dear papa, is poor Robinson Crusoe lost for good? Is he dead?

*Mr. bil.* We left him last night in the most imminent danger of losing his life, the boat being overturned.

Robinson was swallowed up in the sea along with the rest of the ship's company; but the same wave, that dreadful wave, which had buried him in the deep, at its return drew him along with it, and dashed him towards the shore. He was thrown with such violence upon a piece of a rock, that the pain occasioned by the jolt roused him from the state of almost insensibility that he was in before. He opened his eyes, and seeing himself, contrary to all expectation, upon dry ground, he exerted the

the last efforts of his strength to gain the top of the beach.

He reached it at length, but the moment that he arrived at this spot of safety he fainted away with fatigue, and remained a long time without sense or motion.

When he recovered, he opened his eyes and looked round. Heavens, what a prospect! The ship, the boat, his companions, all lost! There was nothing to be seen but a few broken planks, which the waves drove towards the shore. He alone was saved out of the whole ship's company.

Trembling at once with fear and joy, he fell upon his knees, lifted up his hands towards Heaven, and, while he shed a flood of tears, returned thanks aloud to the Maker of Heaven and Earth for his miraculous preservation.

*Rich.* But, papa, why did God Almighty save Robinson Crusoe alone, and suffer the rest to perish?

*Mr. Bill.* My dear Richard, are you always able to discover the reasons why we who are so much older than you, and who love you tenderly, act towards you in this manner or that?

*Rich.* No.

*Mr. Bill.* Lately, for instance, when the day was so fine, and we had all so great a fancy to go on a nutting party, what did I do?

*Rich.* I have not forgot it. Poor Edward was obliged to stay at home and keep house, and the rest of us were forced to go to Richmord, and not on the nutting party.

*Mr. Bill.* But why was I so cruel to poor Edward, not to let him go with us?

*Edw.* Ah, I know the reason of that. James came presently after, and took me to Lady Castleton's. Frederick, my old playfellow, was just come home from school, and begged his mama to send for me.

*Mr. Bill.* And was not that better than to go a nutting?

*Edw.* Oh yes, a hundred times.

*Mr. Bill.* I had sent word before to Lady Castleton, that you should go and see her son, as she requested;  
and

and therefore it was that I ordered you to stay at home. And, Richard, what did you meet at Richmond?

*Rich.* I met you there, papa, and my mama. You were there before me.

*Mr. Bill.* That too I knew; and, therefore, I made you for that time go to Richmond, and not on the nutting party. My intention in all this never once entered your heads, for you did not know my reasons. But why did not I tell you these reasons?

*Rich.* That you might afford us an unexpected pleasure.

*Mr. Bill.* Just so. Well, my dear children, do you not think that our heavenly Father loves his children, that is to say, all mankind, as much as we love you?

*Geo.* Certainly, and more.

*Mr. Bill.* And have you not learnt long ago, that God knows all things better than we poor mortals do, whose knowledge is so contracted, and who can so seldom tell what is really for our own advantage?

*Rich.* Yes; I believe it. God has a knowledge that is without bounds, and, therefore knows every thing that will come to pass; a knowledge that we have no idea of.

*Mr. Bill.* Since, therefore, God loves all mankind as his children, and is at the same time so wise that he alone knows what is really useful for us, it is impossible but he should do what is best for our interest.

*Geo.* Without doubt, and so he does continually.

*Mr. Bill.* But are we always able to discover the reasons why God doth any action that affects us in one particular manner rather than in another?

*Rich.* To discover them, we should have as much knowledge and wisdom as God himself.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, my dear Richard, do you wish now to repeat the question that you asked me just now?

*Rich.* What question?

*Mr. Bill.* Why the Supreme Disposer of things saved only Robinson Crusoe, and suffered the rest to perish?

*Rich.* No.

*Mr. Bill.* Why not?

*Rich.* Because I see now that it was an unreasonable question,

*Mr.*

*Mr. Bill.* Unreasonable! How?

*Rich.* Because our Maker knows very well why he does any action, and we are not capable of knowing it.

*Mr. Bill.* The Ruler of the Universe had therefore reasons which were wise, excellent, and worthy of himself, for suffering the whole crew to perish, and saving only the life of Robinson Crusoe. But these reasons are inscrutable to us. We may, indeed, carry our conjectures to a certain length, but we ought never to flatter ourselves that we have hit upon the truth.

For instance, infinite wisdom might foresee that a longer life would be more harmful than advantageous to those whom he suffered to perish: they might fall into great distresses, or even become wicked: for that reason, perhaps, he removed them from this world, and conducted their immortal souls to a place where they are happier than here. As for Robinson Crusoe, probably his life was preserved to the end that affliction might be a school of wisdom to him; for God, being a kind father, all wise and all just, sends adversity to turn the hearts of men, when they are blindly insensible to his goodness and support.

Keep this in remembrance, my dear child, through the course of your life. You may meet with accidents and reverses in which you cannot perceive the design of Providence. Then, instead of rashly endeavouring to reason or explain the seeming inconsistency, say to yourself, "God knows better than I what is for my good; I will, therefore, suffer with cheerfulness this misfortune which he sends me as a trial. I am convinced that his dispensations of good and evil are ever intended to render us better than we are; I, for my part, will therefore labour to become so, and certainly God will bless and reward my endeavours."

*Henry.* Did Robinson think so upon that occasion?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, then when he had been in so great danger of perishing, and saw himself cut off from all the world, then he felt sincerely how unjust and blameable his conduct had been; then he prayed to Heaven, on his knees, for pardon; and then he took the steadfast resolution of amending his life, and of never doing any action contrary to the warning of his conscience.

*Edw.*

*Edw.* But what did he do after that ?

*Mr. Bill.* When the joy that he felt on his happy deliverance had a little subsided, he began to reflect on his situation. He looked about him, but could see nothing except trees and thickets ; he could not perceive, on any side, the least mark that the country was inhabited.

This was a dreadful necessity imposed upon him ; to live all alone in a strange country ! But his anxiety was still more dreadfully increased when this reflection occurred to him, What, if there should be wild beasts or savages here, so that I should not be able to live a moment in safety !

*Charlotte.* What are savages, papa ?

*Rich.* Savages are wild men. Have you never heard talk of them, Charlotte ? In countries, a great, great way off from this, there are men nearly as wild as beasts.

*Geo.* That go almost naked — What do you think of that ?

*Henry.* Aye, and know scarce any thing in the world. They cannot build themselves houses, nor make gardens, nor sow and plant, as we do.

*Harriet.* And they eat raw meat and raw fish. I heard my papa tell of them—Did not you, papa ?

*Rich.* And would you think it ? These poor creatures are entirely ignorant of their Maker, because they never had any person to instruct them.

*Henry.* It is for that reason too that they are so barbarous. You would hardly believe that some of them eat human flesh.

*Charlotte.* Oh ! what wicked men !

*Mr. Bill.* What poor unhappy men ! you should say. Alas ! these poor people are sufficiently to be pitied, that they have been brought up in this ignorance, and live like brutes.

*Charlotte.* Do they ever come here ?

*Mr. Pili.* No : the countries where these unfortunate people live are so far off, that they never come here. Their number also grows less every day, because other civilized men, who come amongst them, endeavour to instruct and civilize them.

*Henry.*

*Henry.* Were there, then, any of those savages in the country where Robinson Crusoe was thrown by the storm?

*Mr. Bill.* That he could not tell himself as yet. But having formerly heard that there were savages in the islands and in this part of the world, he thought it very possible that there might be some on the particular spot where he now was; and in this thought raised such an apprehension of danger in his mind, that every bone of his body shook for fear.

*Geo.* I do not doubt it. It would be no very pleasant matter to meet with savages.

*Mr. Bill.* Fear, at first, rendered him motionless; he did not dare to stir; the least noise terrified him; his heart was frozen: but a burning thirst forced him at length from this fearful state of inaction, and sent him up and down in search of some brook or spring to quench his thirst. Luckily he found a brook of pure and clear water where he might refresh himself to his utmost wish. Oh! what a delicious treasure for a man who was parched up with thirst!

Robinson returned thanks to God for it, hoping, at the same time, that he would also vouchsafe him food. "He who feeds the fowls of the air," said he, "will not suffer me to perish with hunger."

Indeed, hunger was not very pressing on him at this time; fear and anxiety had taken away his appetite. He longed for rest more than any thing else. His pain and vexation of mind had so overpowered him that he could scarce stand upon his legs.

However, the question was, Where must he pass the night? On the ground, under the open air? There he would be exposed to savages or wild beasts that would devour him. House, or cabin, or cave, he saw no signs of. He knew not what to do; his distress brought tears into his eyes; he cried heartily. At length he resolved to imitate the birds, and like them to seek a retreat in some tree. Presently he discovered one, the boughs of which were so thick and so closely interwoven, that he could sit amongst them, and even lay himself at his length very conveniently. He climbed  
up



up this tree, offering up an earnest prayer to his Maker, then settled himself, and fell fast asleep in a moment.

While he slept, his heated imagination represented to him afresh the transactions of the preceding day. Disturbed with tumultuous dreams, he fancied he still saw the waves swelling round him, and the ship sinking. The cries of the seamen still sounded in his ears. After this, he imagined himself transported into the presence of his parents: they appeared overwhelmed with sorrow and distress for the loss of their beloved son: they sighed, wept, lifted up their hands to Heaven, and were utterly destitute of comfort. A cold sweat broke out all over his body: he cried aloud, "I am not lost, my dear parents; I am restored to you once more:" and with these words, making a motion in his sleep as if to embrace his parents, he lost his seat amongst the branches, and fell down out of the tree.

*Harriet.* Oh poor Robinson!

*Geo.* I suppose he is killed now.

*Mr. Bill.* Fortunately for him, he had not fixed himself far up in the tree; and the grats was so high upon the ground that his fall was not very severe. In effect, the slight pain which it occasioned him he hardly felt, in comparison to the anguish he had suffered in the conflicts of his dream, and which still agitated his whole body. He, therefore, climbed up once more into the tree, and lay there quietly until sun-rise.

He then began earnestly to consider how he should procure himself food. He had no sort of victuals such as we use in this part of the world, neither bread, nor meat, nor vegetables, nor milk; and, had he even been master of a joint of meat, he had neither fire, nor spit to roast it on, nor pot to boil it in. All the trees that he had seen hitherto were logwood-trees, which never bear any fruit.

*Rich.* What sort of trees are they, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* These are trees the wood of which is of considerable use in dying. They grow in some countries of South America, and much of the logwood is brought to Europe. When it is boiled, the water turns of a reddish black colour, and dyers make use of it to give a shade to other colours.

But to return to Robinson Crusoe.

Still uncertain what he should do, he came down from the tree. As he had eaten nothing the day before, hunger began to be exceedingly troublesome to him. He rambled about for several miles, but found nothing, except grass, and trees that bore no fruit.

It was impossible now to add to his distress: "Must I, then, perish with hunger at last!" cried he, sobbing and looking up towards Heaven. However, necessity reanimated him with fresh strength to go and search carefully along the shore for something eatable.

But in vain: nothing but logwood-trees and Indian willow; nothing but grass and sand. At length, fatigued, weakened, and exhausted, he threw himself down with his face to the ground, burst into tears, and wished that he had perished in the waves of the sea rather than be preserved only to die a miserable death by hunger.

He thought of nothing therefore, now but of waiting in his forlorn situation for the slow and dreadful approach of death; when, returning by chance, he saw a cormorant devouring a fish that he had taken. Immediately he recollected that he had somewhere read the following words:

The Lord, who feeds with bounteous hand  
The feather'd tenants of the air,  
Will surely over MAN expand  
The wings of his paternal care.

He then reproached himself with having put so little trust in Divine Providence; and, rising hastily, he determined to walk as far as ever his strength would permit him. He shaped his course therefore, along the shore, and looked narrowly about to discover, if possible, something that might serve him for food.

At length he perceived a number of oyster shells lying on the shore. He ran eagerly towards the spot where they were, and carefully examined all round it, hoping to find oysters thereabouts. He did find some, and his joy was inexpressible.

*Rich.*

*Rick.* Are there oysters on land then?

*Mr. Bill.* Why no, not properly. On the contrary, they belong to the sea and live in it. There they fasten themselves to rocks, one upon another, in immense quantities. Such a heap of them is called a bed of oysters. Now, the waves, in dashing against this, loosens several of the oysters, and the tide carries them towards the shore. Afterwards, when the tide ebbs, and it is low water, these oysters are left on the beach, where it is then dry.

*Charlotte.* You say when the tide ebbs, papa, what is that?

*Harriet.* What, don't you know that? It is when the water that was so high before, runs back, and grows quite shallow.

*Charlotte.* What water?

*Harriet.* Why, the sea water, or a river like our Thames, where the tide comes up.

*Mr. M red.* Charlotte, make your brother Richard explain that to you. He will be able to give you a clear idea of it.

*Rick.* Who, I? Well, I will do my best. Have you never observed that the water of the Thames rises sometimes pretty high at the bottom of our garden; and then, after a while, falls back and leaves the ground dry; so that one can walk where it was but a little time before covered with water.

*Charlotte.* Oh! yes, now I remember to have seen it.

*Rick.* Well, when the water rises in that manner, it is called the tide, or the flowing of the tide; and when it falls back and leaves the ground dry, it is called the ebb. Thus we say the tide ebbs and flows.

*Mr. Bill.* Besides this, you must know, my dear Charlotte, that, in the course of four and twenty hours the water of the sea rises thus twice, and falls twice. It continues to rise for a little more than six hours, and then to sink for a little more than six hours. The hours during which it rises, are called the time of the flow, and the hours during which it falls, are called the time of the ebb. Do you understand it now?

*Charlotte.*

*Charlotte.* Yes; but why does the sea always rise so?

*Geo.* I think I have heard the reason. It is said, the moon attracts the waters in such a manner, that they are obliged to rise.

*Edw.* Oh! we have often heard that. Let papa go on.

*Mr. Bill.* Another time, Charlotte, I will tell you more upon this subject.

Robinson was almost out of his wits for joy at having found something to appease his raging hunger. The oysters that he found did not, it is true, serve to fill his belly; but he was satisfied with having found something which barely made him forget his hunger as it were.

His greatest uneasiness was next to know where he should dwell for the future, to be free from all dread of savages and wild beasts. His first bed had been so inconvenient, that he could not think of his condition without shuddering, if he should be obliged to pass all his nights in the same manner.

*Geo.* Oh! I know very well what I would have done.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, what would you have done? Inform us.

*Geo.* In the first place, I would have built a house, with walls as thick as that, and with iron gates—so strong!—And then I would have made a ditch all round with a drawbridge, and this drawbridge I would have lifted up every night, and then the savages must be pretty cunning if they could have done me any harm while I was asleep.

*Mr. Bill.* Here is fine talking! It is a pity that you had not been there. You would have been able to give poor Robinson excellent advice.—But—answer me one thing—Have you ever carefully observed how carpenters and masons go about building a house?

*Geo.* Oh! yes, many a time. The mason begins with preparing the lime and mixing sand with it. Then he lays one stone upon another, and with his trowel puts mortar between them to keep them firmly together. Next the carpenters, with their hatchets, cut out the rafters and place them carefully. Then, by means of a pulley, they raise the beams to the height of the wall and join them. Afterwards they saw the boards for  
the

the floors, and make laths, which they nail to the rafters in order to place the tiles. And then—

*Mr. Bill.* I see you have taken particular notice how they go about building a house. But then a mason makes use of lime, and a trowel, and bricks; or else stones, which must first be cut into form: and carpenters have occasion for hatchets, and saws, and chisels, and nails, and hammers. Where would you have found all these, if you had been in Robinson's place?

*Geo.* Why—really I don't know.

*Mr. Bill.* Neither did Robinson, and for that reason he was obliged to give up the scheme of building a real house. He had not a single tool in the world: nothing but his two hands, and with these alone people do not build such houses as we live in.

*Edw.* Why, then, he had only to make himself a little hut with the branches that he could have plucked from the trees.

*Mr. Bill.* And could a little hut, made of branches, have defended him from serpents, wolves, tigers, panthers, lions, and other fierce beasts of prey?

*Rick.* Ah! poor Robinson, how will you manage in this distressful situation?

*Edw.* Could he shoot?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, if he had only a gun, with powder and ball; but once more I tell you, the poor lad had nothing—absolutely nothing but his two hands to depend on.

When he viewed his situation, and saw that all resources failed him, he fell again into his former despondency. “To what purpose,” said he within himself, “have I hitherto escaped perishing with hunger, since, perhaps, this very night wild beasts will tear me to pieces?”

He even fancied (such is the force of the imagination) that a furious tiger was before him, with its dreadful jaws open and ready to devour him. Thinking that the tiger had him already by the throat, he cried out, “Oh! my poor father and mother,” and fell to the ground half dead.

After having lain there some time in an agony of grief and despair, he recollected a hymn which he had heard his

his excellent mother sometimes sing, when she had any pressure of affliction on her mind. It began thus :

He who beneath Heaven's guardian wing  
Hath wisely fixt his place,  
May to his soul thus freely sing,  
When sorrows come apace :

In God's eternal Providence  
My hope redemption sees :  
Blest with so pow'ful a defence,  
My soul, be thou at ease.

The reflections contained in these words strengthened him considerably. Two or three times he repeated these beautiful lines to himself with much devotion ; after which he exerted his strength to rise, and went upon another search, endeavouring to find some cave that might serve him as a safe retreat.

But in what part of the world was he ? In South America, or elsewhere ? Was he upon an island or a continent ? This was more than he could tell as yet himself ; but he saw a pretty high hill at a distance, and he walked towards it.

As he went along, he made this sorrowful discovery, that the whole country produced nothing but grass and trees which bore no fruit. It is easy to imagine what gloomy ideas a sight like this inspired him with.

He climbed up, with some difficulty, to the top of the hill, which was pretty high, and from which he could see all round him to the distance of several leagues. To his great mortification, he perceived that he was really in an island, within sight of which there appeared no other land, except two or three small islands that rose out of the sea at the distance of a few leagues.

“ Poor unhappy wretch that I am ! ” cried he, lifting slowly his trembling hands towards Heaven : “ I am, then, separated, cut off from all men, and have no hopes of being ever delivered from this savage place. Oh ! my poor afflicted parents, I shall, then, never see you more ! I shall never be able to ask you forgiveness for my folly ! Never shall I hear the sweet voice of a friend, of a man !

But

But I deserve my fate," continued he, "Oh Lord, thou art just in all thy ways! I should but deceive myself were I to complain. It is I myself that have made my lot so miserable."

In this mournful silence he continued on the spot, with his eyes fixed, as it were, to the ground. "Cut off from God and man!" was the only reflection that possessed his mind. At length, however, thoughts more rational and consoling came to his relief. He threw himself upon his knees, lifted up his heart to Heaven, promised to be patient and resigned to his distresses, and prayed for strength to support them.

*Harriet.* It was a good thing, however, that Robinson could say his prayers in the time of distress.

*Mr. Bill.* Certainly it was happy for him. What would become of him, then, if he had not known that God is the Father of all mankind; that he is supremely good, almighty, and omnipresent! He would have sunk under his terror and despair, if he had not formerly been taught these great and comfortable truths. But the idea of his heavenly Father's goodness gave him constantly fresh courage and consolation, whenever his distresses were upon the point of overpowering his resolution.

He now found himself much strengthened, and began to travel round the hill. All the search was, for a long time, useless: he could find no place where he might be in safety. At length, he came to a little hill, which, in front, was as steep as a wall. In examining this spot attentively, he found a place that seemed to be hollowed in under the hill, with a pretty narrow entrance to it.

If he had had a pickaxe, a crow, and other tools, it would have been an easy matter to hollow out a complete dwelling under the rock, which was partly done by nature; but he had none of these tools. The question was, then, how he should supply the want of them.

After puzzling his head a long time, he began to reflect in this manner: "Some of the trees that I see here are like the willows of my country, which are easily transplanted. I will pluck up a number of these young trees, and here, before this hole, I will plant them close

close together, so that they may form a sort of wall. When they grow up pretty high, I shall be able to sleep within this inclosure as safely as if I was in a house; for behind, the steep wall of this rock will secure me, and in front, as well as on both sides, the close row of trees will keep off all danger."

This happy thought pleased him very much, and he immediately set about putting it in execution. His joy was still greater when he saw, not far from that spot, a beautiful and clear spring bubbling out from the side of the hill. He hastened to quench his thirst at it, being extremely dry, as he had run about a good deal during the hottest time of the day.

*Geo.* Was it so very warm, then, in the island?

*Mr. Pitt.* Yes, you may easily imagine that it was warm. Look here, (*pointing to the map,*) that is the coast of South America, near which, probably, was situated the island on which Robinson was cast away. Now, you see, this part is not far from the equinoctial line, where the sun is sometimes directly over people's heads. It is, therefore, natural to suppose that all that quarter must be extremely hot.

Robinson now set about plucking up out of the ground, with his hands, some of the young trees that I mentioned before, which he effected with a great deal of trouble, and carried them to the place that he had destined for his dwelling. Here again he was obliged to scratch a hole in the ground for each of his trees, and as this work went on but very slowly, the day closed by the time that he had fixed five or six of them.

After he had finished his work, hunger obliged him to walk down towards the shore in order to search for oysters; but, unfortunately, the tide was up, so that he found none, and was forced for this time to go to bed supperless. But where was his bed?—He determined, until he could finish for himself a complete and secure habitation, to lie every night in the tree in which he had lain the last night.

But, that he might not be exposed to the same accident as had then disturbed him, he took his garters, tied them round his body, and fastened himself tightly



to the branches on which he lay; and then, recommending himself to his Creator, he fell asleep.

*Rick.* That was wisely done of him to tie himself so.

*Mr. Bill.* Why, necessity is the mother of invention. She teaches us many things which we should not know but for her. It is to this intent that our Creator hath formed us, and this earth that we inhabit, in such a manner, that we have different wants, which we cannot satisfy unless by the manifold efforts of invention. If ever we are masters of good sense and an active understanding, it is to these wants that we are indebted for them: for if larks fell down out of the air into our mouths ready roasted; if houses, beds, cloaths, victuals, and every thing else necessary for the preservation and comfort of our lives, grew up of their own accord out of the ground or on the tops of trees, quite ready and prepared to our hand, certainly we should do nothing else but eat, drink, and sleep, and be as stupid as brutes as long as we lived.

#### F O U R T H E V E N I N G .

*MR. Bill.* Well, my dears, where did we leave Robinson Crusoe last night?

*Rick.* We left him like a bird perched in a tree to take his night's rest.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well. To proceed, then, with his story: Every thing went on that night as well as possible; he had no sail, and slept soundly till morning.

At break of day, the first thing that he did was to set off towards the shore to look for oysters, intending afterwards to return to his work. He happened this time to go another way, and, as he walked along, was overjoyed to find a tree which bore large fruit. It is true, he did not as yet know what they might be; but he hoped to find them good for eating, and therefore, to make a trial, he knocked down one.

It was a large nut, something of a triangular form, and as big as a young child's head. The outward rind was composed of filaments, or stringy folds, as if made of hemp. The second husk or shell was, on the contrary, almost as hard as the shell of a tortoise, and Robinson soon perceived that it would serve him for a cup. This shell is so large that it sometimes affords a place of retirement to the little long-tailed American monkey. The fruit within was a sort of juicy kernel, which tasted like a sweet almond, and in the middle of this kernel, which was hollow, he found a most delicious and finely flavoured milk. This was a most agreeable treat for poor Robinson, who was half starved.

His empty stomach was not satisfied with one nut, he knocked down a second, which he ate with equal greediness. His joy at having discovered this excellent fruit brought tears into his eyes, and he looked up to Heaven with sensations of the warmest gratitude.

The tree was tolerably large, and quite hung with fruit; but alas! it was the only one in the whole island.

*Geo.* What sort of a tree might it be, then? We have none such here.

*Mr. Bill.* It was a cocoa-nut tree. They grow chiefly *there*, in the East Indies; and *here*, in the South Sea islands. There are some of them found in the West Indies; indeed, they are pretty common there.

Though Robinson's hunger was now satisfied, yet he did not omit going down to the shore, to see what shew the oysters made that day. He found a few, indeed, but far too few to afford him a hearty meal. He had, therefore, great reason to thank God for having this day furnished him with another sort of food; and he did so with a heart full of gratitude.

He carried home for his dinner the oysters that he had found, and went cheerfully about his yesterday's work again.

He had picked up on the beach a large shell, which served him instead of a spade, and advanced his work considerably. A little after he discovered a plant, the stalk of which was full of threads, like flax or hemp. At another time he would not have paid any attention to such matters, but, at present, nothing was indiffe

to him. He examined every thing, and reflected on every thing, in order, if possible, to apply every thing to advantage.

Having some hopes that this plant might be used in the same manner as flax or hemp, he plucked a quantity of it, tied it up in small bundles, and left them to soak in water. Having observed, at the end of a few days, that the thick outside skin was sufficiently softened by the water, he drew out the bundles, and spread them thinly on the grass before the sun, the stalks being now quite soft. As soon as ever they were properly dried, he made a trial with a large stick to pound them and break them like flax, and he succeeded.

Immediately he endeavoured to turn the stringy part of these plants to use by making small cords of it. It is true they were not so well twisted as those made by our rope-makers here, for he had neither a wheel nor a second person to assist him. However, they were strong enough to fasten his great shell to the end of a stick, by which means he was now master of an instrument not much unlike a gardener's spade.

He then went on with his work very diligently, and planted tree close by tree until he had completely palisaded the space that was before his intended dwelling. But, as one single row of a tree so very pliable did not seem a sufficient wall of defence, he spared no labour, but planted a second row round the first. He then interwove the branches of the two rows together, and, at last, hit upon the idea of filling up with earth the distance that was between them. This completed his wall, so solid that it would have required a considerable force to push it in.

Every morning and evening he watered his little plantation with water from the neighbouring spring, which he took up in his cocoa shell; and he had very soon the satisfaction of seeing his young trees sprout up and flourish so as to afford a charming view to the eye.

When he had almost entirely finished his hedge, he spent a whole day in making a number of thick cords, out of which he formed, as well as he could, a ladder of ropes.

*Henry.* What was that for?

*Mr. Bill.* I'll tell you. His design was to make no door to his habitation, but to plant more trees, and to stop up even the opening that remained.

*Henry.* How, then, was he to go in and out?

*Mr. Bill.* By the assistance of his ladder of ropes.

It is to be observed, that the rock which hung over his habitation was about as high as the second story of a house, and on the top of the rock was a tree. To this he fastened his ladder of ropes, and let it hang down to the ground. He then tried to climb up by it, and succeeded to admiration.

All this being finished, he considered by what means he might make the little hollow under the rock large enough to serve him for a habitation. He saw very well, that with his hands alone he should never be able to manage it. What was to be done, then? He must find out some tool or instrument for the purpose.

With this design he repaired to a spot where he had seen a great number of hard green stones scattered on the ground. Having searched amongst them carefully, he at last found one, the very sight of which made him jump for joy; for, in effect, this stone had the very form of a hatchet, and even a hole to fit the handle in. Robinson saw, at first view, that it would make an excellent hatchet, if he could but enlarge the hole ever so little. After a world of pains he at length happily accomplished this by means of another stone; then fixed a pretty thick stick in it, by way of handle, and with some of the cord which he had made himself, he fastened it as firm as if it had been nailed in.

He now tried to fell a small tree, and the attempt proving no less successful, filled him with inexpressible joy. Had any one offered him one hundred pounds for his hatchet, he would not have parted with it, such vast advantages did he promise himself from the use of it.

Searching still among those green stones, he found two more equally fit for use. The one had nearly the form of a mallet, such as is used by carpenters and stone-cutters; the other was shaped like a broad short bludgeon, having an edge or corner at the end. Robinson

carried them both to his habitation, intending to go to work with them immediately.

He succeeded to his wish. Laying the edge of the one stone upon the earth and rock, and striking it with the other resembling a mallet, he knocked off several pieces of the rock, and, in a few days, was so far advanced in clearing out the hollow, that it seemed large enough for him to lie in at his ease.

He had before this plucked up with his hands a quantity of grass, which he had spread before the sun to make hay of it. This being now sufficiently dried, he carried it to his cave to make himself a good bed.

From this time he was able to sleep like a human creature, without being obliged, as he had for many nights before, to perch like a bird up in a tree. What a luxury it was to him to stretch his weary limbs upon a soft bed of hay! He thanked God, and said within himself, "Oh! if my countrymen knew what it is to pass, as I have done, several nights successively, seated upon a hard branch of a tree, how happy would they count themselves to be able to enjoy the refreshment of sleep in convenient beds, secure from accidents by falling or otherwise! Certainly they would not let slip a day without sincerely thanking Providence for all the conveniencies and delights which they enjoy.

The following day was Sunday. Robinson dedicated it to rest, to prayer, and meditation. He spent whole hours on his knees, with his eyes turned towards heaven, praying to God to pardon his sins, and to bless and comfort his poor parents. Then, with tears of joy, he thanked his Maker for the providential assistance that he had experienced in a situation in which he was cut off from the whole world; he promised to grow better every day, and to persevere in his filial obedience.

*Harriet.* Well, I think master Robinson is grown much better than he was.

*Mr. Bill.* Providence foresaw that he would grow better under affliction, and, therefore, suffered him to undergo the trial of it: for thus our heavenly Father acts towards us all. It is not in his anger, but in his tender mercy, that he sends us misfortunes: he knows that they are necessary to us, in order to render us hum-

bler and better. Far from being hurtful to us, they become salutary remedies in his beneficent hands.

That he might not forget the order of days, but know regularly on what day Sunday would fall, Robinson thought of making himself an almanack.

*Rich.* An almanack?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes; not a printed one, it is true, nor quite so exact as those that we have in Europe, but still an almanack by which he was able to count the days regularly.

*Pick.* And how did he manage that?

*Mr. Bill.* Having neither paper nor any thing else requisite for writing, he chose four trees that were close beside each other, and pretty smooth on the bark. On the largest of the four he marked every evening a notch, to signify that a day was past. When he had made seven notches, the week was expired. Then he cut in the next tree another notch, to express a week. As often as he had completed in the second tree four notches, he marked on the third, with a notch of the same sort, the revolution of a whole month; and, lastly, when these marks that stood for months amounted to twelve in number, he made a scote on the fourth tree, to denote that the whole year was expired.

*Henry.* But all the months are not equally long: some have thirty-one days, others but thirty: how then could he mark exactly the number of days in each?

*Mr. Bill.* That he could reckon on his fingers.

*Rich.* On his fingers?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes; and, if you chuse, I will shew you how too.

*All the children.* Oh! dear papa, do.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, then, observe. He shut his left hand so; then, with the fore finger of his right hand, he touched one of the knuckles or finger joints of the left, and then the hollow that is beside it, and so on, naming the months in their order. Every month that falls upon a knuckle has thirty-one days, whereas the others which fall upon the hollows between the joints have only thirty; excepting the month of February alone, which has not so much as thirty, but twenty-eight, and once every four years twenty-nine.

He began, therefore, with the knuckle of the fore finger and touching that, he named the first month of the year, January. How many days then has January?

*Rich.* Thirty-one.

*Mr. Bill.* I will go on, then, reckoning the months upon the knuckles of my fingers, and do you, Richard, as I name each, tell me the number of days that it contains. In the second place, therefore, February?

*Rich.* Should have thirty days, but it has only twenty-eight, and sometimes twenty-nine.

*Mr. Bill.* March?

*Rich.* Thirty-one.

*Mr. Bill.* April?

*Rich.* Thirty.

*Mr. Bill.* May?

*Rich.* Thirty-one.

*Mr. Bill.* June?

*Rich.* Thirty.

*Mr. Bill.* July?

*Rich.* Thirty one.

*Mr. Bill.* August (pointing to the knuckle of the thumb)?

*Rich.* Thirty-one.

*Mr. Bill.* September?

*Rich.* Thirty.

*Mr. Bill.* October?

*Rich.* Thirty-one.

*Mr. Bill.* November?

*Rich.* Thirty.

*Mr. Bill.* December?

*Rich.* Thirty-one days.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, Henry, you have reckoned along with us in your pocket almanack, have we made it out right?

*Henry.* Yes, papa, you have not missed a tittle.

*Mr. Bill.* Such little matters as these are worth remembering, because you have not always an almanack at hand, and yet there is occasion for you sometimes to know how many days there are in this or that month.

*Rich.* Oh, I'll warrant I shall not forget.

*Henry.* Nor I, for I have taken particular notice.

*Mr. Bill.* It was thus, then, that our friend Robinson took care not to lose the order of time, but to know on what days the Sabbath fell, that he might keep it holy, after the manner of Christians.

In the mean time, he had used the greatest part of the cocoa-nuts that he had stored up, having discovered but one tree of the kind as yet, and the shore furnished him with so few oysters, that they were not sufficient to keep him alive. He began, therefore, to be uneasy again concerning the article of food.

Hitherto fearful and cautious, he had not dared to go any great distance from his dwelling. The dread of beasts, or of men not much more civilized, if any were to be found in the country, kept him at home; but necessity at length obliged him to conquer his reluctance, and to walk a little farther into the island, in order, if possible, to discover a new stock of provisions. With this intent he resolved, the following day, with God's blessing and protection, to traverse the whole island.

But, in order to defend himself from the excessive heat of the sun, he spent the whole evening making an umbrella.

*Edw.* Where did he find silk and whale-bone?

*Mr. Bill.* He had neither silk nor whale-bone; nor had he either knife, scissars, needle, or thread; and yet — but how do you think he set about making an umbrella?

*Edw.* That I cannot tell.

*Mr. Bill.* He wove the top of it with sprigs of willow, like a large round basket, not very deep: in the middle of this he fixed a stick, which he tied with his pack-thread, and then he went to the cocoa-nut tree for some large leaves, which he fastened with pins to the outside.

*Nich.* With pins? Where had he those pins?

*Mr. Bill.* Guess.

*Harriet.* Oh, I can tell. He found them among the sweepings, or between the chinks of the floor. I find a good many there.

*Nich.* A wise discovery! As if one could find pins where there was nobody to lose them! Besides, what sweeping



sweepings could there be, or what floor in Robinson's little cave?

*Mr. Bill.* Well, who can guess? How would you do if you wanted to fasten any thing and had no pins?

*Rich.* I would use thorns, such as grow on the hawthorn tree.

*Gen.* And I would use those strong pickles that we see on gooseberry bushes.

*Mr. Bill.* Pretty well both; however, I must tell you, that Robinson used neither the one nor the other, by reason that he never saw either hawthorn or gooseberry tree in all his island.

*Rich.* What then did he use?

*Mr. Bill.* Fish bones. The sea threw dead fishes up on the beach, from time to time, and when their bodies rotted away or were devoured by birds of prey, their bones remained dry. Of these Robinson had gathered some of the strongest and sharpest to use as pins.

By means of them he contrived to make up an umbrella so close that not a single ray of the sun could penetrate it. Whenever any new piece of work succeeded with him, his joy was inexpressible; then he used to say to himself, "Have not I been a great fool to pass the best part of my youth in idleness? Oh! if I were in Europe now, and had all those tools at my command that are so easily to be procured there, what things I could make for myself! And what a pleasure it would be to me to make up myself the greatest part of my furniture, and the working tools that I should have occasion for!

As it was not very late, he bethought himself of trying to make a bag that might hold his provision, if he should be so lucky as to find any in his excursion. He turned this scheme in his thoughts for a while, and at length succeeded in finding means to accomplish it.

You must know, he had made a tolerable good stock of packthread; of this he resolved to weave a piece of network, and of the network to make a bag.

Now it was thus he set about it. He fastened across, between two trees that were little more than a yard asunder, several threads, one under the other, and as close as possible. This resembled exactly what weavers call

the *warp*. In the next place, he joined regularly, from top to bottom, thread with thread, still as close as possible, knotting the thread that went down with each thread that went across, exactly in the same manner as when one weaves a net. These threads, therefore, that went downwards formed what is called the *woof*; and by this sort of workmanship he in a short time completed a piece of netting not unlike such as fishermen use. He next slipped off the ends of the threads from the trees to which they were fastened, and joined the sides of the netting together, closing up the bottom; thus he left no part open but the top. Here was a bag or pouch complete, which he hung by his side, having fastened both ends of a stout piece of packthread to the mouth, and slipping the loop over his neck.

The happy success of his labour filled him with so much joy that he was scarce able to close his eyes all night.

*Geo.* I should like to have such a bag as that.

*Edw.* So should I too, if we had only some packthread.

*Mrs. Bill.* If you wished to enjoy as much satisfaction from your work as Robinson did from his, you should begin with making the packthread yourselves, and you yourselves should prepare the hemp or the flax for that purpose; but as there is neither flax nor hemp ripe at this time of the year, I will furnish you with packthread.

*Geo.* Oh! dear mama, will you be so good?

*Mrs. Bill.* Yes, my dear, if you desire it.

*Geo.* That is delightful.

*Harriet.* You are doing what is very right; for if ever you should happen to be in an island where there was not a living soul but yourself, you know beforehand how to set about such things; eh, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* Right. Well, make a trial. As to Robinson, we will let him sleep till to-morrow. In the meantime, we shall see if it is not possible to be as cunning as he, and to make an umbrella.

## FIFTH EVENING.

**T**H E next evening, the company being assembled in the usual place, Edward came strutting in with a pouch of network that he made himself, and which drew the eyes of the whole company upon him. Instead of an umbrella, he had borrowed a sieve from the cook, and stuck a broomstick through it. This he held over his head as he came in, and marched up to the table with a great deal of importance and solemnity.

*Mrs. Bill.* Bravo, Edward! why this is excellent! I had almost taken you for Robinson Crusoe himself.

*Rich.* Ah! if I had but had a few minutes more time to finish my bag, I could have come in the same manner.

*Geo.* So could I too.

*Mrs. Bill.* Well, Edward has shewn that other people can make pouches of network as well as Robinson Crusoe. But, my man, your umbrella is not worth a farthing.

*Edw.* Oh, papa, I only make shift with this for the present, because I was not able to finish another in the time.

*Mr. Billingsley* (*opening a closet door, and fetching out an umbrella which he had made himself*). What say you to this, Mr. Robinson Crusoe?

*Edw.* Ah! that is a fine one.

*Mr. Bill.* I keep it until we come to the end of the story. Then he who shall have best performed the several pieces of work mentioned in it, shall be our Robinson Crusoe, and I will make him a present of the umbrella.

*Geo.* And must he really make a cave too, or a hut?

*Mr. Bill.* Why not?

*All the children.* Oh, that is excellent, that is delightful.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson could scarce wait for the daylight. He rose before the sun, and prepared for his journey. He slipped his pouch string over his neck, put a strong cord round his waist by way of girdle, in which he

he stuck his hatchet instead of sword, took his umbrella upon his shoulder, and so courageously began his march.

He first paid a visit to his cocoa-nut tree, to furnish his bag with a nut or two. Provided with some of this excellent food, he went straight down to the sea-side to seek also some oysters; and, having got a small store of these two articles, in case of necessity, he took a slight breakfast, with a drink of fresh water from his spring, and marched off.

The morning was delightful; the sun was just then rising in all his glory, and seemed as if he ascended out of the sea. A thousand birds, of different sorts, and the greatest variety of admirable plumage, were then singing their morning song, and rejoicing at the return of light. The air was as pure and as fresh as if it had been but then created, and the plants and flowers exhaled the most exquisite perfume.

Robinson felt his heart expand with joy and gratitude. "Even here," said he, "even here doth the Creator of the Universe shew himself the most beneficent of beings!—He then mixed his voice with the melody of the birds, and sung a morning hymn, which he had formerly learnt, and still retained in memory.

As his fear of wild animals, whether men or beasts, was not yet entirely dissipated, he avoided, in his walk, as much as possible, all forest and thickets, chusing, on the contrary, such grounds as allowed him an open prospect on every side; but unfortunately these grounds were the barrenest parts of the whole island, so that he had gone a pretty long way without finding any thing that could repay him for his trouble, or be the least serviceable to him.

At last he observed a parcel of plants, which he resolved to inspect a little closer: they were growing together in tufts, and formed a kind of little coppice. Some had reddish blossoms, others white; a third sort, instead of blossoms, were covered with little green apples, about the size of a cherry.

He eagerly bit one of these apples, but found it unfit for eating, which so vexed him, that he plucked up the whole tuft, and was going to sling it away, with all  
for

force, when he perceived, to his great surprize, a number of round knobs hanging from the roots of the tuft. He immediately suspected that these were properly the fruit of the plant, and, therefore, began to examine them.

But, however, this time his taste disappointed him; the fruit was hard and disagreeable to the palate. Robinson had a mind to throw the whole away; but fortunately he recollected that a thing should not be reckoned absolutely useless, because we cannot all at once discover the utility of it. He, therefore, put a few of these knobbed fruit into his pouch, and continued his walk.

*Rich.* I know what these knobbed fruit were.

*Mr. Bill.* Come, what do you think they were?

*Rich.* Why, they were potatoes; they grow exactly as you have described these knobs.

*Henry.* And America is their original soil too.

*Geo.* Aye, it was from that country that Sir Francis Drake brought them. But Robinson was very stupid not to know potatoes.

*Mr. Bill.* Would you know them?

*Geo.* Law! I have seen potatoes, and eat of them a hundred times. I am very fond of them.

*Mr. Bill.* But Robinson had, perhaps, never seen any of them; at least, as they grow in the ground.

*Geo.* No?

*Mr. Bill.* No: consider, that was forty or fifty years ago, when they were by no means so common in some parts of England as they are at present.

*Geo.* Oh! then I beg his pardon.

*Mr. Bill.* You see, my dear George, how wrong it is to be too hasty in blaming others. We should always put ourselves in their place, and first ask the question if we could have done better than they. If you yourself had never seen potatoes, nor heard in what manner they should be dress'd, you would have been as much puzzled as Robinson to find out the use of them. Let this teach you never to think yourself cleverer than other people.

*Geo.* It shall, papa.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson continued his walk, but very slowly, and with a great deal of caution. The least noise,

noise, made by the wind in shaking the trees and the thickets, startled him, and made him put his hand to his hatchet to defend himself in case of need. But he always saw, to his great joy, that his fright was without foundation.

At length he arrived on the banks of a rivulet, where he resolved to make his dinner. He seated himself at the foot of a large branchy tree, and was just going to regale himself heartily, when, all at once, a noise, at a distance, threw him again into a terrible fright.

He looked round, with terror in his countenance, and, at length, perceived a whole troop of——

*Edw.* Oh la! savages, I suppose.

*Geo.* Or else lions and tigers.

*Mr. Bill.* Neither one nor the other; but a troop of wild animals which have some resemblance to our sheep, except that on their back they bear a small bunch like that of a camel. As to their size, they were very little larger than a sheep. If you would wish to know what these animals were, and how they were called, I will tell you.

*Rich.* Oh! yes, papa, if you please.

*Mr. Bill.* They are called lamas; their country is properly that part of America which belongs to the Spaniards, and is called Peru. There, before the discovery of that extensive country by Francis Pizarro and Almagro, the Peruvians had tamed this animal, and were accustomed to load it, and use it for a beast of burden, as we do horses and mules. Of its wool they made stuffs for cloathing.

*Rich.* Then the people of Peru were not so savage as the other Americans.

*Mr. Bill.* Not by a great deal. They lived in houses properly built; as did also the Mexicans (here in North America); they had built magnificent temples, and were governed by kings.

*Geo.* Is it not from this country that the Spaniards draw all that gold and silver for which they go every year to America, in their galleons, as you have told us?

*Mr. Bill.* The same.—Robinson, seeing these lamas approach, felt a violent desire to eat some roast meat, which he had not tasted for a long time. He thought, there-

therefore, of killing one of these lamas; and for that purpose he stood close beside the tree, with his hatchet of flint in his hand, waiting until the beast should, perhaps, pass so close to him, that he might strike it with his hatchet.

It happened as he expected. These animals, walking on without suspicion, and probably having never been disturbed by any living creature, passed by, free from the least dread of danger, close to the tree where Robinson stood in ambush; and one of the smallest of them coming within his reach, he gave it so effectual a stroke on the nape of the neck, that he laid it dead in a moment.

*Harriet.* Oh fy! how could he do so? The poor little sheep!

*Mrs. Bill.* And why should he not, Harriet?

*Harriet.* Nay, the poor little thing had done him no harm, however; and so he might very well have let it live.

*Mrs. Bill.* Certainly, he might so; but he had occasion for the flesh of this animal for his food and nourishment; and dost thou not know that God hath permitted us to make use of animals whenever we have the like occasion?

*Mr. Bill.* To kill any living creature without necessity, or to torture it, even barely to tease it, is cruelty, and no good person will do so; but to draw all the advantage possible from them, and even to kill them and use their flesh for our nourishment, is not forbidden. Besides, do not you know, as I explained to you the other day, that it is very well for animals that we should deal thus with them?

*Rich.* Ah! very true; if we had no occasion for animals, we should not take care of them, and in that case they would not be near so well off as at present. How many of them would be starved to death in a hard winter!

*Henry.* Yes; and they would suffer still more if they were not killed, but left to die of sickness and old-age, because they cannot assist each other as men do.

*Mr. Bill.* Again, we must not suppose that the death to which we put animals causes them a great deal of pain. They are not sensible beforehand that they are  
going

going to be killed, so that they are quiet and contented to the very last moment; and the feeling of pain, while they are killing, is soon past.

Robinson never thought of asking himself how he was to dress the flesh of this young lama, until the moment that he had killed it.

*Harriet.* Dear me! could not he boil or roast it?

*Mr. Bill.* That is what he would have done with all his heart, but, unfortunately, he had not a single article for the purpose; he had neither pot nor spit, and, what is worse, he had not even fire.

*Harriet.* No fire? Why, then, all he had to do was to light one.

*Mr. Bill.* True, if he had a flint and steel, tinder and matches; but he had none of them.

*Rich.* I know what I would have done.

*Mr. Bill.* What, pray?

*Rich.* I would have rubbed two bits of dry wood one against the other, until they took fire. I recollect, that is the method used by some savage people. We read it in a collection of voyages.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson had exactly the same idea. He took up the lama, therefore, upon his shoulders, and turned his steps homewards.

On the way, he made another discovery, which afforded him infinite joy. This was a number of lemon-trees, seven or eight, round which, on the ground, he found several ripe ones that had fallen. He gathered them up carefully, marked the spot where these trees grew, and, quite happy and content with his acquisition, hastened home to his habitation.

There his first business was to skin the young lama. He effected this by means of a sharp flint, which served him for a knife. He stretched the skin in the sun as well as he could, in order to dry it, because he foresaw that it might be of service to him.

*Rich.* Why, what could he make of that?

*Mr. Bill.* Oh! a great many things. In the first place, his shoes and stockings began already to be full of holes. He thought that, when his shoes were quite gone, he might make soles of this skin, and fasten them under his feet, so as not to be obliged to walk quite bare-



foot. Besides, the thoughts of winter troubled him not a little, and he was glad that he had found a way to furnish himself with fur against the severity of the cold.

It is true, he might have spared himself this uneasiness; for, in the country where he now was, there was never any winter.

*Gen.* Never any winter?

*Mr. Bill.* The cold of winter is seldom felt in any of those hot climates between the two tropics. I was speaking to you about them lately; have you forgot how they are called?

*Humy.* The Torrid Zone.

*Mr. Bill.* Right—However, to make amends for this want of winter, they have, during two or three months of the year, incessant rains. As to Robinson, he knew nothing of all that, because, in his youth, he would not suffer himself to be properly instructed. History, geography, and every other improving science, were tiresome and hateful to him.

*Rich.* But, papa, I think, for all that, that we have read once how very high mountains, like the Peak of Teneriff, are always covered with snow; and how, on that ridge of mountains which bounds Chili on the East, and extends from Peru to the Straits of Magellan, snow is to be seen the whole year. It must certainly be always winter there; and yet these places are between the tropics.

*Mr. Bill.* You are right, my dear Richard. Situations very high and mountainous are an exception; for upon the tops of these high mountains there is commonly a perpetual snow. Do you remember too what I told you of some countries in the East Indies, when we lately went over them on the map?

*Rich.* Yes; that, in some countries there, summer and winter are but two or three leagues asunder. In the Island of Ceylon, which belongs to the Dutch; and there also—where—where was it?

*Mr. Bill.* In the peninsula on this side of the Ganges: for, when, on one side of the Gaut mountains, it is winter, namely, upon the Coast of Malabar, on the other side of those mountains, that is, upon the Coast of Ceromandel, it is summer, and so alternately. The same is

the

the case also in the Island of Ceram, one of the Moluccas, where a man needs only to travel three leagues to get out of winter into summer, or out of summer into winter.

But here have we travelled very far from our friend Robinson. Observe how, at one spring, our thoughts can transport themselves in the twinkling of an eye to places distant from us by many thousands of leagues. From America we have taken a flight to Asia, and now—take care—they pass! we are back again in America, at Robinson Crusoe's island. Is not this wonderful!

After he had skinned the lama, taken out its bowels, and cut off a hind quarter to roast, his first care was to provide a spit. For this he cut down a young slender willow-tree, peeled off the rind, and made it sharp at one end; after which he chose a couple of forked branches to hold up the spit. Having cut them of an equal length, and sharp at the ends, he stuck them into the ground, opposite to each other; put the joint on the spit, which he then laid on the two forked sticks; and great indeed was his joy when he saw how well his spit went round.

He wanted nothing now but, what is most necessary of all, fire. In order to produce it by rubbing, he cut two pieces of wood from a dry trunk, and immediately fell to work. He rubbed so briskly, that the sweat ran down his face in great drops; but he could not accomplish his purpose: for when the wood was heated until it smoked, just then he found himself so fatigued, that he was under an absolute necessity to stop a few moments and recover strength; in the mean time, the wood cooled a little, and his whole labour became useless.

Here again he had a lively instance of the helplessness of man in a state of solitude, and what mighty advantages the society of other men affords us.

He wanted but another man to go on rubbing when he was tired, and then he certainly would have set the piece of wood on fire; but those interruptions, which he could not avoid, rendered the thing impossible.

*Rich.* And yet I always thought that the savages produced fire by rubbing.

*Mr. Bill.* So they do. But then these savages are generally much stronger than we Europeans, who are brought

brought up a great deal too delicately. In the next place, they know better how to set about it. They take two pieces of different wood, one soft, the other hard, and they rub the latter with a great deal of rapidity against the former, which, at length, takes fire. Or else, again, they make a hole in one of the bits of wood, into which they put the end of the other, and then turn it between their hands, with so quick and incessant a motion, that at length it begins to burn.

Of all this Robinson knew not one tittle, and therefore did not succeed.

At last he threw away the pieces of wood, sat down upon his bed of hay in a melancholy mood, supporting his head upon his hand, and, sighing heavily, cast a look now and then upon the fine joint of meat which was likely now to remain on the spit without roasting. Then suddenly reflecting what would become of him in winter if he had no fire, he felt such piercing anxiety at the thought, that he was obliged to rise precipitately and walk about, in order to breathe more at his ease.

As his spirits were a good deal agitated, he grew thirsty, and went to the spring with a cocoa-nut shell to fetch some water. With this he mixed the juice of a lemon, which made a most excellent drink, and afforded him unspeakable refreshment in a moment when he stood extremely in need of it.

In the mean time, the sight of his meat upon the spit made his mouth water; he ardently longed for a little slice of it. He recollected at length to have heard that the Tartars put the meat which they mean to eat under their horses saddles, and so bake it, as it were, at full gallop. This, said he to himself, might be done as well by another method, and he resolved to try.

No sooner said than done. He went to seek two pieces of stone, pretty broad and smooth, of the same sort as that of which his hatchet was made. Between these two stones he placed a piece of meat that had no bones, and began immediately to strike without intermission upon the uppermost stone with his stone mallet. After he had done this for five or six minutes, the stone began to grow hot, which made him continue to strike with redoubled activity; so that in less than half an hour,

hour, the meat, partly by the heat of the stone, and partly by the pressure and weight of the blows, was grown quite tender and fit to eat.

No doubt the taste of it was not altogether so good as if it had been properly roasted; but to Robinson, who had been so long a time without tasting meat, it was a delicious morsel. "O you," he cried, "O you amongst my countrymen, whose delicate stomachs are often qualmish at the sight of the best food in the world, if it does not exactly suit the depraved sensuality of your appetites, if you were only a week in my place, how contented would you be all the rest of your lives with whatever food Providence should send you! How careful would you be of despising good victuals, and of shewing your ingratitude to the all-nourishing bounty of Heaven!"

In order to make this meat more savoury, he squeezed a little lemon juice upon it, and then he made such a meal, as he had not made for a long time. Neither did he forget to thank, from the bottom of his heart, the Author of all Goodness for this new benefit.

When he had made an end of eating, he debated in his own mind what work would be the most necessary to set about. The dread of winter, which had but a little before afflicted him so strongly, made him think of taking or killing a great number of lamas, merely to provide himself with skins; and, as these animals seemed to be exceedingly tame, he hoped to accomplish this intent without much trouble.

With this hope he went to bed, and found refreshing sleep repaid him richly for all his fatigues during the day.

## SIXTH EVENING.

**M**R. BILLINGSLEY continued the story of Robinson Crusoe in these words :

Our friend Robinson slept till it was pretty far in the day. He was frightened, when he awoke, to find it so late, and, rising briskly, he was going directly to take the field against the Iamas ; but the heavens did not permit him.

For no sooner did he put his head out of the cave, than he was obliged to draw it in again.

*Harriet.* How was that, papa ?

*Mr. Bill.* It rained as hard as it could pour, so that there was no possibility of going out. He resolved, therefore, to wait until the shower was over.

But there appeared no likelihood of this ; on the contrary, it grew more violent. It was accompanied also with lightning so bright, that his cave, which commonly was pretty dark, seemed to be all in a blaze ; and then the flames were followed by such claps of thunder as he had never heard. The earth trembled under the storm, and the echoes of the mountains repeated the sound of the thunder so often, that the tremendous roar seemed to be without end.

As Robinson had not received a good education, it was natural enough for him to be foolishly afraid of the storm.

*Gen.* What, afraid of thunder and lightning ?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, so frightened, that he did not know where to hide himself.

*Gen.* Why, it is something grand ; how could it frighten him ?

*Mr. Bill.* I cannot well assign a reason for this fear. Perhaps it is, that the collection of sulphur, salt, and nitre, which produces the explosion of thunder, by taking fire, does, sometimes, in its course, set buildings on fire, and destroy the lives of those who are exposed to it.

*Rich.* Yes ; but these accidents are very rare.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Bill.* Besides, how many advantages does the storm bring with it! It purges the air of sulphureous vapours; it renders the air much purer and fitter to promote the vegetation of plants; the burning heat of the weather it renders cool and temperate; and, last of all, it presents us with the grandest and most awful spectacle in nature.

*Harriet.* I love to see the lightning dearly. Papa, will you let us go out with you when it thunders, that we may observe the course of the lightning.

*Mr. Bill.* With all my heart.—Robinson, as you remember, had been ill-instructed in his youth. This was the reason why he knew not how great an advantage storms are; how they clear the air, and make every thing grow better in the fields and gardens; and how, consequently, they contribute to refresh and give, as it were, new life to both men and animals, trees and plants.

During the storm, he sat in a corner of his cave, with his hands clasped together, and oppressed with most dreadful anxiety. The rain, mean while, ran down in streams, the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared incessantly. It was almost noon day, and the violence of the storm had not, in the least, abated.

Robinson was not hungry; his terror had entirely taken away his appetite; but his imagination was disquieted with the most frightful ideas.

“The time is come,” said he to himself, “when God will make me suffer the punishment due to my transgressions. He has withdrawn from me his fatherly protection. I shall perish; I shall never behold my poor parents again.”

*Mr. Mered.* I must confess, I am not well pleased at all with my friend Robinson this time.

*Edw.* Why not, Sir?

*Mr. Mered.* Had not his merciful Creator done enough already in his favour, to convince him that he never forsakes those who trust in him sincerely, and whose contrition is undissimuled? Had he not saved him from the most imminent peril of death? Had he not already assisted him in such a manner, that he had ample reason  
never

never to fear perishing with hunger?—And yet to be so desponding! *Fy, fy!* It has not a good aspect.

*Mrs. Bill.* I am of your opinion, Mr. Meredith; nevertheless, let us have compassion on the poor youth. It was but very lately that he began to think at all, and, consequently, it was impossible for him to have made so great a progress as one who had studied from his earliest years to become always wiser and better.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear, you are right. Your compassion for poor Robinson is as just as it is worthy of your tender nature. I myself begin to have a considerable regard for him, as he has been some time past in the right way.

While he sat thus desponding, overwhelmed with trouble and disquiet, the storm, at length, began to abate. As the claps of thunder became less loud, and the rain came down lighter, hope by degrees revived in his breast. He thought he should now be able to set out on his expedition against the lamas, and was going to take his hatchet and his bag, when, all at once—what do you think?—he fell backwards quite stunned and senseless.

*Rich.* Hey-day! What was the matter with him, then?

*Mr. Bill.* Exactly over his head there burst the terriblest noise imaginable: the earth trembled, and Robinson was thrown backwards, and fell like a dead man. It seems the lightning had struck against the tree which grew on the top of the cave, and shattered it all in pieces, with a sound so tremendous as deprived poor Robinson of his senses, and he actually thought he was killed.

He remained on the ground a considerable time before he recovered his senses. At length, perceiving that he was still alive, he rose up, and the first object that he beheld before the door of his cave was part of the tree which the lightning had torn in pieces, and thrown down. A fresh misfortune for Robinson! How was he now to fasten his ladder of ropes, if the whole tree was broken down, as he thought it was?

As the rain had now totally ceased, and the thunder was no longer heard, he took courage at last, to go out; and then what did he see?

That

That which, in a moment, filled him with gratitude and love towards his Creator, and covered him with confusion for suffering himself to fall into despondency, as he had done. You must know, the trunk of the tree which had been struck by the lightning was all on fire. Thus Robinson found himself, in a moment, master of that which he had most wanted, and thus Divine Providence had taken the most particular care of him, exactly at the moment when he imagined, in his despair, that he was entirely abandoned. Full of inexpressible feelings of joy and gratitude, he lifted up his hands towards Heaven, and, shedding a flood of tears, he thanked, with a loud voice, the affectionate Father of the Universe, who governs all, and who, even when he permits the most terrifying events to take place, acts ever by the wisest and most charitable reasons. "Oh!" said he, "what, then, is man, this poor worm of the earth, whose views are so confined? What is he, to dare to murmur against that which God hath brought to pass by means insupportable to all mankind?"

From that time he had fire, without having had the least trouble in lighting it; from that time it was easy for him to keep the fire in; and from that time he had reason to be less uneasy about his subsistence in this desert island. The design that he had upon the lamas was dropped for to-day, because Robinson was desirous to make use of the fire immediately and roast his meat, which had been upon the spit ever since yesterday.

As the fire had not yet reached the lower part of the tree, to which the ladder of ropes was fastened, he could mount in perfect security. He did so, took a burning splinter of the tree, descended again into the enclosure before his cave, kindled a good fire under his meat, and then climbed up once more to put out that which was still burning in the trunk of the tree. This he effected in a short time.

And now he set about performing the duty of a cook. He tended the fire and turned the spit very carefully. The sight of the fire rejoiced him infinitely; he looked upon it as a precious gift which God had sent him from the clouds, and while he reflected on the great advantages that he should enjoy from the possession of it, his  
eyes



eyes were often turned with gratitude towards Heaven. And during the rest of his life, as often as he saw or thought of fire, he never failed to say within himself, "That also God gave me."

*Mr. Mered.* Fire, which preserves all that breathe on this earth, is an emblem of the Divinity; it is the noblest of all elements.

*Mr. Bill.* Hence it is that the worship of fire hath been very common amongst the ignorant Pagans. At Rome it was preserved in the temple of Vesta; at Athens, in that of Minerva; at Delphi, in that of Apollo; and you must remember how much it was revered in Persia.

*Mr. Mered.* Yes, but thank Heaven we are better instructed, and know that fire is not God, but a gift of God's bounty, like water, earth, and air, which he hath created from the love he bears us.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson, during his repast the day before, had only regretted the want of salt, which would have improved the taste of the meat that he dressed by blows of the mallet. He hoped, however, in time to find some salt in his island; for the present he contented himself with going to the shore, and bringing home, in a coconut-shell, some sea water, with which he sprinkled his meat several times, salting it in this manner, in default of a better.

His meat was now done. The joy with which he cut off the first slice, and put the first bit into his mouth, cannot be described, but by one, who, like him, should not have tasted for a month before a single mouthful of meat properly dress'd, and who should have almost given up the hope of ever tasting any such again.

After this, the main point was how to keep in his fire always.

*Geo.* That he could easily manage by adding constantly fresh wood.

*Mr. Bill.* Very good. But at night, while he was asleep, if there came a sudden shower, what was he to do then?

*Harriet.* But, papa, I'll tell you what; I would have made the fire in my cave where the rain could not come.

*Mr. Bill.* No bad thought. But, unfortunately, his cave was so small, that it just served him to lie down in: and, then, chimney he had none; so that the smoke would have been exceedingly inconvenient to him; he could not have borne it.

*Harriet.* Nay, in that case I do not know how to assist him.

*Rich.* What a terrible situation! There must always happen something to puzzle poor Robinson. One would think, now and then, that he was made completely happy; but, your humble servant, something new comes all at once to cross him.

*Mr. Bill.* This may shew you how extremely difficult it is for one man singly to provide for all his own necessities, and how great the advantages are that we enjoy from civil life. My dear children, we should be but poor miserable beings, if we were obliged each of us to live by himself, and if nobody were to receive any assistance from his fellow-creatures. A thousand hands are not sufficient to prepare what each of us wants every day.

*Rich.* Oh! papa!—

*Mr. Bill.* What, do you think that incredible? Well, let us reckon how many things you have had occasion for this day. In the first place, you have slept till sunrise this morning, and that on a good bed.

*Rich.* With a mattress underneath.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well. Mattresses are stuffed with horse-hair: this horse-hair requires two hands to cut it, two more to weigh and sell it, two to pack it up and send it off, two to receive it and unpack it, and two, again, to sell it to the saddler or upholsterer: lastly, the upholsterer's hands and employment in picking it and filling the mattress with it. The cover of this mattress is tickling; where has that been made?

*Rich.* At the weaver's.

*Mr. Bill.* And how?

*Rich.* In a loom, with thread, and a shuttle, and paste, and—

*Mr. Bill.* That is enough. How many hands did it take to make the loom? Let us be moderate, and say, for instance, twenty. Paste is made of flour. What a  
number

number of things must be done before we can have flour ! How many hundreds of hands must be moved, to make every thing that belongs to a mill, where wheat is ground into flour !—But to return to the weaver : thread is what he principally uses ; where does he get this ?

*Rich.* From the women who spin it.

*Mr. Bill.* Out of what ?

*Rich.* Flax.

*Mr. Bill.* And do you know, again, through how many hands flax must pass before it can be spun ?

*Rich.* Oh yes, we were reckoning that lately. In the first place, the husbandman sifts the flax seed, that it may not be mixed with tares : then the land must be dunged and ploughed twice ; after which they sow, and then harrow. Next, when the flax begins to sprout up, a number of women and girls come to weed it. Again, when it grows to a proper height, they pluck up the stalks, and ripple them in order to pull off the little round heads that contain the seed.

*Edw.* Yes, and then they tie the stalks together in bundles, and steep them in water.

*Henry.* And when the bundles have been steeped long enough, they take them up out of the water.

*Geo.* And spread them in the sun to dry.

*Charlotte.* Then they clear the flax from the hulls with a *break*.

*Harriet.* Not yet, my dear Charlotte ; it must be well pounded first.

*Charlotte.* Very true, and then they *break* it, and then——

*Rich.* And then they *scutch* it, and then they *hackle* it to separate it from the tow.

*Mr. Bill.* Now, put together all these things, which must necessarily be done before we can have linen ; consider, also, how many sorts of different labours are required to make the instruments used by the husbandman, the flax-dresser, and the spinner ; and you must own I do not exceed the truth in saying, that more than a thousand hands have been employed in the making of your mattress.

*Geo.* A thousand hands ! It is wonderful, and yet it is very true.

*Mr. Bill.* In the next place, consider how many things you have daily occasion for, and then pray tell me, should it surprize us that Robinſon Cruſoe found himſelf every now and then puzzled and at a ſtand, when not another hand in the world but his own worked for him, and when he had not a ſingle one of thoſe inſtruments by means of which things in this part of the world are ſo eaſily and expeditiouſly made.

At this time, therefore, what puzzled him was the finding of ſome method or other to hinder his dear fire from going out. Sometimes he ſcratched his head as if he would have plucked a lucky thought out of it; again, letting his hands fall, he would walk backwards and forwards in his enclosure, not knowing what to have reſource to. At laſt he fixed his eyes by chance on the rock at the edge of his cave, and that moment the thought ſtruck him how he was to act.

*Henry.* Eh! how was that?

*Mr. Bill.* There projected out of the rock, about a yard from the ground, a very large and thick ledge of ſtone.

*Charlotte.* How large might it be?

*Mr. Bill.* Why really I have not been able to procure the exact proportions of it; but I will ſuppoſe, at a gueſs, that it was about as long as I am, its breadth and thickneſs might be a yard and a half.

Though it had rained very hard, the ground under this large piece of the rock was perfectly dry. Robinſon ſaw at once that this ſpot would anſwer every purpoſe of a fire-place, being completely ſheltered from all accidents; but he ſaw, moreover, that it would require no great trouble to make a proper kitchen under the ſtone, together with hearth and chimney, and therefore reſolved to go immediately to work about it.

With his ſpade he hollowed the ground under the great ſtone about a yard deep. After that, he conceived the idea of enclosing this ground, at the ſide, with two ſmall walls reaching up to the ſtone itſelf.

*Geo.* But how could he make walls?

*Mr. Bill.* He had been accuſtomed, you know, minutely to remark every thing that he met with, and he always aſked himſelf the queſtion, “What uſe may be  
made

made of this ?” He had, amongst other things, observed a particular sort of clay in one part of his island, upon sight of which he immediately said to himself, “ Perhaps this clay would make good bricks, if ever I should have occasion to build a wall.”

At that moment he recollected the clay, and, having nearly finished hollowing out his kitchen, he took his spade and his knife of flint, and repaired to the spot where this clay was to be found, in order to set about the work without delay.

The heavy rain had made the clay so soft, that he found no difficulty in shaping it to the form of bricks, and cutting it smooth with his knife. After preparing a pretty good number of these bricks in a short time, he placed them, beside each other, in a spot where the sun shone all day. He determined to go on with this work the next day, and in the mean time returned home to eat the rest of his roast meat, the eagerness with which he had worked having sharpened his appetite. That he might regale himself in a princely manner on such a day of rejoicing as the present, he indulged himself by adding to his supper a cocoa-nut from the small number of those that still remained.

The repast was excellent. “ Ah !” said Robinson, sighing from the bottom of his heart, which was partly content and partly sorrowful, “ Ah ! how happy should I be at this moment, if I had but one single friend, merely a man, were it the most miserable beggar in the world, to bear me company ; one single man, whom I might call my friend, while I professed to him an equal friendship ! Had I, at least, the happiness of being master of some tame animal, a dog or cat, to whom I might shew kindness in order to gain its affection ! But to live thus solitary, absolutely cut off from every living creature, and as if I were the only being upon earth !——Here a few tears dropped down his cheeks.

He then recalled to memory the time, when, having it in his power to enjoy the sweet society of his brothers and other companions, he nevertheless had frequently quarrelled and disputed with them : the recollection of this filled him with bitter sorrow. “ Ah !” said he to himself, “ how little I then knew the value of a friend,

and the impossibility of doing without the love and esteem of our neighbours, if we would live happy ! Oh, if I could now begin to pass those days over again, with what complaisance and good-nature would I behave towards my brothers and other children ! How patiently would I put up with small offences, and how would I exert myself to charm every body with my gentleness and good behaviour, and force them to love me in their turn ! Heavens ! Why did I not know how to value the happiness of friendship until I had lost that happiness—alas ! lost it for ever ?”

With these words he turned his eyes accidentally towards the entrance of his little lodge, and perceived a spider which had spread its web in a corner. The thought of lying under the same roof with some living creature so filled him with joy, that he did not trouble himself in the least about the species of the animal. He resolved to catch flies every day for this spider, to shew it that it lived in a place of freedom and friendship, and in order to make it tame, if it was possible.

As it was still day, and the air, freshened by the storm, was infinitely agreeable to the sense, Robinson did not chuse to go to bed yet, and, that he might employ the time in somewhat useful, he took up his spade again, and began to hallow out the ground for his kitchen. In doing this, he struck all at once upon something hard that was in the earth, and was very near breaking his spade.

He took it at first for a stone; but what was his astonishment, when, having drawn out a great heavy lump of something, he discovered it to be—pure gold !

*Rick.* Gracious ! Well, he certainly has surprising luck, this Mr. Robinson Crusoe.

*Mr. Bill.* Surprising luck, indeed ! This mass of gold was so thick, that, had it been coined, it would have produced upwards of 10,000*l.* Behold him, therefore, at present, a man of vast fortune ! What a number of things could he procure himself now ! He could build himself a fine house, he could have a carriage, horses, footmen, apes, monkeys ; he could——

*Geo.* Ay ; but where was he to have all these things in his island ? There was nobody there that had any thing to sell.

*Mr. Bill.*

*Mr. Bill.* Oho! I had forgot.—Robinson, however, did not; so that, instead of rejoicing for the treasure that he had found, he kicked it from him with contempt, and said, “Lie there, miserable metal, which men in general covet so greedily, and which they purchase with so many base actions and even crimes! Of what use art thou to me? Oh! that, in thy place, I had found a good lump of iron, with which I might, perhaps, have made myself a hatchet or a knife! How willingly would I give thee for a handful of iron nails, or for some useful instrument!”—He left, therefore, all this precious treasure lying neglected on the ground, and afterwards, as he passed by, scarce thought it worth a look.

*Harriet.* I’ll tell you what, papa. He did exactly as the cock did.

*Mr. Bill.* What cock?

*Harriet.* Oh! do you forget the fable that you read to us one day? Once upon a time there was a cock—

*Mr. Bill.* What next?

*Harriet.* That scratched upon a dunghill, and found a—what was it?

*Mr. Bill.* A pearl?

*Harriet.* Ah! yes; a pearl—And then he said, “Of what use art thou to me with all thy brightness? If I had found, instead of thee, a grain of barley, it would have been of much more service to me.” Saying this, he left the pearl on the ground, and went away without taking any farther notice of it.

*Mr. Bill.* Very good. Just so did Robinson with the lump of gold.

Night now came on. The sun had for some time sunk beneath the main—

*Geo.* What, in the sea?

*Mr. Bill.* So it appears to those who live in an island, and see nothing round them but water. The sun, in fact, seems to them to sink down into the sea at night when he sets; and, therefore, people sometimes express themselves thus, as if the thing were really so.

The moon rose bright at the other end of the heavens, and shone so beautifully into Robinson’s cave, that

the delightfulness of the view hindered him from going to sleep.

*Harriet.* Oh! look, look, dear papa; our moon too begins to appear yonder.

*Rick.* Oh! what an enchanting sight! how mild her light is! how pleasing!

*Mr. Bill.* Well, my dears, Robinson is asleep, while his fire, kept up by large pieces of wood, continues to burn slowly. Now, what do you think of doing in the mean time?

*Edu.* I think, at least, that I shall hardly sleep much to-night, I am so impatient to know the rest of Robinson's adventures.

## S E V E N T H E V E N I N G.

**T**H E following evening, before Mr. Billingsley began the continuation of Robinson Crusoe's history, he expressed himself thus: I hope, my dear children, that, in relating this history to you, I do not detain you from any employment more agreeable or improving. I would not put the least constraint on you; so that whenever our friend Robinson grows tiresome to you——

*Edu.* Tiresome, papa? It is impossible.

*Mr. Bill.* However, I observed some of you, yesterday evening, gape and yawn a good deal.

*Geo.* Oh! papa, the reason of that was, that we had worked very hard in our gardens all the afternoon, so that it was no wonder if we were a little sleepy towards night.

*Edu.* To-day we have only been weeding and watering our lettuce beds, so that we are quite fresh.

*Harriet.* Oh! quite fresh, papa; look how I can jump.

*Mr. Bill.* Well; you have only to tell me whenever this story begins to grow heavy or dull.

*Rick.* Oh! never fear; I'll warrant you.

*Mr. Bill.* Then I proceed.



As the heat was excessive in Robinson's island during the day time, he was obliged, whenever he undertook any thing laborious, to work at it very early in the morning, or else in the cool of the evening. He rose, therefore, before the sun, put fresh wood to his fire, and ate the half of a cocoa nut that he had left since the evening before. After this he intended to have put another joint of his lama on the spit; but he found the flesh already tainted, on account of the extraordinary heat. He was, therefore, obliged to go without the pleasure of eating meat for that day.

Upon this, he prepared to set out for the clay-pit; and, putting on his pouch, he found still remaining in it the potatoes which he had brought home two days before. He resolved to try the experiment of dressing them; so put them down close by his fire, and having covered them with hot ashes, he set out.

He worked so hard, that before twelve o'clock he had prepared as many bricks as he thought he should have occasion for, to complete the wall of his kitchen. He next went down to the beach to look for some oysters; but instead of oysters, of which he found only very few, he discovered, to his great joy, another sort of food, much better than any that he had found yet.

*Rich.* What was that, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* It was an animal, the flesh of which, it is true, he had never tasted; but he had frequently heard that it was the most wholesome and delicious imaginable.

*Rich.* Well, then, what was it?

*Mr. Bill.* A turtle, and so large, that it is rare to see the like in those parts. It might weigh 100lb.

*Gen.* Why, it must have been a monster of a turtle. Are there really such great ones?

*Rich.* Oh! yes; and much larger still. Have you forgot what papa read from Captain Cook's Voyages. The turtle that his people found in the South Seas weighed 300lb.

*Gen.* 300lb.—astonishing!

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson loaded his shoulders with his prize, and marched slowly homewards.—When he arrived at his cell, his first care was to come at the flesh

of the turtle, which he did, at length, by cutting open, with his hatchet, the lower shell that covered its belly; he then killed it, and cut off a good part of it to roast, which, having fixed upon the spit, he waited with impatience until it was done, for his work had considerably sharpened his appetite.

While he turned the spit, he considered with himself what he must do with the rest of the turtle, to keep it from tainting. To salt it would have been the only effectual way, but then he had neither tub nor salt.

It filled Lim with concern to think that all that fine turtle, the flesh of which would nourish him for more than a week, must be unfit to eat the next day; and yet he could not think of any expedient to save it. All at once a thought struck him. The upper shell of the turtle was shaped like a large bowl. "That," said he, "shall serve me for a trough to salt it in—but where is the salt?"

"Only think, what a great fool I must be!" cried he, striking his hand against his head; "cannot I steep this meat in sea-water, and will not that have the same effect, or nearly so, that brine would have? A lucky thought! a lucky thought!" cried he; and his joy made him turn the spit twice as fast as before.

His turtle was now nicely done. "Ah!" said Robinson, sighing, after he had tasted, with much satisfaction, a small bit of it which he thought very savoury, "if one had the least morsel of bread with this! How stupid was I, in my youth, not to know that we should thank God for a bit of dry bread! I was seldom contented if my bread was not loaded with butter, and even then, perhaps, I must have cheese. Oh idiot that I was! How happy should I now be with a piece of the blackest rye bread that ever was made in my country!"

While he was taken up with these reflections, he recollected the potatoes that he had left in the ashes before he went out in the morning. "Let us see," said he, "how they will turn out;" and he took up one of them.

Here was new cause of rejoicing! The fruit, which was before so hard, was now become quite tender; and when he opened it, the smell was so pleasing, he never hesitated

hesitated to conclude that the taste must be equally so. In effect, this root tasted as agreeable—as agreeable as—Eh! Who will help me out with a simile?

*Mr. Mered.* As agreeable as a potatoe.

*Mr. Bill.* Even so. That settles it all in one word. In short, Robinson perceived that this root, which was so agreeable to the taste, would supply the place of bread.

He made, therefore, a magnificent repast; after which, as the sun was burning hot, he threw himself on the bed for a while, to consider at his ease what work he should begin when the violence of the heat was over.

“What piece of work,” said he, “should I undertake at present? The sun must harden my bricks before I can begin my wall. The best way then, certainly, will be to go and kill a couple of lamas.—But what am I to do with such a quantity of meat?—What, if I should hang up some of it to dry in the smoke of my kitchen?—Excellent!” cried he; and with these words he bounced from his bed, and sat down in the front of his intended kitchen, to deliberate on the means of succeeding in this plan.

He presently saw that the thing might be done well enough. He had only to leave two holes in the walls that he was to build, and through them to run a large stick across. It was an easy matter to hang his hams and fitches upon this, and the smoke of the chimney would do the rest. This happy thought was near turning his head with joy. What would he have given that his bricks were already hard enough, that he might begin the grand work that very moment! But there was no help for it; he must be content to wait until the sun hardened his bricks.

Something, however, must be done to employ the time. While he meditated what that should be, a fresh thought struck him, which by far surpassed, in cleverness, all that he had hitherto conceived. And he was astonished at his folly in not having hit upon it before.

*Rich.* What was it, then?

*Mr. Bill.* No more than this; he resolved, in order that he might have company, and at the same time provide for his subsistence, to bring up some tame animals.

*Geo.* Ah! some of the lamas, I dare say.

*Mr. Bill.* Right. In fact, these were the only animals that he had seen hitherto. As these lamas appeared already to be extremely tame, he hoped he should succeed in taking a couple of them alive.

*Geo.* Oh! that would be delightful. I should like to be along with him, to have another couple.

*Mr. Bill.* But pray, George, how would you contrive it? They were hardly so tame as to let themselves be caught.

*Geo.* Then how did Robinson mean to do?

*Mr. Bill.* That was the very point that Robinson had many long and serious deliberations upon. But man, where an undertaking is not in itself absolutely impossible, man needs but to *will* seriously and with perseverance, and nothing is insurmountable to his understanding and industry; so great and manifold are the faculties with which our good Creator hath endowed us!

Attend to this, my dear children, and never despair of success in any labour or difficulty whatsoever, provided you take the firm resolution of not giving over until you have accomplished it. Unwearied application, constant reflection, and a courage that perseveres in spite of every obstacle, have often brought enterprises to a period which were at first deemed impracticable. Never, therefore, suffer yourselves to be discouraged by the difficulties which you will meet with in the affairs of life; but always reflect that the more exertion it has cost to bring a business to a happy issue, the more joy one feels at having accomplished it.

Robinson soon succeeded in hitting upon a method to take the lamas alive.

*Rich.* What was it?

*Mr. Bill.* He proposed to make a noose upon a cord, and, hiding himself behind a tree, to throw the noose over the head of the first lama that should approach.

With this intent, he twisted a pretty strong cord, and in a few hours the cord and the noose were completed: he made a trial or two to see whether the noose would catch well, and it answered perfectly to his wish.

As the place by which the lamas were accustomed to pass, in their way to the water, was pretty far off, and because he was not sure whether they would pass by there that evening, as it was about noon that he saw them go to drink before, he put off till next day the execution of his project: in the mean time he made the preparations requisite for the journey.

That is to say, he went to the spot where the potatoes grew, and filled his bag with them. Part of them he put down in the warm ashes to roast, and the rest he threw into a corner of his cave for a future store. In the next place, he cut off a pretty large piece of his turtle to serve for supper and the next morning's breakfast, and steeped what remained in sea water, which he had brought with him for the purpose.

Lastly, he dug a small hole in the ground, which was to be his cellar, for want of a better. In it he placed his turtle shell with the salted meat, placed over that the piece that he meant to roast for supper, and then covered the whole with small branches of trees.

For the rest of the afternoon, in order to refresh his spirits, he indulged himself with an agreeable walk along the sea side, where there blew a fine fresh easterly breeze, which rendered the air agreeably cool. His eyes traversed with pleasure the immense ocean, whose surface was then gently agitated by small waves following each other in slow succession to the shore. He turned his eyes fondly towards the part of the world where his dear country was situated, and a few trembling tears trickled down his cheeks at the remembrance of his beloved parents.

“What are they doing now, those poor disconsolate parents?” cried he, bathed in tears, and clasping his hands together. “If they have survived the bitter sorrow which I unhappily have caused them, alas! what grief consumes their days! How must they sigh to behold themselves childless; to see their last, their only son, become a traitor to their love, and abandoning them for ever! Oh my dearest, best of fathers! my tender, affectionate mother! pardon, ah, pardon your unhappy son for thus afflicting you! And thou, O Heavenly Father, at present my only father, my only society, my only

only support and protector!—[here he threw himself upon his knees in the posture of adoration]—Oh, my Creator, shed thy most precious blessing, shed all the happiness which thou hast destined for me, and of which I have rendered myself unworthy, shed them upon my dear parents, whom I have so grievously offended, and thus console them for their sufferings. Ah! how cheerfully will I endure whatever dispensation it shall please thy wisdom and mercy to appoint for me in order to my future amendment, could but my poor parents, who are innocent, be made happy!”

He remained a little longer on his knees, looking up to Heaven in silent grief, and his eyes swimming in tears. At length he rose, and, with his knife of flint, he cut out upon the tender bark of a tree that was at hand, the much-loved names of his parents. Over them he placed these words, “God bless you!” and below, “Mercy to your lost son!” After that, his lips, warm with affection, kissed the names which he had cut out, and he bedewed them with his tears. He afterwards engraved these same names, which were so dear to him, upon a number of other trees in other parts of the island, and, from that time forward, he generally offered up his prayers at the foot of one of these trees, and never failed to remember his parents in them.

*Geo.* For once, I think, he behaved well.

*Mr. Bill.* He is, at present, in the fairest train to become an honest and good man, and for this he is indebted to the wise Providence of Heaven which conducted him hither.

*Geo.* He might now, therefore, return to his parents, if Providence thought fit.

*Mr. Bill.* God, who foresees every thing that will happen, knows best what is for the advantage of any man, and will regulate the events of his life accordingly. It is true, circumstances have kindled a spark of virtue in Robinson's breast, but who can tell if other circumstances would not quickly extinguish this spark again; and if he was at this moment taken from his island, and restored to his father's house, who knows whether the infection of

example and prosperity would not corrupt him once more? Oh, my children, how just is this precept, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall!"

While Robinson walked backwards and forwards on the beach, it occurred to him that he would do well to bathe himself. He therefore took off his cloaths; but how was he terrified on seeing the condition of his shirt, the only one that he had! As he had worn it without shifting for so long a time, and in so hot a climate, one could scarcely perceive that the linen had ever been white. Wherefore, before he bathed himself, he took care to wash this shirt as well as possible, and, having hung it upon a tree to dry, he jumped into the water.

He had learned to swim pretty early, so that, being perfect master of the exercise, he amused himself with swimming out to a good distance from the shore towards a neck of land that extended pretty far into the sea, and upon which he had never been yet.

*Charlotte.* A neck of land? What is that?

*Mr. Pill.* We give that name to a long piece of land, one end of which joins an island or a continent, and the other it etches out into the sea. You understand?

*Charlotte.* Oh, perfectly.

*Mr. Pill.* This thought of Robinson's was very lucky; for he found that the neck of land was, during the time of high water, entirely covered, and that, on the ebbing of the tide, a considerable quantity of turtles, oysters, and muscles, were left behind. This time, indeed, he could not carry any of them away, neither did he want them at present, as his kitchen was sufficiently stored: however, the discovery of them afforded him no small degree of satisfaction.

That part of the sea in which he swam abounded with fish so plentifully that he could almost have caught them with his hands. If he had had a net he might have taken them by thousands; however, though he had none, he hoped, as he had been hitherto so fortunate in all his undertakings, that he might one day or other be master of a fishing net.

Satisfied with these discoveries, he came out of the water, after having been a full hour in it. The heat of the

the

the sun had entirely dried his shirt, and he had the pleasure once more of putting on clean linen.

But, as he had contracted the habit of reflecting upon every thing, he considered that this pleasure could not last very long; for, having but one shirt, he was obliged to wear it constantly, and, when it was worn out, he had none to replace it. This reflection damped his joy a good deal; nevertheless, he took courage, and after he had dressed himself, returned to his habitation, frequently repeating to himself, "The Lord be praised for all things!"

*Rich.* He is right now not to suffer himself to be cast down or despond, but to put a reasonable trust in Providence.

*Harriet.* Oh how I should like to see Robinson. I am very fond of him.

*Geo.* If papa would only give me paper, I should like to write him a letter.

*Edw.* So would I too.

*Rich.* And I; it would give me great pleasure to write to him.

*Harriet.* Well, so it would me, if I knew how to write.

*Mrs. Bill.* My dear, you shall tell me what you would say to him; I will write for you.

*Harriet.* Oh, thank ye, mama, that will do charmingly.

*Mrs. Bill.* Come, then, I will give you all paper.

Upon this, they retired to the next room for about half an hour, at the end of which time they all returned in great spirits, with each his letter in his hand.

*Harriet.* Here, papa, here is my letter; pray be so good as to read it.

*Mr. Billingsley reads:*

"My dear Robinson,

"Take pains to be industrious and good; that will please every body, and especially your father and mother. You may see how useful it is to suffer a little hardship. George and Richard send their compliments to you; so do Henry and Edward. Come some day and see us, I will then tell you more.

HARRIET."

*Geo.*



*Geo.* Now mine, papa : here it is.

*Mr. Billingsley reads :*

“ My dear friend,

“ We wish you all the happiness possible, and as soon as I get some pocket-money I will buy you something. And go on, as you have began, to be a good lad. I send you along with this some bread ; and take care not to fall sick. How is your health ? I wish you well, dear Robinson, though I do not know you ; yet I like you very well, and am your faithful friend,

GEORGE BILLINGSLEY.

*Twickenham, Feb. 7, 1788.”*

*Edw.* Well, here is mine ; but I fear it is too short.

*Mr. Billingsley reads :*

“ Dear Robinson,

“ I am sorry that you are so unfortunate. If you had staid at home, these misfortunes would never have happened. Take care of yourself, and return as soon as possible to your dear parents. Once more, take care of yourself. I am your faithful friend,

EDWARD BILLINGSLEY.”

*Rich.* Now mine. It is my turn next.

*Mr. Billingsley reads :*

“ Honoured Robinson,

“ I pity you very much, that you are thus separated from every living creature. I suppose you are sorry for it yourself at present. I wish, with all my heart, that you may be able, some day or another, to return to your dear parents. Fail not, for the future, to put your trust in Providence on all occasions : you will fare the better for it. I say, again, take care of your health.

I am,

Your sincere friend,

RICHARD BILLINGSLEY.

*Twickenham, Feb. 7, 1788.”*

*Henry.*

*Henry.* Mine, I am afraid, is good for nothing.

*Mr. Bill.* Let us see.

*Henry.* I only wrote a few words in a hurry, that I might have done as soon as the rest.

*Mr. Billingsley reads:*

“ My dear Mr. Crusoe,

“ How goes the world with you yonder in your island? I am told you have met with a good many turns of fortune. You cannot tell yet, I suppose, whether your island is inhabited or not? I should be very glad to know. I understand too that you have found a great lump of gold; but there in your island it is of no service to you.”— [*Mr. Bill.* You might have added, nor here in Europe neither. The greatest quantity of gold that a man can possess will never render him either better or happier.]—“ It would have been better for you had you found some iron instead of it: you could then, have made yourself a knife, a hatchet, and other tools. I wish you well;

And am,

Your faithful friend,

HENRY BILLINGSLEY.

*Twickenham, Feb. 7, 1788.”*

*Geo.* But now, after all, how are we to send our letters?

*Harriet.* We need only give them to some captain of a ship that is going to South America; and then too we can send him something. I will send him some apples and some walnuts. You'll give me some for him—won't you, mama?

*Rich.* (*whispering his father*) They are so soft as to think that Robinson Crusoe is still alive.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear children, I thank you, in Robinson's name, for the kindness that you shew him; but as to these letters, it won't be in my power to send them.

*Geo.* La! why not?

*Mr. Bill.* By reason that Robinson has been long since in heaven, and his body is returned to dust.

*Geo.* Ah! what, is he dead? and but just now he has been bathing himself!

*Mr.*

*Mr. Bill.* You forget, my dear George, that what I relate to you concerning Robinson Crusoe, happened fifty years ago: so that he must have been dead a long time. But I am now writing his history, and shall take care to have your letters printed along with it.

*Harriet.* Oh! that will be charming. But in the mean time, I suppose, papa, you will go on telling us something of him.

*Mr. Bill.* With pleasure. I have things to tell you still that will please you as well as what you have already heard. But for this evening, I think, we have had enough.—Robinson, after bathing himself, went home to his dwelling place, ate his supper, said his prayers, and went to rest contentedly.

And it is time for us to do so too.

---

## E I G H T H E V E N I N G.

*MR. Bill.* Well, where did we leave off last night?

*Henry.* Where Robinson went to bed after bathing.

*Mr. Bill.* Oh! right.—Well, then, Robinson rose the next morning early, and prepared for the chase. He furnished his pouch with plenty of roasted potatoes, and a good large slice of roasted turtle, which he wrapped up in the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree. Next he slung his hatchet by his side, tied the cord, which he had made the day before for catching the lamas, round his waist, took his umbrella in his hand, and began his march.

It was very early; he resolved, therefore, for this time, to take a round, in order to make himself acquainted with some other parts of his island. Amongst the numbers of various birds that flutter about the trees, he remarked some parrots, the colours of whose plumage were extraordinary beautiful. How did he wish to have one of them that he might tame it, and have it for his companion! But the old ones were too cunning to be caught, and he could no where discover a nest with young ones. He was obliged, therefore, to put off  
the

the gratification of this wish until some other opportunity.

In return for this disappointment, he discovered, in the course of his walk, a thing much more necessary to him than a parrot; for, getting to the top of a hill near the sea-side, and looking down between the cracks of the rock, he saw something lie on the ground which excited his curiosity. He let himself down by the assistance of his feet and hands, and found, to his great satisfaction, that it was—what do you think?

*Henry.* Pearls, perhaps.

*Rich.* Yes, truly, the sight of pearls would have given him great satisfaction! Perhaps it was iron.

*Edw.* Nay, do not you know that iron is not to be found in hot climates? It was, perhaps, another lump of gold.

*Harriet.* Nonsense! Would that have made him glad? Gold was of no use to him, you heard before.

*Mr. Bill.* I see you will not be able to guess, then; I will tell you. What he found was—salt.

Hitherto he had, it is true, in some respect, supplied the want of salt with sea-water; but, after all, *that* was not salt. The sea-water has a bitter taste which is very disagreeable; and, besides, it was a mistake to think that meat salted in this manner would keep; because sea-water, as well as that of a spring or river, grows stinking after it has stood some time. It was, therefore, a very lucky thing that he found some real salt, and he filled both his pockets with it, in order to supply himself with a stock for immediate use.

*Geo.* How did that salt come there, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* Then you do not remember what I told you one day concerning the original of salt?

*Rich.* Oh! yes; I recollect it still. Some they take out of the earth, some they make of salt-water that flows in springs, and some again, is made from sea-water.

*Mr. Bill.* Now, the salt made from sea-water is either prepared by men or by the sun.

*Geo.* The sun?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes; for when any sea-water is left upon the land, after a high tide, or a flood, the sun makes the  
water

water by degrees to evaporate, and what remains on the spot is then salt.

*Harriet.* Well, that is comical.

*Mr. Bill.* See with what kindness Heaven provides for us! That which we can least do without, does always require the least preparation by art, and is always found in the greatest abundance.

Robinson went in high spirits to the place where he hoped to noose a lama. When he came there, he saw none; but then it was not quite noon. He sat down, therefore, at the foot of a tree to regale himself with his roasted turtle and potatoes. How much more favourable did they taste to him now that he had a little salt to eat with them!

Just as he had finished his meal, the lamas appeared at a distance, coming towards him with skips and bounds. Robinson quickly placed himself in a posture of attack, and waited with his noose ready for the approach of one of the lamas. Several had passed him beyond his reach; but, all at once, there came up one so near to him, that he scarce needed more than to drop the noose to have him fast in it. He did so, and that moment the lama was his prisoner.

The poor beast would have bleated, but lest that should frighten the rest, Robinson pulled the noose so tight, that the lama was completely silenced. He then dragged it as fast as he could into a thick coppice to hide it from the rest.

This lama was a female, and had two young ones, which followed her, to the great satisfaction of Robinson, and did not appear to be the least afraid of him. He patted the pretty little things, and they—just as if they would have begged of him to let their mother go—licked his hands.

*Geo.* Well, then, I think he might have let her go.

*Mr. Bill.* He would have been a great fool in doing so.

*Geo.* Nay, the poor creature had done him no harm however.

*Mr. Bill.* But he had occasion for it; and you know, my dear George, we are permitted to make use of animals in case of need, provided we do not abuse them.

Robinson

Robinson was transported with joy at having so happily attained his object. He dragged the creature along with all his strength, though he jumped and skipped a good deal to get from him, and the two little ones followed quietly behind. The shortest way was now the best for Robinson, and, pursuing that, he at length arrived happily at his dwelling place.

But here started a difficulty. How was he to get the lama into his enclosure, which, as we have said before, was so strongly barricaded all round? To sling it down from the top of the rock, by means of a cord, was not at all adviseable; the poor animal might be strangled in the way. Robinson resolved, therefore to make up a little stable near his place of abode, and there to keep the lama and her young ones, until he should be able to suit his conveniency better.

In the mean time he fastened the animal to a tree, and immediately fell to work; that is to say, he cut down with his hatchet of flint a number of young trees, and fixed them in the ground, so close, one beside the other, that they formed a pretty strong wall. While this was doing, the lama lay down through weariness, and the little ones, no way troubled at their being prisoners, were sucking quite unconcerned, and feasting themselves at their ease.

What a pleasing sight was this to Robinson! Above a dozen times he stopped from his work to look at the pretty little creatures, and thought himself beyond measure happy in having some animated beings to bear him company. From this moment his life seemed no longer solitary, and the joy which he felt from this reflection, gave him such strength and activity, that his stable was very soon finished: he then put the lama and her young ones into it, and closed up the last opening with branches firmly interwoven.

What was his satisfaction now! It is impossible for words to describe it. Besides the company of the lamas, which of itself was a valuable thing, he promised himself many other great advantages, and with much reason: for in time he might perhaps learn to make some sort of cloathing with the wool of these animals; he might use their milk for food, he might make butter and cheese

cheefe of it. It is true, he did not yet know by what means he should attain these objects, which were still so far distant; but he had already experienced that no man should despair of his skill or performance, provided he gives his whole mind to the work, and applies to it with persevering attention.

There wanted still one thing to complete his happiness: he wished to be in the same enclosure with his dear lamas, that he might have them always before his eyes when he was at home, and enjoy the satisfaction of seeing them grow fond of his company.

He puzzled himself a long time to find how he should accomplish this: at length, his determination was to break down one side of his wall of trees, not grudging whatever labour it might cost him, and to make another wall that would take in a large space. This alteration, besides, would give him more room, and make him more at his ease. But in order to be secure from all accidents while he was working at his new hedge, he prudently resolved not to break the old wall until he had finished the new.

Thanks to his indefatigable pains, the work was finished in a few days, and then Robinson had the satisfaction of being in the same habitation with his three domestic companions. This, however, did not make him forget his first companion, the spider, which he provided every day with gnats and flies. The spider, soon perceiving that he used her as a friend, grew so tame, that, whenever he touched her web, she would come out and receive from his hand the fly that he held to her.

The lama also and its young ones soon grew fond of his society. As often as he returned home, they came jumping to meet him; they would smell about him to find whether he had brought them any thing, and gratefully lick his hand whenever he gave them fresh grass or young branches to eat.

After this he weaned the young ones, and then began to milk the dam regularly morning and evening. His cocoa-nut shells served him for pails and milk pans, and this milk, which he used partly sweet and partly curdled, contributed not a little, by its agreeable

able taste and nourishing quality, to render his solitary life still more tolerable.

As his cocoa-nut tree was useful to him in so many respects, he was extremely desirous to find a method of producing more of them. But how was he to contrive it? He had often heard of grafting trees, but the manner in which it was done had never excited his curiosity. "Oh," said he to himself, "how little is the advantage that I have reaped from the years of my childhood, when I had time and opportunity to have learnt so much! Ah! if I had known my own interest better, should I not have taken notice of every thing that I saw or heard? And if my capacity did not allow me to arrive at the height of learning which many men attain, I should at least have come near it; and how useful would every thing that I could have learnt be to me at this present moment! Oh! if I could grow young again, how attentive would I be to every thing that is executed by the hands or industry of men! There is not a trade nor an art of which I would not have endeavoured to learn some part."

But of what use were these wishes? The misfortune was now past remedy. It was, therefore, his business to exert himself in supplying by his own invention what he wanted in skill; and this, in effect, was the course that he took.

Without knowing whether he was right or wrong, he cut off the tops of two or three young trees; in the middle of the trunk he made a small slit, in which he struck a young twig from the cocoa-nut tree; he then covered round with thin bark the place where he had made the slit, and waited with impatience for the result of his labour. This, too, succeeded with him. After some time the suckers began to bud, and now he had found a method to produce a whole grove of cocoa-nut trees.

Here was a fresh cause for rejoicing, and for entertaining the most lively gratitude towards our Creator, who has implanted in the nature of things such virtues and qualities, that living creatures are no where in want of means to preserve themselves, and render their condition agreeable.



Both the old lama and the young were in a short time grown as tame as dogs. He began, therefore, by little and little, as occasion required, to make them serve for carrying burthens, especially whenever he went out for any thing that would have been too much trouble for himself to carry.

*Rich.* Ay; but how could he take them with him when there was no way for them to go out of the enclosure?

*Mr. Bill.* I forgot to tell you, that, in the new wall, at a part where it touched a close thicket, he had left an opening where a lama could barely squeeze itself out. This hole was not to be seen from without, and every evening Robinson closed it up with branches strongly interwoven together.

It was delightful to see Robinson coming home to his habitation, and his lama walking before him. She was soon able to find the way as well as her master, and when she came to the little door she stopped first to be unloaded, and then crept in upon her belly, Robinson following by the same passage. Then was the joy of the young lamas complete; they expressed their satisfaction by jumping and bleating, and would run first to their mother to welcome her home, then to their master to caress him also. Robinson, on such occasions, would mix his joy with theirs, as a father rejoices over his children when he clasps them in his arms once more after an absence of some time.

*Mr. Kefs.* It must be confessed, there is something very instructive, and affecting in this gratitude of animals towards a man who has done them a kindness.

*Mr. Bill.* There are several examples of it which are extremely striking, and would almost induce us to believe that some beasts are really endued with thought like men, if we had not, on the other hand, proofs of the contrary.

*Henry.* Ay; for instance, the lion and the man mentioned in the SPECTATOR, and in SANDFORD and MERTON—what was the man's name?

*Rich.* Androcles.

*Henry.* The same. He had plucked a thorn out the lion's paw.

*Geo.* There was a good lion! He was so fond of Androcles, who had done him that service; that ever after, in return, he did the man no harm when he had it in his power to devour him. If they were all like him, I should like to have a lion myself.

*Rich.* For my part, I like much better the dog that belonged to a Swift.

*Harriet.* What dog?

*Rich.* Have you forgot him? The dog that saved the lives of two men.

*Harriet.* Dear Richard, tell us that story.

*Rich.* There was once a man in Switzerland, where those high mountains the Alps are. Well, the man climbed up to the top of one of them, which was prodigious high; Oh, it was as high, as high—as if you were to put St. Paul's upon itself ten times over.

*Geo.* You leave out one thing, brother; he took a guide with him.

*Rich.* Certainly, he took a guide—well, and the guide took his dog. Now, when they had reached the top of the mountain——

*Geo.* Yes, and the mountain was covered with snow——

*Rich.* Pray hold your tongue——Well, then, the mountain was covered with snow. Now, when they were almost at the top, the gentleman slipped, and the guide going to his assistance slipped too, and so then they both slipped and slid until they were within a few yards of the edge of the precipice, from which they would have fallen down almost a little before they touched the bottom. But then the good dog seized his master by the skirt of his coat, and held him fast, so that he could not slip any farther, and he held the gentleman until they both got up.

*Geo.* Well, now you must tell us what the gentleman said; I have not forgot it.

*Rich.* Nor I neither. He invited the guide to come and see him as often as he pleased to his house, and charged him never upon any account to forget bringing his dog, as he intended, whenever he came, to give him a good belly-full.

*Harriet.*

*Harriet.* And did the gentleman do so?

*Rich.* Yes, certainly: as often as the guide visited him, he entertained him in the best manner he could, and was always sure to give the dog a full belly.

*Harriet.* That was well done.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, my dear children, we have lost sight of Robinson. Shall we stop here for this evening?

*Geo.* Oh, dear papa, no. A little more of Robinson, let it be ever so little.

*Mr. Bill.* By this time his bricks were hard enough to be used. He looked, therefore, for some chalky earth, with which, instead of lime, he intended to make mortar for his wall; and he found some. In the next place, he made himself a trowel of a flint stone, and, being resolved to have every thing complete that belongs to a bricklayer, he went so far as even to make a square and a plummet, but not in a bungling manner; as perfect as possible. You know, I suppose, what those things are?

*Etw.* Oh, as to that matter, we have seen them pretty often.

*Mr. Bill.* Having, therefore, finished all the preparatives necessary for his masonry, he made his lama bring home the bricks that he had occasion for.

*Rich.* But how was he able to put the bricks upon the lama?

*Mr. Bill.* Why, indeed you would not easily guess how he contrived it, therefore I think it best to tell you at once.

He had long observed that it would be a very great advantage to him to know something of the useful art of weaving wicker panniers; but he had taken so little notice in his youth of the manner in which basket-makers work, that he knew as much of this art, which, nevertheless, is tolerably easy, as he did of all the other useful arts, that is to say, he knew nothing about it.

However, as he had once succeeded in making an umbrella by this sort of weaving, he frequently afterwards amused himself in his leisure hours with trials of the same kind, by dint of which he discovered at length the whole mystery of the art, so as to be able to make a pretty tight pannier. Two of these he had woven on

purpose for his lama to carry. He fastened them together with a string, and laid them upon the lama in such a manner that they hung down one on each side.

*Geo.* Oh, papa! I should like to learn basket-making.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, then, I will speak to a basket-maker, the first time I meet one, to come here and give you some lessons.

*Geo.* Oh, that will be charming! And then I will make a beautiful little work basket for Harriet.

*Harriet.* And I will learn to make them too, papa, shan't I?

*Mr. Bill.* By all means; it can do you no harm. In effect, we sometimes have an idle hour upon our hands, when this basket-making would come in quite seasonably.

Robinson then fell to his bricklaying, in which he succeeded tolerably well. He had now built up one of the side walls of his kitchen, and laid the foundation of the other, when all of a sudden there happened something which he had never dreamt of, and which terribly disappointed all his plans.

*Rich.* I wonder what that accident was.

*Harriet.* Oh! I know it. The savages came and ate him up.

*Geo.* Mercy on us! was it that, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* No, it was not that. But it was something that frightened him almost as much as if the savages were come to roast him alive.

*Rich.* Dear me! what was it?

*Mr. Bill.* It was night, and Robinson on his bed of hay slept soundly, with his lamas at his feet. The moon shone out in all its splendor, the air was clear and calm, and a profound silence reigned over all nature. Robinson, fatigued with the toils of the day, was fallen into a sweet slumber, and dreaming, as usual, of his dear parents, when suddenly—but let us not close this evening's entertainment with an event so full of terror; we might, perhaps, dream of it, and have our sleep disturbed. Rather let us turn our thoughts to something more agreeable, that we may end the day in joy and gratitude to our good Father who is in Heaven.

## NINTH EVENING.

**M**R. BILLINGSLEY having brought the history of the NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE down to the end of the preceding evening, it now happened that business indispensably called him away for several evenings successively, and prevented him from resuming the story, much to the disappointment of his young family.

They were quite impatient to know what this was that had happened to poor Robinson, and they would any of them have given their favourite plaything to be informed of the events of that dreadful night, concerning which Mr. Billingsley had so long kept silence. Unfortunately, it was not in the power of any other person but their father to inform them, and he thought proper to say nothing of it until he should have time to continue the story regularly as usual.

Their conjectures were endless, and only served to puzzle them more and more. One guessed this thing, another that; but none of their guesses agreed entirely with the circumstances which they already knew of this mysterious adventure.

“But why should we not know the whole?” said some of them, in a very piteous tone.

“I have my reasons,” answered their father.

The children were, by a prudent education, accustomed to be satisfied with this answer, and therefore pressed no farther, but with a guarded impatience for the moment when the cause of their father's silence should no longer exist. Mean time, as it is easy for a grown-up person to read the thoughts of children, Mr. Billingsley could clearly perceive what passed in their minds. The following reflection was written, as it were, upon the forehead of each of them: “Why does our papa refuse us this satisfaction? What reasons can he have for not gratifying our curiosity?” He thought proper, therefore, upon this occasion, to convince them once more that he did not want the inclination

tion to make them as happy as lay in his power, and to shew them that he had reasons of importance for not continuing the story.

“Prepare yourselves,” said he, “to set off to-morrow morning very early on a party down the river for Greenwich. You have often wished to see it, and to-morrow I propose to indulge you.”

“Down the river?—To Greenwich?—In a boat?—What I, papa?—Shall I go?—And I?” asked all the children with one voice; and a general “Yes” having satisfied all their questions, they ran, quite transported with joy, to communicate the news to their mama, and to make the necessary preparations for their voyage.

“To Greenwich! to Greenwich! Where are my half-boots? Jenny, where are my gloves? Quick! the brush! the comb! We are going to Greenwich! Quick! quick!” Nothing was to be heard all over the house, but these expressions of joy and impatience.

Every thing, therefore, was prepared for the next day’s party; and the young travellers, in the fulness of their joy, asked a thousand questions, without waiting for a single answer. They were, at length, however, prevailed on to go to bed for that night, their impatience being so great, that they were already wishing for the morning to set out on their journey.

At length the morning appeared, and the whole house was in motion. Nothing was heard but knocking at each other’s bed rooms; so that they were all very soon obliged to rise and dress themselves.

When the whole party, old and young, were assembled, and the former were almost devoured with cares by the latter; Mr. Billingsley rubbed his eyes, and in a tone of voice which breathed most sorrowful discord to the accents of universal joy, he said “My dear children, if you would do me a favour, you would excuse me to-day from performing my promise.”

“What promise? what promise?”—and each mouth that asked this question remained open in anxious expectation, accompanied with a sort of fright.

*Mr. Bill.* The promise that I made to you of going to Greenwich to-day.

The astonishment and confusion of the younger part of the company was complete. Not one could utter a syllable.

*Mr. Bill.* I have been thinking last night that we should do wrong to go on this party to day.

*The Children.* Why so, papa?—and they could hardly speak for sobs.

*Mr. Bill.* I will tell you, and then leave it to yourselves to judge. In the first place, we have had, for some time past, an easterly wind (and, I find, it is in the same point this morning), which makes the river extremely rough, and must be very disagreeable to a party that are going down.

*The Children.* But, papa, the wind may change still.

*Mr. Bill.* Besides, I considered, that, if we were to stop another month, we should see many of the East India ships, that are to sail this year, dropping down to Deptford; and I know two or three captains of them; we might perhaps, dine aboard of one, which would be very agreeable—would it not?

*The Children.* Yes, papa—but——

*Mr. Bill.* But I have still a stronger reason. You know, Charles and Arthur Stanfield, your first cousins, whom you have never seen yet, are to come out of Cheshire shortly, and spend a month with us; would it not be infinitely better to wait for their coming, and take them with us? Would they not, as often as we should speak to them of the agreeableness of our party, sigh and wish that they had been there too? And, in that case, would the remembrance of our day's pleasure cause much satisfaction? No; certainly not. On the contrary, we should always be sorry within ourselves, that we had not done by them as we could wish them to do with regard to us, were we actually in their place and they in ours. Therefore, what say you?

A profound silence.

*Mr. Billingsley goes on.* You know, I never broke my word with you; so that, if you insist upon it, we shall set off. But if you would, of your own accord, acquit me of my promise, you would do me a kindness; and you would do your cousins a kindness, and yourselves. Therefore speak—What is to be done?

“ We will wait,” was the answer ; and, consequently, the fine party of pleasure was put off till another time.

It was easy to be seen that this victory over themselves had cost some of them dear : these were far from being as cheerful as usual the rest of the day. Mr. Billingsley took occasion, therefore, towards evening, when they were all assembled, to speak to them in this manner :

“ My dear children, what has happened to you to-day, will happen to you frequently in the course of your lives. You will expect to enjoy this or that earthly advantage ; your hopes will appear as well founded as possible, and you will burn with impatience to realize them ; but, in the very moment when you think to touch this long-expected happiness, Divine Providence, which is supremely wise, will, in an instant, disappoint your designs, when you shall least expect it ; and thus you will find your too sanguine hopes many, many a time sadly frustrated.

“ The reasons which your heavenly Father will have to act thus with you, will seldom appear to you so clearly and distinctly as you have heard my reasons this morning for putting off our party to Greenwich : for God, being infinitely wise, looks to the most remote futurity ; and often, for our advantage, suffers things to happen the good effects of which we do not experience until long after, perhaps even in another world.

“ Now, if every thing were to happen perfectly to your wish while you are young, and if you always obtained, at the exact moment, whatever was the object of your hopes, oh ! my dears, how much the worse would it be for you during the remainder of your lives ! How would your hearts be corrupted by such prosperity ; and how unhappy would your affections, thus corrupted, make you at a time when things should not go quite to your liking ! And such a time will come, my dears ; it will come as certainly for you as it comes for all other men ; for hitherto there has never been a man in the world, who could say that things have always succeeded with him completely, and according to the fulness of his wishes.



“ In this case, then, what are we to do, my dear children?—No more than this; accustom yourselves, while you are young, to deprive yourselves frequently of a pleasure which you would have given the world to enjoy. This victory over yourselves, often repeated, will strengthen your understandings and your affections in such sort, that for the future, you will be able to support, with unshaken fortitude, whatever a wise and benevolent God shall appoint for your good.

“ What I have said, will teach you, my dear children, to interpret many instances of our behaviour, which to you appear unaccountable, and which we, who are advanced in years, commonly adopt with regard to you. You have, no doubt, often been surpris'd at our refusing you a gratification for which, perhaps, you longed ardently. Sometimes we have told you the reasons of our refusal; that is, when you were capable of understanding them: and sometimes, on the other hand, we have not told you them; for instance, when you were too young to be able to understand them. And why did we do so? Often merely on purpose to exercise your patience and moderation, virtues so necessary to all men, and to prepare you for the subsequent accidents of your lives.

“ You know now, also, why, for these few days past, I have forbore the recital of Robinson Crusoe's History. I might certainly have found, at least, sufficient time to clear up to you the adventure with which I left off, and concerning which you have been, ever since, in a disagreeable uncertainty: but, you see, I did not tell you another word about it, though you frequently asked me, and it is always against my will that I refuse you any thing. Now, why did I do thus, Harriet?”

*Harriet.* Because, papa, you had a mind to teach us patience.

*Mr. Bill.* Very right! And most certainly, if ever you have cause to thank me for any thing, it will be for accustoming you thus to give up without regret any thing of which you have before ardently desired the possession.

A few days more pass'd without any talk of going on with the story of Robinson-Crusoe; but, at length, the

hour so earnestly longed for arrived, when Mr. Billingsley was no longer prevented by business or otherwise from satisfying the general wish. He went on, therefore, without interruption, in these words:

It was night, as I told you at my leaving off, and Robinson was quietly stretched on his bed of dry grass, with his faithful lamas at his feet. A deep calm overspread all the face of nature, and Robinson, according to his custom, was dreaming of his parents, when, all at once, the earth shook in an uncommon manner, and a rumbling noise was heard, together with dreadful cracks, as if many storms burst forth all at once. Robinson started up in a fright, and jumped out of bed without knowing what was the matter, nor where he was going. At this moment happened a dreadful shock of the earth, which was succeeded by several others equally violent. The rumbling noise also continued, which seemed to come from under ground. At the same time arose a furious hurricane, which tore up trees, and even rocks, and agitated the very depths of the roaring sea. All the elements seemed to be at war with each other, and nature to approach her final dissolution.

Robinson, almost frantic with terror, ran out of his cave into the space before it, and the frightened lamas followed. Scarce were they out, when a piece of the rock, which rested over the cave, fell down upon the bed which Robinson had just left. Fear, now, lent him wings; he fled with precipitation through the small opening in his wall of trees, and the lamas, no less terrified, were close at his heels.

His first intention was to secure himself upon a neighbouring mountain, on the top of which was a plain perfectly open, that he might not be in danger of the falling trees. He was going to run thither, when suddenly he beheld, to his infinite terror and surprise, that very same spot of the mountain open with a huge gap, and vomit forth smoke, fire, cinders, stones, and a burning stream of what is called *lava*. He could scarcely tell which way to run from this dreadful eruption, as the burning lava rolled down the hill like a river, and great fragments of rock were hurled into the air, in every direction, and fell as thick as hail.

He

He ran towards the sea-side; but here he beheld a new scene no less terrible. A dreadful whirlwind, which blew from all quarters of the sky, had driven together a large quantity of clouds, and heaped them, as it were, one upon the other. Their own weight burst them at length, and the consequence was such a deluge of rain, as, in a moment, laid the whole country under water.

Robinson saved himself with difficulty by climbing up a tree; but his poor lamas were carried off by the violence of the flood. Ah! how it went to his heart to hear their plaintive bleating; and how willingly would he, at the risk of his own life, have endeavoured to save them, but that the rapidity of the torrent had already carried them far beyond his reach!

The earth continued to shake still for a few minutes, after which there fell, all at once, a dead calm. The winds subsided; the opening of the mountain ceased by degrees to vomit fire; the rumbling under ground was heard no more; the sky cleared up, and all the waters ran off in less than a quarter of an hour.

*Geo.* (*sighing heavily*) Ah! thank God, it is all over! Poor Robinson and the poor lamas!

*Harriet.* For my part, I was terribly frightened.

*Charlotte.* What occasions these earthquakes, papa?

*Rich.* Papa has explained that to us long ago, but you were not here.

*Mr. Bill.* Tell her, Richard.

*Rich.* There are a number of great holes under the earth, like caverns, and these are filled with air and exhalations. Besides, there are within the earth all manner of things that easily take fire, as sulphur, pitch, nitre, and the like. These begin sometimes to heat and take fire, when moisture happens to accompany them.

*Geo.* Moisture? Can wetness, then, occasion any thing to take fire?

*Rich.* Certainly. Have you never seen, when masons throw cold water upon burnt lime-stones, how they begin immediately to boil and smoke as if they were upon the fire, and yet there was no fire near them? Well, in the same manner things take fire under ground as soon as water penetrates to them; and then, when they

they burn, the air which is in these great caverns expands so prodigiously that there is no longer room to contain it, so that striving forcibly to find a passage out, it shakes the earth, until, at length, it makes an opening somewhere, and through this opening it comes forth like a hurricane, drawing with it a quantity of burning and melted matter.

*Mrs. Bill.* And this matter, which consists of stones, minerals, and unctuous bodies, all melted together, is what we call lava. I have somewhere read that a man might make a little mountain for himself that would vomit fire. If you should like that, we will make the experiment some day.

*The Children.* Oh, yes, by all means, dear papa.

*Rich.* And how is that done?

*Mr. Bill.* You need only dig a hole in the ground where it is moist, and put into it some sulphur and filings of iron. This mixture will heat and take fire of itself, and then you have a burning mountain in miniature. We will make a trial of it the first idle day.

While Robinson was coming down from the tree on which he had saved himself, his mind was so depressed with the calamity which had just fallen on him, that he never once thought of thanking for his fresh deliverance that Being who had before, more than once, preserved him when in the most imminent danger of perishing. His situation was, indeed, now, to the full as miserable as ever it had been. His cave, the only place of refuge that he had hitherto found, was in all probability, a heap of ruins; his dear and faithful lamas he had seen with his own eyes, carried off by the flood, and without doubt they must have perished; all his past labours were demolished, and his plans for the future disappointed! The mountain, it is true, had ceased to throw up fire, but from the gulph, which was still open on the top of it, there issued forth a thick black smoke, and it was very possible that this mountain might now continue to be always a volcano. In that case, how was Robinson to enjoy one moment's security? Might he not reasonably dread a fresh earthquake, or a fresh eruption, every day?

These melancholy ideas completely overpowered him. He sunk under the weight of his miseries, and, instead

stead of turning himself towards God, the only source of true consolation, he thought of nothing but his future misery, which appeared to him infinite both in weight and duration.

Exhausted with anguish and discomfort, he leaned against the tree, and, from his pained breast, he uttered sighs, or rather deep groans, of distress. He remained in this position, the picture of despair, until the dawn told the approach of day.

*Geo. (to Mr. Meredith).* I see now that my papa was right.

*Mr. Mered.* In what?

*Geo.* I was thinking lately that Robinson was altogether reformed, and that Providence might safely order things for his deliverance from the island; but in answer to that my papa observed, that our heavenly Father knew every thing best, and that it was not for us to judge in such cases.

*Mr. Mered.* And now?

*Geo.* Why, now I see plainly that he had not the confidence in his Maker which he ought to have had, and, therefore, that God did well in not delivering him yet.

*Edw.* So I think too. I must own, I am far from liking him now so well as I did some time ago.

*Mr. Bill.* Your observation, my dear children, is perfectly just. It is true, we see plainly that Robinson has not that firm, unalterable filial confidence in his Maker which he naturally ought to have after so many proofs of his wisdom and goodness as he had experienced; but, before we condemn him on this head, let us first put ourselves in his place for a moment, and ask our own hearts if we should have acted better under the same circumstances. What think you, Edward? If you had been Robinson, would you have had more courage than he?

*Edw. (hesitating.)* I can't say.

*Mr. Bill.* Recollect the time when you had sore eyes, and we put blisters behind your ears. Do you remember how dispirited you were at times? And yet it was but a short-lived pain; it lasted but two days. I know, indeed, that you have more sense now, and would bear the pain better; but could you also bear with filial submission every thing that Robinson was forced to under-  
go?

go?—What think you, my dear? Have I not some reason for doubting upon that score?

Your silence is the best answer to my question. As, thank Heaven, you have never been in a situation like that of our poor friend Robinson, you cannot tell what would be your sentiments if you were; therefore, all that we can do at present is to accustom ourselves, in the slight misfortunes which we perhaps must experience, to turn our eyes towards Heaven, and be ever patient and full of confidence. Our hearts will then be more and more strengthened every day, so as to bear with due resignation even the greatest sufferings, if our heavenly Father shall think proper to appoint them to us.

At length the day appeared, and its new-born light, while it spread joy over all nature, found poor Robinson still leaning against the tree, in a situation truly deplorable. Sleep had never closed his eyelids; one gloomy thought alone absorbed his whole soul; he had asked himself a thousand times the sorrowful question, “What will become of me?” At length he set himself in motion, and staggering as he walked, like a man who is half asleep, he arrived, after some time, at the ruins of his habitation. But what joyful emotions seized his breast, when, all at once, as he came up towards the willow enclosure—what think you?—his dear lambs, safe and sound, came jumping to meet him! At first he could not believe his eyes, but his doubts were soon satisfied. The lambs ran up to him, licked his hands, and expressed their joy at seeing him again by bleating and skipping about.

Robinson’s heart, which, until that moment, had seemed insensible and frozen, was now awakened. He looked at his lambs, then up to Heaven; and tears of joy, gratitude, and repentance for his want of faith, bedewed his cheeks. He now patted and caressed his old friends a thousand times, and, accompanied by them, went to see what was become of his habitation.

*Henry.* But how were the lambs saved?

*Mr. Hill.* We may suppose that the flood had carried them to some rising ground where the waters were not quite

quite so deep, and as they ran off afterwards as rapidly as they had fallen from the clouds, the lamas were very soon able to return to their habitation.

Robinson then stood in the front of his cave, and, to add to his confusion, found the damage here also by no means so considerable as, in the height of his despondency, he had imagined it. The cieling, which consisted of one piece of rock, had, it is true, tumbled down, and in its fall brought some of the nearest earth along with it; yet, after all, it appeared not impossible to clear the cave of these ruins, and then his dwelling-place became twice as spacious and convenient as it was before.

To this must be added another circumstance, which plainly demonstrated that Divine Providence had ordered events thus, not to punish Robinson, but rather expressly for his preservation: for when he had more closely examined the spot where the pieces of rock had been suspended, he, to his no small terror, perceived it to be surrounded on every side by a soft earth, and, consequently, that it could never have been firmly placed; it was, therefore, likely enough to fall down by its own weight sooner or later. Now this Divine Providence foresaw, and perhaps, moreover, foresaw that the piece of rock would fall precisely at a time when Robinson was in the cave. But, as the all wise and good Creator had appointed to this man a longer life, he had, from the creation of the world, so formed the earth, that exactly at that time, and in that island, there should be such an earthquake. Even the rumbling noise under ground, and the roaring of the hurricane, how terrible soever they had sounded in the ears of Robinson, were circumstances that contributed to save him: for, had the earthquake come on without any noise, Robinson, in all likelihood, would not have awakened, and then the fall of the rock would certainly have put an end to his life.

Thus, my children, Heaven took care of him at a time when he thought himself forsaken, and even made these dreadful accidents, which Robinson looked upon

<sup>a</sup>s his greatest misfortune, contribute wholly to his preservation.

This happy experience of heavenly mercy you will have frequent opportunities of gaining, if you wish to remark the ways by which Providence will conduct you. In all the unfortunate situations of life which it may be your lot to fall into, you will find these two things ever true; namely,

In the first place, men always represent to themselves the evil which happens as greater than it really is.

Secondly, that all our misfortunes are sent to us by our merciful Creator for wise and good reasons, and that, consequently, in the end, they will ever contribute to our real happiness.

## TENTH EVENING.

*MR. BILLINGSLEY goes on.*—Robinson, who for some time past had used the custom of joining prayer with his labour, began by throwing himself on his knees to thank God for his late deliverance; after which he cheerfully set about his work, which was to clear his cave of the ruins. It was but a slight task to remove the earth and gravel, but there remained still the great piece of rock, which had been under all. It is true, it was broken in two; but even in this state it seemed to require more than the strength of one man to dislodge it.

He tried to roll out the smallest of the two pieces, but in vain: the task was too much for his strength. An attempt so far from succeeding discouraged him once more. He did not know what to try next.

*Rich.* Oh, I know what I should have done.

*Mr. Lill.* What?

*Rich.*



*Rich.* I would have made a lever, or a crow, such as the men had the other day when they rolled a great beam into the barn-yard.

*Geo.* I was not by then. What is a lever, or a crow, as you call it?

*Rich.* It is a long stout pole; one end they put under the beam or the stone that they wish to move, and then they place a little block or stone under the lever, but as close as possible to the beam or whatever else is to be rolled along; then laying their hands on the other end of the lever, which they press with all their force upon the block, the beam is thus raised up, and may be rolled without much trouble.

*Mr. Bill.* I will explain to you the reason of that another time: at present listen and hear what Robinson did.

After having meditated upon the matter a long time to no purpose, the idea of the lever struck him too at last. He recollected that when he was young he had sometimes seen workmen make use of this instrument when they wanted to move very heavy loads, and he hastened to make a trial of it.

This succeeded. In half an hour he rolled the two pieces of stone quite out of the cave, which four men with their hands alone could not have stirred from their places; and then he had the satisfaction of seeing his dwelling twice as spacious as before, and, what was of infinitely more consequence, quite secure as far as the eye could examine: for now both the walls and the ceiling consisted of one hollow rock, in which there could no where be discovered the smallest crack.

*Edw.* But, papa, what was become of his spider?

*Mr. Bill.* I am glad you put me in mind of it. Poor spider! I had almost forgot it. But, in truth, I can tell you nothing about it, unless that, according to all appearance, it was buried under the ruins of the ceiling; at least, Robinson never saw it again: however, his other friends, the lamas, made him amends for its loss.

He now ventured to turn his steps towards the volcano, from which a black smoke still continued to rise. He was astonished at the quantity of melted matter that had run from it on all sides; part of which was not cold

yet. For this time, therefore, he only admired, at a distance, the grand, but dreadful sight of the smoking gulf, because fear, and the lava, which was still too hot, hindered him from approaching nearer.

Having remarked that the principal stream of lava had taken its course towards the spot where his potatoes grew, he was much terrified at the idea that this torrent of fire might, perhaps have hid waste the whole place; nor could he be easy until he satisfied himself on this head. He went, therefore, to the spot, and found, to his great joy, the whole plantation safe and sound. From that moment, he resolved, at all hazards, to plant potatoes in many different parts of this island, in order to prevent the misfortune of seeing himself deprived of so admirable a fruit by some unlucky accident or other. It is true, winter, according to his reckoning, was now just at hand; "but," said he to himself, "who knows whether these plants are not of the sort that will stand the winter?"

Having put this design into execution, he began again to work upon his kitchen. Here also the terrible convulsion of nature which had just happened, was the means of procuring him a great advantage; for, you must know, that the burning mountain had, amongst other things, thrown up a considerable quantity of lime-stones. These are commonly burnt in a kiln before lime can be made of them; but here that was not necessary, for the burning mountain had already been as good as a lime kiln to them.

Robinson, therefore, had only to gather a small heap of these stones, to throw water upon them, and then to stir the heap well about. Thus the lime was slaked, and made proper for the mason's use. He then mixed with it a little sand, fell to work immediately, and had reason to be pleased with his own cleverness.

In the mean time, the mountain had ceased smoking, and Robinson ventured to approach the gulf. He found the sides and the bottom covered with cold lava; and as he could not perceive the least smoke come out any where, he had reason to hope that the subterraneous fire was entirely extinguished, and that, for the future, he should have no eruptions to dread.

This

This hope having given him fresh strength and spirits, he turned his thoughts towards laying in a store of provisions against the winter. With this intent he caught, one after another, eight lamas, in the same manner as he had caught the first. All these he killed, except one ram, which he kept alive to be company for his three tame lamas; and he hung up the greatest part of the flesh in his kitchen to smoke. But first he had let it lie some days in salt, because he had remembered to have seen his mother do so at home, when she made bacon.

Here was a pretty good stock of provisions; yet still he dreaded lest he should fall short if the winter was severe and lasted long. For this reason, he would have taken more lamas, but he found this method would no longer answer; for the creatures had, at length, taken notice of his manner of noosing them, and were, therefore, on their guard: so that he was obliged to invent some new way of taking them.

This way he soon found: so inexhaustible are the resources of the human mind, if properly exerted, in providing for its wants, and encreasing its happiness. He had observed that the lamas, whenever they perceived him near the spring, ran swiftly towards a neighbouring copice, in their way to which they passed over a little hill. The farther side of this hill was hedged as it were, with small thickets; and close behind this hedge there was a descent as steep as a wall, and about a couple of yards deep. The lamas, in their flight, always jumped clean over the hedge, and landed at the bottom of the hill; and this observation determined him to dig a deep hole on this spot, where the lamas jumped down, that they might fall into it and be taken. His indefatigable labour finished in a day and a half this new work of his invention. The pit he covered over with green branches, and the next day had the satisfaction of seeing two tolerable large lamas taken in it.

He now thought himself sufficiently provided with meat. He would have been puzzled where to lay it all up during the winter, if the earthquake had not furnished him with a cellar in every respect complete: for close by his cave another piece of the hillock had sunk about two fathom in depth, and thereby formed a second cavern,  
opening,

opening, as well as the first, into his enclosure. He had now his dwelling apartment, kitchen, and cellar, all adjoining each other, and placed as conveniently as if they had been planned and laid out by art.

There now remained three things more, which done, he was to count himself fully guarded and provided against the expected approach of winter: hay was to be made for his lamas; a stock of wood to be laid up for firing; and all his potatoes were to be dug up, and lodged in the cellar.

Hay he had collected in a pretty large quantity, and stacked it up in his court-yard, as haymakers do here; and whenever he put fresh hay on it, he trod it down so hard that the rain could not easily soak into it. But here experience taught him a little more of haymaking, tho' at the expence of some labour and trouble.

You must know, he had not taken care to dry the hay perfectly. Whenever this happens, and it is at the same time pressed down tightly in the stack, it begins to heat, next to smoke, and at length it takes fire. This was a matter that Robinson had never heard of when he was young; for he had never much troubled his head about farming business; but in his present situation he learned how useful it is to remark every thing, and to collect as much information as possible, even though we cannot foresee how far it may, one day or other, become useful.

His surprise was great, indeed, when he saw, all of a sudden, his haycock begin to smoke; but he was still much more astonished, when, on thrusting his hand into it, he found the inside burning hot. He could not persuade himself but that the hay was on fire, though he could not possibly conceive how the fire could get in there.

He took down the haycock, therefore, as fast as possible; but was very much surprized to find no fire, and to see that the hay was every where extremely hot and moist. He was, therefore, at last, convinced, (as was really the case,) that the moisture alone caused the hay to heat, though he could, in no wise, conceive how that should be.

*Rich.* I must own I find it hard to imagine how wetness alone can make any thing heat.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Bill.* My dear Richard, there are a thousand such effects as this in nature; and human reason, which hath been reflecting on them for many ages, hath clearly discovered the true causes of many of them. These usual discoveries are comprised in a science, of which, perhaps, you do not know the name. It is called Natural Philosophy. There you may find the reason of this remarkable effect of moisture, as well as many other appearances in nature that are extremely singular. And if you continue to apply yourself properly to the sciences which you are learning at present, I will teach you also that of natural philosophy, which will give you inexpressible pleasure. Here it would be to no purpose to introduce it, because you could not understand what I should say to you.

Robinson then dried his hay afresh, and made it up into a fresh haycock, which could stand secure against both wind and rain. To render it still more secure, he *topped* it with a covering of reeds, scarce inferior in firmness to our thatch roofs.

For some days following, he employed himself in gathering as much dry wood as he judged he should want. After this, he dug up his potatoes, and found them a very considerable stock. These he laid up carefully in his cellar. Lastly, he shook the lemon-tree, and brought home as many of the fruit as were ripe, to preserve them too against the winter; and now he was freed from all apprehensions of want during the bad weather.

But though it was almost the end of October, the cold, which had made Robinson so uneasy, was not to be felt in the least. Instead of that, the weather turned to rain, and it rained so incessantly that the air seemed to be changed into water. He did not know what to think of it. For a fortnight together, he never put his foot outside of his cave, unless to go to the cellar, the haystack, or the spring, to fetch victuals and water for himself and his lamas. The rest of the time he was obliged to pass like a prisoner.

How heavily the hours crept on! Nothing to do, and all alone! My dear children, it is impossible for you to imagine a greater misery! If any body could  
have

have given him a book, or pen, ink, and paper, he would, with great cheerfulness, have given one day of his life for every sheet of paper. "Oh!" said he now and then to himself, with a heavy sigh, "how silly was I in my younger days to look upon reading and writing as something tiresome, and idleness as something agreeable! The most tedious book in the world would now be a treasure to me, and I would prefer a sheet of paper, with pen and ink, to the possession of a kingdom."

During this wearisome time, necessity forced him to have recourse to all sorts of employments which he had not hitherto tried. He had been meditating a long time whether it would not be possible for him to make an earthen pot and a lamp; things which would have rendered his situation incomparably better.—He ran, therefore, in the middle of the rain, to look for potter's earth; and, having found a sufficient quantity of it, he immediately began to work.

The making of earthen vessels did not succeed with him all at once: he made many ineffectual trials at first; but, having nothing else to do, as often as his work was finished, and not to his liking, he amused himself with breaking it to pieces, and beginning afresh. He spent a few days in this manner, his work affording him amusement rather than trouble, until, at length, his pot and lamp were finished so complete, that it would have been ill-nature to break them again. He placed them, therefore, in his kitchen, not far from the fire, to dry gradually. After this, he went on making other pots, pans, and pipkins, of different shapes and sizes; and the more he practised this work, the more ready he became at it.

The rain continued, in the mean time, without interruption. Robinson, therefore, saw himself under the necessity of inventing other domestic labours to keep himself from the unpleasant effects of having nothing to do. His first task was to make a fishing net. He had laid in, beforehand, a pretty good stock of packthread, which came now very seasonably into use. As he took time enough, he had the patience to try a thing ten times or more, which did not succeed with him at first, he found, at length, the true method of making the knots,

knots, and he became as clever at the work as any woman or girl in this country who practise making nets or purses: for he had invented also an instrument of wood, which he cut with his knife of flint, something in the form of a spit; and with this he contrived to make a net, which, for goodness and real use, was little inferior to our common fishing nets.

It next came into his head to try whether he could not make a bow and arrows. The thought of this set him all alive, when he considered the many great advantages that a bow would procure him! With a bow and arrows he could kill larras, he could shoot birds, and—what was by far more important—with these he could defend himself in his dwelling place, if ever the savages came to attack him. He was all impatience to see the bow finished, and ran, notwithstanding the rain and the wind, to look for the proper wood.

For it was not every sort of wood that was fit for the purpose; it should be at the same time hard and supple, that on the one hand it might be bent without much difficulty, and on the other, when bent, might endeavour to return to its former state.

*Rick.* It should be *elastic*, papa; should it not?

*Mr. Bill.* The very thing. I did not know that you remembered the signification of that word, and, therefore, I did not chuse to make use of it.

Having, therefore, found and cut a piece of this sort of wood, he carried it home, and began immediately to work upon it. But, alas! how did he then feel the want of a proper knife! He was obliged to cut twenty times to bring off as much wood as we could cut at once with a knife of steel. Though he worked from the rising to the setting of the sun at this task without the least intermission, he was obliged to be eight whole days about it. I know some people who would not have had such patience.

*Geo.* (to the other children) Papa means us now.

*Mr. Bill.* George, you have just guessed it; and do not you think that I am right?

*Geo.* Why, yes, papa. But, for the future, I will take care to go on with whatever work I once begin.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Bill.* You will do well. Robinson, at least, found the advantages of doing so. He had the inexpressible joy of seeing his bow finished on the ninth day; and now he wanted nothing but a string and arrows. If he had thought of it when he killed the lamas, he would have tried, perhaps, to make strings of their guts; for he knew that, in Europe, it is common to make them of sheep's guts. For want, therefore, of catgut, he twisted a string of packthread, and made it as strong as possible. After this, he proceeded to make his arrows.

What would he have given for a small piece of iron to point his arrows with! But wishing was to no purpose. As he stood at the door of his cave, considering how he might supply the want of iron points to his arrows, he turned his eyes, by chance, on the lump of gold which lay there still on the ground as a thing of no use. "Go," said he, spurning it with his foot, "go, useless metal, and become iron, if you wish that I should value you!" And, with these words, he turned away from it, not deigning to look at it again.

By dint of thinking on the subject over and over again, he, at length, remembered to have heard that the savages of some nations make use of fish bones and sharp stones to point their lances and arrows; and he resolved to imitate them in this respect: at the same time he formed the design of making a lance or spear.

These two things were immediately put into execution. He ran to the sea-side, and was lucky enough to find some fish bones and sharp flints, exactly such as he wanted. After this, he cut a long, straight staff for the spear, and returned home wet to the very skin.

In a few days the spear and the arrows were finished. He had pointed the spear with a sharp stone, and the arrows with strong fish-bones; to the other end of his arrows he tied feathers, to make them fly the better.

He then tried how his bow would shoot: though it wanted a number of things, which he could not possibly add to it for want of iron tools, he found it, however, tolerably handy for shooting birds, or other small animals. He did not even doubt but he should be able,  
with



this bow, to wound a naked savage dangerously, provided the savage would let him come near enough. He had still better reason to be pleased with his spear.

His earthen pots and his lamp seemed now to be sufficiently dry. He resolved, therefore to make use of them. In the first place, he put into one of his new pipkins a lump of fat, which he had taken out of the lamas that he killed. This fat he intended to melt, and use as oil for his lamp. But he had the mortification to perceive that the fat, as soon as melted, soaked through the pipkin, and filtered out, drop by drop, so that very little remained in the pipkin. He concluded from thence, that the lamp and pots would have the same defect, and consequently never be of any use to him; a conjecture which experience very soon verified.

What a disagreeable accident! He had made himself so happy in thinking that he should soon spend the evenings pleasantly by the light of a lamp, and be able once more, to taste a dish of broth; but now all these fine hopes seemed to vanish in a moment.

*Henry.* It was certainly a great vexation to see so much trouble lost.

*Mr. Hill.* Without doubt it was so; and some people, that I know, would have been provoked to fling all the work away, and never meddle with pot-making again. But Robinson was, by this time, pretty well practised in patience, and had taken it strongly in his head that a thing should never be done by halves, while it was possible to finish it completely.

He sat down, therefore, in his *studying corner* (for so he called one of the corners of his cave, where he used to sit down when he had a mind to exercise his invention), and there he rubbed his forehead. "Whence comes it," said he to himself, "that the pots in Europe, which are made of earth as well as mine, are, nevertheless, much more compact, and do not soak through?—Why, that is because they are glazed—Hum! Glazed? Now, what may that be properly, and how is it done?—Aha! I think I know now! Yes, it must be so! Have not I read somewhere, that sand and several other substances, such as earthen vessels, are of the nature of glass, and might be turned into real glass by a strong fire? It

must certainly be so that they manage it: they put the earthen ware into a hot furnace, and when it begins to melt, they take it out lest it should be entirely changed into glass. Yes, yes, that is the whole art. I must do in the same manner."

No sooner said than done: he kindled a good fire in his kitchen, and when it was in full blaze, he put one of the pipkins into the very middle of it. However, it was not long there before—crack it went, and split in pieces.—“Heyday!” said Robinson, “who would have thought it?”

He sat down again in his studying corner. “What could have been the reason of this?” said he to himself.—“Have I ever met with any thing similar to this before?—Eh! certainly I have. In winter-time, when we have put a tumbler full of cold water or beer on a warm stove, did not the glass break immediately?—Has it ever happened that the glass did *not* break? Yes, when it was put on the stove before it was quite hot, or when we put a piece of paper under it. Very well: I am pretty sure of one thing: ay, ay, that must be the case. I must take care not to put it upon the fire all at once, but to let it grow warm first. I must take care also that the fire do not come to one of the ends of it—A lucky thought!” cried he, quite overjoyed, and starting up to make a second trial.

This succeeded rather better. The pipkin did not split; but, then, on the other hand, it was not glazed neither.

“How comes this?” said Robinson to himself. “And yet I thought the fire was hot enough. What can it possibly want still?” After meditating a long time upon the matter, he thought, at length, he had hit upon the reason. He had made the experiment with a fire which was not closed up in a stove or oven, but burned in the open air. This fire lost its force too soon, and was too much spread on every side to heat the earthen ware sufficiently for glazing it. Robinson, therefore, determined to stick to his principle of not doing things by halves, and to construct a proper oven or furnace like those in the potteries; but for this it was requisite that the weather should be more favourable.

For,

For, you must know, it rained still incessantly; nor did the sky, at last, begin to clear up till after the expiration of two months. Robinson thought now that the winter was going to set in; whereas, behold ye, the winter was past! He could scarce believe his eyes, when he saw every appearance of spring—the grass green and tender, the trees budding out and blossoming, and fresh flowers beginning every where to blow; and yet it really was so. The thing was beyond his comprehension, though he saw it clearly before his eyes. “This will be a warning to me,” said he, “never, for the future, to deny any thing hastily that I do not understand.”

*Mrs. Bill.* Did not he go to bed when he had said so?

*Geo.* Oh! mama, we are none of us the least sleepy,

*Mr. Bill.* I am not very positive whether he did or not; my information fails me in that respect. However, as I find nothing else remarkable in this day's occurrences, as they appear in the old history of Robinson's adventures on the island, I presume that, after these words, he actually did go to bed. And we will do the same, that, like him, we may rise to-morrow with the sun.

---

## ELEVENTH EVENING.

**G**EORGE. Papa, I should like to be in Robinson's place now.

*Mr. Bill.* Would you really?

*Geo.* Yes; for now he has every thing that he wants, and lives in a fine country where there is never any winter.

*Mr. Bill.* Every thing that he wants, has he?

*Geo.* Yes: has not he potatoes and meat, and salt and lemons, and fish and turtle, and oysters; and do not the lamas give him milk? He can make butter and cheese now.

*Mr. Bill.* So he has too, for some time past, though I forgot to mention it.

*Geo.* Well, and then he has a bow and arrows, and a spear, and a snug place to live in. What more could he wish?

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson knew very well the value of all these good things, and thanked God for them; nevertheless, he would have given the half of his remaining life for the arrival of a ship that would carry him to his own country.

*Geo.* Ay! why what did he want still?

*Mr. Bill.* Many things; an infinite deal of things, not to say every thing. He wanted those blessings without which there can be no true happiness here below, as society, friends, beings of his own species, whom he might love, and by whom he might be, in his turn, beloved. Far from his parents, whom he had so severely afflicted; far from his friends, whom he could not hope ever to see again; far from men, from all men, from all the world; alas! in this melancholy, what joy could he taste, had he even the richest abundance possible of all the good things which this earth affords? Try, my little friend, try only once, but for one single day, to be quite alone in a solitary place, and then you will know what a life of solitude is!

Besides, Robinson was far from having his many other wants gratified. His cloaths were falling by degrees all to rags; nor did he know how he was to have new cloaths when these should be past use.

*Rich.* Oh! as to cloaths, he might very well do without them in an island where it was so hot, and where there was no winter.

*Harriet.* Oh fie! Would you have him go naked?

*Mr. Bill.* It is true, he had no occasion for cloaths to protect him from the cold; but he had much occasion for them to guard his body from the insects with which this island swarmed, particularly muskitoes.

*Edw.* What are these creatures, these muskitoes?

*Mr. Bill.* A sort of flies, whose sting is much more painful than that of ours. In whatever country they are found, they torment the natives exceedingly; for their stings produce almost as painful swellings as those of bees

bees or wasps do with us. Robinson's face and hands were almost always swelled with them. Now, what must he expect to suffer when once his cloaths were worn out ! and that time was coming very fast.

This, together with his earnest and longing desire to behold his parents, and society in general, once more drew many a sigh from him, when standing on the sea-shore, and looking, with moistened eyes, over the boundless ocean, he could distinguish nothing but the sea and sky. How did his heart sometimes flutter with empty hope, when, in the distant horizon, he perceived a small cloud, which his imagination represented to him as a ship in full sail ! And when, at length, he discovered his mistake, how the tears would trickle from his eyes, and his heart seem ready to burst as he returned home slowly to his habitation !

*Harriet.* He should have prayed for the coming of a ship ; perhaps his prayers might have been heard.

*Mr. Bill.* He did so, my dear Harriet. He prayed night and day for his deliverance from the desert island ; but he never forgot at the same time, to add, " Not mine, O Lord ! but thy will be done."

*Harriet.* Why did he add that ?

*Mr. Bill.* Because he was now perfectly convinced that the Supreme Being knows much better than we do what is for our interests. He reasoned thus : " If it be the good pleasure of my heavenly Father to let me remain here longer, he certainly has very good reasons for it, though I cannot see them ; consequently, I ought to pray for my liberty, barely on condition that his wisdom shall think it to be for my advantage."

Lest a vessel should happen any day to pass or cast anchor near the island, at a time when he was not near the sea-shore, he resolved to fix, on the neck of land which jutted out towards the sea, a signal by which all who should come in sight might be informed of his distress. This signal was no more than a pole, on the top of which he fastened a banner.

*Edw.* Ay ! Where did he get the banner ?

*Mr. Bill.* I am going to tell you. His shirt was then in such a state, that it was impossible to wear it longer. He took, therefore, the largest slip of it, shaped it into a

kind of banner or flag, and fixed it on the pole that he was to stick up.

He would have been very glad to put up also, on his pole, a label, with an inscription, to give a clearer idea of his distress; but how was this to be done? The only way in his power was to cut out the letters with his knife of flint. Next to this the question was, in what language the inscription should be. If it were English, there might come by ships of other nations, as Dutch, Spanish, or French, and the people might happen not to understand it. Luckily he recollected some Latin words, by which he could express what he wished.

*Geo.* But would seamen understand that?

*Mr. Bill.* The Latin language, you know is common in all countries of Europe, and most men who have received any education, know, at least, something of it. Hence Robinson hoped, that, in whatever ship passed that way, there might be one or two, at least, who would understand his inscription. He, therefore, put it up.

*Mr. L.* What was it, then?

*Mr. Bill.* *Ferte opem misero Robinson!* Do you understand, George?

*Geo.* Yes, papa. *Help the unfortunate Robinson!*

*Mrs. Bill.* His greatest inconvenience now was the want of shoes and stockings. They were fallen to pieces, and the muskitoes did so furiously attack his naked legs, that he knew not where to fly from them. His face, his hands, and his feet, were so swelled by the stings of these insects, since the raining season, during which they had multiplied prodigiously, that he seemed no longer to be the same person.

How often did he sit down in his studying corner, to think of some way to cover himself! but always to no purpose. He had neither instruments nor skill to provide himself with what he wanted, and what he found so indispensably necessary.

The skins of the lamas that he had killed appeared the readiest means whereby he might clothe himself; but skins were still raw and stiff, and unfortunately he had never troubled himself concerning the manner in which tanners and carriers prepared the raw hides; and even if he knew how to do this, he had neither needle nor thread

t' read to sew the leather, or make it serve for any part of his dress.

Nevertheless, necessity was pressing. He could neither work by day, nor sleep by night, the flies did persecute him so incessantly with their stings. Something must be done, or some fortunate accident take place to hinder him from perishing in the most miserable manner.

*Henry.* In fact, to what purpose were these miserable insects created, since they are only a trouble and torment to us?

*Mr. Bill.* Why, I might, in my turn, ask you, to what purpose were we created, you, and I, and other men?

*Henry.* On purpose that we might be happy in the world.

*Mr. Bill.* And what could have induced our Creator to propose this object to himself in creating us?

*Henry.* His goodness, which is so great that he did not desire to be happy alone.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well, and do you not think that these insects also enjoy a sort of happiness?

*Henry.* Yes, that I can easily imagine. We see how they rejoice when the sun shines and it is pretty hot.

*Mr. Bill.* Right; and does not this reason give you to understand to what purpose they were created? Namely, that they also may rejoice upon the earth, and be as happy as their nature will permit them. Is not this purpose perfectly consistent with infinite goodness?

*Henry.* Yes; only I think that the Supreme Being might have created such animals alone as do harm to nobody.

*Mr. Bill.* Be thankful to your Creator that he has done no such thing.

*Henry.* Why?

*Mr. Bill.* Because, otherwise, neither you nor I, nor any of us, would ever have existed.

*Henry.* How so?

*Mr. Bill.* Because we belong precisely to the most devouring and destructive species of animals in the world. All the other creatures of the earth are not only our slaves, but we even kill them at our pleasure;

sometimes to eat their flesh; sometimes to have their skins; sometimes because they are in our way; sometimes for other reasons which we could not easily justify. How much more cause, therefore, would the insects have to ask why that cruel animal man was created? Now, what would you answer to a fly that should ask you this question?

*Henry (hesitating).* Why—indeed I don't know.

*Mr. Pill.* Now, for my part, I would speak to him in these words: "My friend, Mr. Fly, your question is very inconsiderate, and shews that you have not a thinking head, and that you know not the art of reflection; otherwise you would easily have discovered, with the smallest grain of thought, that the Supreme Being hath, merely of his goodness, created several of his creatures in such a manner that one is obliged to live upon others: for, if he had not done so, he could not have created by one half so many species of animals as he has, because grass and the fruits of the earth would have been sufficient but for a few species of living creatures. To the end, therefore, that all nature might be animated—that there might be every where, in the water, in the air, and on the earth, living animals which should rejoice in their existence, and to the end that one species of creatures might not multiply too much to the destruction of another, it was necessary that our wise and good Creator should destine some of his creatures to furnish the subsistence of others. Thou thyself, friend fly, dost feast on the blood of other animals, and even on ours. Why shouldst thou take it amiss if the spider catch thee in her web, or the swallow devour thee as a sweet morsel?"

What think you, Henry? Would not the fly, if it were wise, be contented with this answer?

*Henry.* I don't know, papa. I am contented.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, now we will return to our friend Robinson.

Necessity forced him to help himself the best he could. He took the skins, therefore, and cut out of them with his knife of flint, but not without a great deal of trouble, first a pair of shoes, and then a pair of stockings. He could not sew either of them; he was obliged, therefore, to content himself with making eyelet-holes in them,



them, and lacing them to his legs and feet with a string; which was no doubt subject to great inconveniencies: for though he turned the hair outwards, he still felt a violent heat in his feet. Besides, the skin, which was stiff and hard, blistered his feet, and took the skin off at the least attempt that he made to walk, and so caused him very great pain. However he chose to endure this rather than the stings of the muskitoes.

Of another piece of skin, which was very stiff and a little bent, he made a mask, cutting in it two small holes for the eyes, and another for the mouth, that he might be able to breathe.

And, since he had begun this work, he resolved not to quit it until he had finished with making himself a jacket and trowsers of lamas skin. It is true, this task was much more difficult; but have we any thing without trouble? and what is there in which we do not succeed at last, with the requisite patience and application? Thus he also accomplished his design, which filled him with inexpressible joy.

The jacket was composed of three pieces, which were joined together by strings. Two of these pieces served for the arms, and the third for the body. The trowsers consisted of two pieces, one before and one behind, and they were laced at the sides. When the jacket and trowsers were finished, he put them both on, with the resolution never to dress himself again in his old European cloaths, which were half torn to pieces, except upon the birthdays of his father and mother, which he celebrated as solemn festivals.

His dress was then the most singular that can be imagined: from head to foot covered in skins, with the hair outwards; instead of a sword, a large hatchet of stone by his side; on his back a pouch, with a bow and quiver of arrows; in his right hand a spear almost twice as long as himself, and in his left a wicker umbrella, covered with leaves of the cocoa-nut tree: lastly, upon his head, instead of a hat, a cap of wicker-work, rising in a point, and covered in the same manner with skins, the hairs outward. Imagine to yourselves what a figure all this must cut; nobody that saw him accoutered in this extraordinary equipage, would suspect him to be a hu-

man creature; nay, he could not help laughing at himself, when, being on the bank of a rivulet, he saw his image in the water in this dress for the first time.

After this, he resumed his potter's work. The oven was soon finished, and then he had a mind to try whether, by force of an exceeding great fire, he could not produce a sort of glazing on his pots. He put them, therefore, and his pipkins into it, after which he made up by degrees so great a fire, that the oven was red hot from one end to the other. This violent fire he kept up until evening, suffering it then to go out by degrees, and being very curious to know the result of his labour. But what, think ye, was the result of it? The first pot that he took out was not glazed, notwithstanding all that he had done, nor the second neither, nor, in short, any of them. But, at last, in examining one of his pipkins, he perceived, with equal joy and surprize, that this, and this alone, was covered at bottom with a real glazing.

This was to him a riddle which he could by no means solve. "What reason in the world could there be," said he, "why this single pipkin is a little glazed, and not one of the other vessels, though they were all made of the same earth, and baked in one and the same oven?" He thought and thought again, but he was a long time before he could see the least glimpse of any thing that seemed likely to explain the mystery.

At length, he recollected that there had been a little salt in this pipkin when he put it into the oven. He could not help thinking, therefore, that the salt alone must be the cause of the glazing.

*Rich.* But was it really the salt, papa, that produced this effect?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes: what Robinson now discovered by chance has been long known in Europe; the addition of salt is the true cause why many things turn to glass in the fire: so that he only need have rubbed the earthen ware with salt water, or barely have thrown a little salt into the oven when heated, and immediately all his pots would have been properly glazed.

This, therefore, he resolved to try the next day. And now the fire blazed under his oven, and already he had rubbed some of his vessels with salt water, and put dry salt

salt in others, on purpose to make the two experiments at the same time, when, in the midst of his work, he was interrupted by an accident which he had dreaded a long time—he was taken ill.

He felt pains in his breast and head, and a great weariness all over his limbs, and was threatened with the most terrible situation that a man can possibly experience.

“Good Heaven!” said he to himself; “what will become of me if I cannot rise out of my bed! if there is no compassionate being to take care of me, and come to my assistance in my illness! no friend to wipe off the sweat of death from my forehead, or offer me any refreshment!—Heavens! what will become of me!”

Sinking under the weight of his distress, as he said these words he fell to the ground, quite exhausted.

Ah! it was in this moment of trial that he had more occasion than ever to possess a firm and filial confidence in his heavenly Father, who is every where present, and supremely good. Deprived of all human assistance, forsaken by his own strength, what remained to prevent his dying in misery? Nothing but the assistance of God; no other support had he to expect in the whole world.

He was on the ground in an agony of distress; his hands were clasped strongly together; and, unable to speak, unable to think, he looked stedfastly up towards heaven. “Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Mercy!” was all that he could utter now and then, fetching at the same time most heavy sighs and groans.

But this state of anxiety did not suffer him long to remain inactive. He mustered up what strength he had still remaining, in order, if possible, to place near his bed whatever he should most want for refreshment, that he might not be entirely destitute of it, in case the sickness absolutely prevented him from rising. He was barely able to carry a couple of cocoa-nut shells full of water, and place them beside his bed. He next laid some roasted potatoes there, and four lemons which he had still remaining, and then, not able to stir an inch farther, he fell down with weariness on his miserable bed.

If it had pleased his Maker to take him out of the world by a sudden death, how contentedly would he  
have

have yielded up his life ! He even prayed that it might be so ; but very soon he reflected that this prayer was not reasonable. “ Am I not a child of God ? ” said he to himself ; “ Am I not the work of his hands ? Is he not my father, and a tender, wise, and almighty father ? How have I then the boldness to prescribe to him what he should do with me ? Doth he not know best what is good for me, and will he not act so as to allot me that which is good ? Yes, he will ; God is benevolent, merciful, and almighty. Be at rest, then, O my soul ; turn thee to thy Maker in those moments of discomfort—towards thy God—who delivers from all distresses ! He will assist thee, he will preserve thee, whether in life or in death ! ”

After these words he was somewhat encouraged, and raising himself upon his knees, he prayed with all the earnestness possible, saying, “ I resign myself to thee, O my heavenly Father ; I resign myself to thy fatherly guidance ! Dispose of me according to thy good pleasure. I will bear contentedly whatsoever thou allottest me ; only grant me strength to bear—it is all that I ask of thee. O merciful Father, grant me patience under my afflictions, and an unshaken confidence in thee. Hear this prayer, this only earnest prayer of thy poor child who is in misery ; hear it for thy tender mercy’s sake ! ”

At the same time he was attacked with a violent ague. Though he covered himself all over with the dried lama skins, yet he could not keep himself warm. This cold fit lasted full two hours, and was succeeded by a hot fit, which was like a burning fire through his veins. His breast, by the violent beating of his pulse, heaved and sunk like the breast of a person that is out of breath with running. In this terrible situation he had scarce strength enough to lift the cocoa-nut shell, with the water in it, to his mouth, that he might cool his burning tongue.

At length a violent sweat broke out all over his body in great drops, and that afforded him some ease. When, at the end of about an hour, it abated, he recovered his spirits a little, and then he was distressed with the idea that his fire would go out if fresh wood was not put on. He

He crept, therefore, weak as he was, upon all fours, and threw as much wood upon the hearth as would be sufficient to keep in the fire until the next morning; for night was now approaching.

It was the worst night that ever he passed in his life. The cold and hot fit of his ague followed each other without intermission. He had a violent and continual pain in his head, and could not close his eyes the whole night. All this weakened him so much, that in the morning he was scarcely able to crawl towards the heap of wood to replenish his fire.

Towards evening his illness encreased afresh; he tried again to go as far as the hearth, but for this time he found himself unable. He was obliged, therefore, to give up all thoughts of keeping in his fire; and this, in effect, soon became a matter of indifference to him, as he now expected death to approach in a short time.

This night he was as restless as the last. In the mean time the fire went out; the remainder of the water that was in the cocoa-nut shells began to spoil, and Robinson was no longer able to turn himself in his bed. He thought he felt the approach of death, and his joy on this account afforded him sufficient strength to prepare himself for his last journey with a devout prayer.

He again humbly asked forgiveness of God for his sins, and then thanked him for the blessings that he had vouchsafed him—unworthy as he was—during the whole course of his life. But, particularly, he thanked him for the afflictions which had been sent him for his amendment, and he acknowledged sincerely how wholesome they had been to him. Lastly, he prayed for the comfort and happiness of his poor parents; after which, he recommended his immortal soul to the eternal mercy of his God and Father.—He then settled himself, and waited for death with joyful hope.

And, indeed, death seemed to advance fast: his pains encreased, his breast began to rattle, and his breathing became more and more difficult. Ah! behold the wished-for moment! It seems to come at length. A pain, such as he had never felt before, seized his breast; he suddenly stopped breathing, felt a convulsive shud-  
dering,

dering, sunk down on his bed, and was deprived of sense and motion.

All the young company remained silent for a pretty long time, and by their sorrow shewed the respect that they bore to the memory of their friend whom they had never seen—“Poor Robinson!” cried some of them, sighing. “Heaven be praised!” said others; “he is now delivered out of all his pain!” And thus they separated for that evening, rather more quietly and with more appearance of thoughtfulness than usual.

---

## T W E L F T H E V E N I N G.

*CHARLOTTE.* Well, papa, what will you read us this evening?

*Mr. Bill.* You all seem to expect, my dears, that I should read you something instructive and amusing for this evening. What say ye? Shall I go on with the adventures of Robinson Crusoe?

*Charlotte.* How! why Robinson is dead.

*Rich.* Do not be in a hurry, Charlotte. He may have recovered. Don't you remember that we thought him dead once before? and yet he was alive.

*Mr. Bill.* We left Robinson, after his convulsive shuddering, fallen into a swoon, deprived of sense and motion, and in short, more dead than alive: nevertheless, he came to himself again, and recovered his senses and faculties.

*The Children.* Ah! that is right—we are all of us glad that he is not dead.

*Mr. Bill.* The first token of his breathing again was a deep sigh. He opens his eyes, looks round him to know where he is. At that moment he doubts his being alive; but his doubts are soon removed. He, then, falls into a fit of melancholy, and, in his present situation, would have preferred death to life.

He feels himself very weak, but free from all troublesome pain. The burning heat, which tormented him before,

before, is now succeeded by a kindly sweat all over his body. To encourage it, he covers himself well up with skins, and before half an hour was at an end, he found himself considerably relieved.

But now he was seized with a violent thirst. The water that remained was no longer drinkable: luckily, he thought of his lemons: he put one of them to his mouth, and so weak was he that his teeth could scarcely enter it; but when he had sucked a little of the juice, he found himself greatly refreshed, and his thirst quenched. He now composed himself to rest, his perspiration still continuing, and enjoyed an agreeable slumber until sunrise.

How pleasing was the sense of his existence at present, compared with what he had felt the day before! The violence of his disorder was entirely abated; nothing remained of it but an excessive weakness. He found his appetite return already; he took a roasted potatoe, and sprinkled it with a drop of lemon juice, to render it less insipid and more refreshing.

For two days past he had taken no notice of his lamas; they now afforded a moving sight: some of them looked at him, and seemed to ask if he were recovered yet. Fortunately these animals, as well as camels, can do without drinking for several days, otherwise they would have been very badly off, having never wet their lips for two days. Besides, Robinson being yet too weak to rise and fetch them water, they were likely to be deprived of it for some time.

The eldest of the lamas having come up close to him, he exerted the little strength he had in milking her, that she might not go dry. Her milk, no doubt, assisted Robinson's recovery; for, after drinking it, he found himself considerably better.

After this, he fell asleep again, enjoyed a most refreshing slumber, and did not awake until sunset. He perceived that his appetite was increased: he satisfied it again with some potatoes sprinkled with lemon-juice, and then went to sleep once more.

This calm, this uninterrupted sleep, together with his good constitution, contributed so effectually to the recovery of his strength, that the very next morning he

was able to rise and attempt to walk a few steps, though he still staggered with weakness.

He crawled out of his cave into the space before it. There he lifts up his eyes to Heaven. Some beams of the rising sun, piercing through the leaves of the trees that surrounded him, shone agreeably on his face, and re-animated him with their pleasing warmth. He thought he felt himself receive new life. "Eternal source of being!" cried he, "God of my life! what thanks shall I render thee for giving me to behold, once more, the bright star of day, and by its light the wonderful works of thy hands! Receive my gratitude, for that thou didst not forsake me, when all forsook me; for that thou hast restored me to life afresh, doubtless, in order that I may have more time to devote to repentance, and that I may not waste a moment of my remaining life without forwarding that work, the only *one thing needful*, that I may ever be found ready to take my flight towards the place of man's eternal destination, where each shall receive the reward of his good or bad actions."

From these effusions of gratitude towards his Creator, he naturally passed to the admiration of the creatures. His looks wandered, sometimes, over the immensities of Heaven's azure vault; sometimes over the fresh and smiling verdure of the trees and shrubs, besprinkled with pearly dew; sometimes on his lamas, which, by crowding round him, seemed to carets him and express their joy. He felt a pleasing emotion, like that of a traveller, who, after a long absence, enters, once more, the bosom of his beloved family. His heart being moved with tenderness, and overflowing with the kindest sentiments, which sought, as it were, to expand themselves, he shed a flood of tears, but they were tears of the purest joy.

The advantage of being able to take the air, and the use of milk mixed with spring water, together with the contentedness of his mind, contributed to his perfect recovery. In a few days all his strength returned, and he found himself in a capacity to begin again his former occupations.



He went first to examine his new-made earthen ware, and to see how it had succeeded. As soon as he opened the oven, what an agreeable surprize! All his vessels were as well glazed as if they had been the work of an experienced potter. In the height of his joy for this success, he does not perceive that his ware is of no use to him; he forgets that his fire is out. When, at length, he recollected this circumstance, he stood motionless for a while, and hanging his head, fixed his eyes, sometimes on his pots, sometimes on his fire-place, and ended with heaving a deep sigh.

Nevertheless, he was able this time to moderate his vexation, and to contain it within due bounds. "The same good Providence," said he to himself, "which before provided you with fire, has always more than one way at hand to provide you with it again, and you will not be deprived of it, if Heaven thinks fit." Besides, he was already taught that he had not the rigors of winter to fear; and though he was accustomed, from his childhood, to live chiefly on meat, yet he hoped to be able, and not inconveniently, to do without it, and live upon fruits and the milk of his lamas.

*Charlotte.* Why, he might have used his smoaked meat for victuals; there would have been no necessity for dressing it.

*Mr. Bill.* That is true; but how was he to have smoaked meat?

*Charlotte.* Oh! I forgot that.

*Mr. Bill.* After all, he was not sorry that he made the pots and pans: they were convenient to hold his milk, and the largest he intended for a very particular use.

*Rich.* What is that?

*Mr. Bill.* He thought, if his potatoes were accompanied with butter, he should relish them better than without.

*Rich.* I suppose so.

*Mr. Bill.* Not being able to make a churn of wood, he had a mind to try whether he could not churn butter in a large earthen pot. He gathered, therefore, as much cream as he thought would be sufficient. He shaped out also a round flat piece of wood, in the center of which he made a hole to receive a stick. This instrument he held

held upright in the cream pot, and moved it with an incessant motion up and down, until the butter was, at length, separated from the batter-milk. He then washed the butter in clean spring water, and made it up with a little salt.

He was now, once more, happy in the accomplishment of his design; but, at the very moment when he was going to reap the fruits of his industry and perseverance, he recollected that he must think no more of potatoes, for want of fire to roast them; a circumstance which, in the warmth of executing his design, he had never once thought of. He has butter, but he can make no use of it; he looks at it, he wishes for it, he puts it from him, he grows sorrowful. Disappointed in his hopes, he finds himself just as he was at first, in danger of wanting every thing. It is true, the oysters, the milk, the cocoa-nuts, and flesh, either raw or dried in the sun, might afford him nourishment; but was it certain that no accident would deprive him of these resources? And the most deplorable of all was, that he could invent no means to render his unhappy lot better or more secure.

What shall he undertake now? Whatever his hands, without the help of tools, were capable of performing, he has already executed; and it seems now as if he had nothing left to do but to pass the remainder of his life in idleness and sleep. Dreadful destiny! He cannot bear the thought of it. He was now become so accustomed to work, that he could not live without employing his time in some useful occupation. In the latter part of his life, he would often say, that his reformation was principally owing to this single circumstance; that he was constrained, when in solitude, and deprived of all assistance, to provide for his wants himself by persevering labour; and he would add, "Constant employment is the mother of a crowd of virtues, as habitual idleness is the source of all vice."

*Rich.* He was very right; when one has nothing to do, one thinks of nothing but follies and nonsense.

*Mr. Bill.* It is even so; and, therefore, young persons are advised to accustom themselves early to employment. The character that we chiefly put on when we  
are

are young, as idleness or industry, activity or slowness, virtue or wickedness, generally remains with us all our lives.

*Edw.* We should apply that to ourselves.

*Mr. Bill.* Do so, my dear children, and conduct yourselves accordingly: you will never repent it. Our unfortunate Robinson turned and turned again on every side, to try what he might undertake in order to avoid idleness. At length he found an employment. Can you guess what it was?

*Rich.* Were I in his place, I know what I would have done.

*Mr. Bill.* Ay! Let us hear your plan.

*Rich.* I would have undertaken to tan the lamas skins, that their stiffness might not hurt me when I put them on. Besides the hair must be very inconvenient in a country where the heat is so excessive.

*Mr. Bill.* How would you have set about it?

*Rich.* Oh! I know very well how the tanners do. We have been more than once to see them at work.

*Mr. Bill.* Well,

*Rich.* First they put the raw hides in water, and let them steep there for some days; from thence they carry them to the *leg*, on which they scrape them, to force out the water in which they are soaked. After sprinkling them with salt, they cover them up carefully to keep the air from them. This they call *sweating* the skins. In fact, they do sweat while in this situation: it is easy to perceive a steam issue from them. Thus prepared, they are easily deprived of their hair, which is done by scraping them again. After this part of the work, they put the skins into what is called the *tan*, composed of leaven, the bark of birch tree, and a sharp liquor made with oak bark. Lastly, they place them in the tan vat, where they sprinkle them with a liquor made also of oak bark, and from hence they take them out to *curry* or *dress* them; in a word, to put the finishing hand to them.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well, my little friend; but do you know for what use skins thus prepared by the tanners are intended?

*Rich.* Oh! yes: they are made into shoes, boots, coach-harness, and many other things.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Bill.* Other things which do not require so soft and pliable a leather as that, for instance, of which gloves are made.

*Rich.* Oh! no.

*Mr. Bill.* Who is it, then, that prepares this sort of leather?

*Rich.* The skinner or fellmonger: but we have never been in the workshop of any of those who follow that business.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson was nearly in the same predicament. He had never been in the workshop either of tanner or fellmonger, consequently he could not endeavour to imitate either of them.

*Edw.* Then how does the fellmonger manage his skins?

*Mr. Bill.* He begins like the tanner, with this difference, that he does not steep the skins either in tan or in lime, (for this is also used by the tanners,) but he makes use of warm water, with bran and leaven, and afterwards a lee of ashes:—but we will go some day and see them at work.

*Rich.* If he had known the business even as well as any skinner, he could not have attempted to dress skins for want of bran and leaven.

*Mr. Bill.* That is clear: so that he was obliged to give up all thoughts of it.

*Edw.* But how, then, did he intend to employ himself?

*Mr. Bill.* His thoughts were employed night and day about building a little boat.

*Rich.* What use did he intend to make of it?

*Mr. Bill.* Do you ask what use? To try, by means of it, to return amongst his fellow-creatures, and to deliver himself from the solitude to which he was confined against his will, and which was become more dismal to him ever since he was deprived of fire. He had reason to think that the continent of America was not far off; and he was determined, if he had a canoe, be it ever so slight, to face every danger, and land, if possible, on this continent. Full of this idea, he hastened out one day to seek and make choice of a tree, which he might convert into a boat, by hollowing out the trunk

trunk of it. With this design he traversed several parts of the island where he had never been before, and remarked, on his way, several plants that were unknown to him, and on which he resolved to make experiments, to find whether they would answer the purpose of food. Amongst others, he observed some stalks of maize, or Indian corn, as it is called.

*Edw.* What, that sort of corn of which you have two fine ears hanging up in the back parlour?

*Mr. Bill.* The same. He admired the largeness of the heads, or, more properly speaking, the ears, on each of which he reckoned more than two hundred large grains, closely ranged, one beside the other, and resembling grains of coral. He had not the least doubt but this corn might be used for food, or even for bread. But how was it to be ground? How was the flour to be separated from the bran? How was it to be made into bread, or, indeed, into food of any sort, without the help of fire? Notwithstanding all these considerations, he carried off some ears of it with him, intending to sow the grains. "How do I know," said he, "but I may reap considerable advantage from these in the end?"

A little further on he discovered a fruit tree of a species quite new to him. From this tree hung vast numbers of large husks, one of which he opened, and found in it about sixty nuts of a particular sort. Though they were not very agreeable to the taste, yet he put one or two of the ripest husks into his pouch.

*Rich.* But what fruit might that be?

*Mr. Bill.* They were cocoa-nuts, of which they make chocolate.

*Edw.* Ah! now he may have chocolate for the future.

*Mr. Bill.* Not so fast. In the first place, he does not know that he has chocolate-nuts in his possession: besides, these nuts should be roasted, then bruised, and ground up with sugar, and, we all know, he was as little provided with sugar as with fire. In order to improve the flavour of the chocolate, they commonly add different sorts of spices, as cardamum, vanilla, and cloves: but these were unnecessary niceties to be deprived

prived of, which gave him not the least concern in comparison with the want of fire.

At length he came to another tree, which was as little known to him as the former. The fruit of it was as large as that of the cocoa-nut tree, but had neither husk nor shell: the whole was eatable and of an exquisite flavour. This tree was also quite differently shaped from the cocoa-nut tree. It did not consist, like the latter, of a trunk which rises straight up its whole height, and bears a topping of thick foliage; but this had branches and leaves, like those of our fruit trees. He learned afterwards that it was the bread tree, so called because its fruit serves the natives for bread, sometimes just as it grows, but more commonly pounded and made into a sort of dough.

He observed, that the trunk of this tree, from its great age, was already a little hollowed on one side; and immediately he thought it would answer for the boat that he had in contemplation, if he could only find means to cut it down and hollow it sufficiently. But then to cut down so useful a tree, while, on the other hand, it was uncertain whether he should ever be able to make a canoe of it!—this thought startled him. After weighing every thing for and against it, in his own mind, for a long time, he carefully marked the spot, that he might find it again, and went away without having determined upon any thing.

In his walk he found, what he had long wished for, a parrot's nest. The discovery gave him a great deal of pleasure. He went towards it without the least noise, and was stretching out his hands to clap them on the nest, when the young parrots, which were strong and well fledged, took to flight, and escaped from him all but one, more slow than the rest, which could not get away, and remained his prisoner. He hastened, therefore, home to his habitation, more pleased than if he had found a treasure.

*Edw.* But what great advantage did he expect from a parrot?

*Mr. Bill.* He hoped to teach him to pronounce some words, that he might enjoy the satisfaction of hearing a voice which imitated that of man. As to us who live in  
society,

society, who enjoy the happiness of seeing men every day, and hearing them, and conversing with them, we, perhaps, may look upon it as a very trifling and childish satisfaction which Robinson promised to himself from hearing the parrot's chatter; but if we place ourselves in the same circumstances with him, we shall easily be sensible, that what to us, in our present condition, appears but a shadow of pleasure, must afford substantial satisfaction to poor Robinson in his state of solitude.

When he came home, he made a cage as well as he could, in which he lodged his new guest, placed it on one side of his bed, and went to rest with a mind as happy and rejoiced as that of a man who had gained a new friend.

### THIRTEENTH EVENING.

*Mr. Bill.* I have assembled you this evening sooner than usual, because, my dears, I intend to hold a consultation with you before I go on with the story.

*The Children.* Well, papa, we are now all in our places. What is to be the subject?

*Mr. Bill.* It is a question which has disturbed Robinson's mind all night, and has not suffered him to close his eyes a moment.

*The Children.* What could it be?

*Mr. Bill.* It is this. Shall he cut down the bread-tree which he saw the day before, or leave it standing as it is, uncertain whether he should ever be able to make a boat of it?

*Rich.* I should be far from meddling with it.

*Edw.* For my part, I would cut it down.

*Mr. Bill.* Here are two opposite votes, one for cutting down, the other for preserving the tree. Let us hear those who have not spoken yet on the subject.

*Geo.* I am of the same way of thinking with Richard.

*Charlotte.* And so am I, papa; we must let the tree stand.

*Henry.*

*Henry.* No; it must be cut down; the unfortunate Robinson must have a canoe.

*Harriet.* Indeed I think so too.

*Mr. Bill.* The voices are divided, and equal on both sides. Let those who are for cutting down the tree come on my right hand, and those who are of the contrary opinion on my left. Very well; both parties face each other. Let us now hear the reasons that each will advance in favour of his opinion. Richard shall speak first, and tell us why he is for saving the tree.

*Rich.* Because it bears a valuable fruit, and the species is rare upon the island.

*Edw.* It is but an old tree; the advantage of gathering fruit from it will not last long.

*Rich.* How can you tell that? It has but a slight hollow in it as yet; and how many trees do we see, the trunks of which, though hollow, do not hinder them from bearing fruit for many years?

*Harriet.* Let Robinson only graft a few slips of this tree, he will be sure to preserve the species.

*Gen.* Ay! Do they grow up and bear fruit so soon? Four or five years may very well pass before he has any fruit.

*Henry.* And is it not better to have a canoe, and return to the society of men, than to stay in his island, though he were to feed ever so plentifully upon the bread made of the fruit of this tree?

*Rich.* Why, ay, if the canoe could be finished so very soon. But how is he to cut down this tree? How is he to hollow it out, with nothing but a stone hatchet?

*Edw.* Let him work with perseverance; let him not be impatient: I dare say he will accomplish it at last.

*Gen.* But he has no sail. What voyage can he undertake in an open boat?

*Harriet.* He may use oars.

*Charlotte.* A pretty notion indeed! Do not you remember when we were in a boat down the river, near Putney, and one of the watermen's oars broke, he was obliged to go ashore and borrow another, as he said we could not be rowed home with only one?

*Edw.* Oh! that was a large boat, and there were nine or ten of us in it. But Robinson, in his little skiff, wants nothing



nothing but a pair of oars to guide himself happily far away from his present solitary habitation.

*Mr. Bill.* You see, my dear children, the question is not so easy to resolve. None of the reasons that you have mentioned on both sides had escaped Robinson's attention. He had passed the whole night in reflecting; for to examine whether it be more convenient to do a thing, or not to do it, is called *reflecting*. Ever since Robinson had felt the bitter consequences of his hasty resolution to travel, he had made it a law with himself never to undertake any thing without first maturely reflecting upon it; and in the present case, also, he determines to observe that law. Having turned the question and examined it in every point of view, he found it came to no more than this: Whether it be reasonable to sacrifice a slight, but certain advantage to a greater one, but uncertain? Here he recollected the fable of the dog, which, swimming across a river with a piece of meat in his mouth, lost it by endeavouring to snatch at the reflection of it in the water. He remembered, on the other hand, the custom of husbandmen, who sacrifice grain which they might make use of, but do it with the hope of being richly repaid by a plentiful harvest.

"Yes," said he to himself, "the dog's greediness was folly; he caught at a vain shadow, which it was impossible for him to possess. But the hope of the husbandman, on the other hand, is well founded, and his conduct sensible; he has in view a real advantage, though, it is true, some accidents may hinder him from obtaining it.

"Am I not, therefore, in the situation of the farmer? With persevering labour, may I not hope to succeed, at length, in making a canoe out of this old tree? And if my first undertaking succeeds, does reason forbid me to expect that I may escape from this solitary island, and arrive, by means of my canoe, at some place inhabited by men?"

This thought, so flattering to his warmest wishes, made a lively impression on him; so that he started up that moment, took his hatchet, ran to the tree, and cut into it.

If ever he undertook a long and troublesome task, it was certainly this. A thousand other men would have been discouraged; the hatchet would have fallen out of their hands after the first stroke; they would have looked upon the undertaking, if not extravagant at least as impossible. But we have seen already, that Robinson made it a rule never to suffer himself to be turned from his purpose when he had well considered it; he was, therefore, unshaken in his resolution of going through with this enterprize. Were it to cost him twice the time and fatigue that it required, yet the thought of giving it up would never enter his head. From the sun's rising till about noon, he never ceased working, and then his hand would have covered or filled up the hole that he had made in the trunk by the thousands of strokes which he laid on it. From this we may form some idea how long a time it will require him to cut down a tree of such a thickness, and to make a boat of it.

Being convinced that it would be a work of some years, he thought proper to regulate his occupations and divide his time, so that each part of the day might have its own work allotted to itself. Experience had taught him, that, in a life of labour, nothing helps industry so much as regularity, and a methodical distribution of the work to the different hours of the day. I will give you an account of the division that he made of his time and his occupations, each of which had its peculiar portion of the day to itself. He rose at break of day, and went directly to the spring, where he washed his head, hands, breast, and feet. Having no linen to wipe himself dry, he let the air dry his body, and assisted it by running, as he generally did, straight home to the top of the hillock at the foot of which his cave was situated. His sight being then hindered by no object, he traversed, at one view, all the beauties of nature that were comprised in this vast horizon. The sight elevated his soul. In the posture, therefore, which he thought most respectful, and in the sincerity of his heart, he worshipped and prayed to the Author of all Things; and never failed particularly to entreat that he would make his parents happy, whom, though he had forsaken, he never forgot. He then returned to his cave, and milked his lamas, which were now encreased in number to a little flock.

flock. He breakfasted on some of the new milk, and the rest he put up in his cellar. These were the cares that employed the first hour of the day.

Now, being provided with whatever was necessary to his security or his convenience in working, he went down, if it was low water, to the sea side, where he gathered what oysters he could find for his dinner; if not, he repaired immediately to the tree of which he intended to make a canoe. His lamas generally followed him, and grazed about while he was at work.

About ten o'clock the heat was generally so excessive that he was obliged to quit his work. He then went to the sea-side to look for oysters, if he had not found any in the morning, and at the same time to bathe, which he did regularly twice a day. Before noon he returned home with his flock.

He now milked his lamas a second time, prepared a sort of cheese from the milk which had curdled, and then laid out his dinner, which being tolerably frugal, was soon done. It consisted of new cheese dipped in milk, some oysters, and half a cocoa-nut. There was one circumstance of which he had no reason to complain, and that was, that he had not by half so great an appetite in this hot country as people generally have in cold climates: yet as he was accustomed from his childhood to eating meat, he longed for it, and, in order to satisfy his wish as far as was possible, had recourse to his scheme of drying it in the sun. At dinner time, he amused himself with his parrot; he spoke to it, and frequently repeated certain words, with the hope of hearing it pronounce some of them one day or another.

*Henry.* What did he feed it with?

*Mr. Bill.* Parrots, when they are wild, generally feed upon cocoa-nuts, acorns, the seed of gourds, and other such matters: when tame, they are fed with whatever is fit for a man to eat: so that Robinson was very well able to keep his with cheese and cocoa nuts.

After dinner, he commonly reposed himself, for an hour, either under the shade in the open air, or else in his cave surrounded by his lamas, and with his parrot at his side. Sometimes, as he sat, he would fix his eyes upon these animals, and speak to them (like a child that speaks to its doll), as if he expected them to understand

what he said. So necessary did he find it to communicate his ideas and his sentiments to living creatures, that he often forgot the impossibility of his being understood by the animals which surrounded him. When his parrot, which he called Poll, repeated a word distinctly, in the height of his joy he would imagine that he had heard the voice of a man. He forgot island, lamas, parrot, and all; his fancy made him suppose himself in the midst of human creatures again. But soon recovering from this pleasing illusion, and finding himself in a dismal solitude, he would sigh heavily, and breathe forth this short expression of complaint, "Poor Robinson!"—About two o'clock——

*Edw.* How could he always tell what hour it was?

*Mr. Bill.* He did as husbandmen sometimes do; he observed the height of the sun, and judged from thence that it was such or such an hour nearly.—About two o'clock he returned to the tree to work at his grand design. He continued two hours each time at this laborious task, and then returned to the beach to bathe himself again, and to gather more oysters. The rest of the day he spent in working at his garden. Sometimes he sowed maize, or planted potatoes, hoping that, if he should ever have fire again, they might both be of great advantage to him. Sometimes he grafted from the bread tree; sometimes he watered the young grafts; sometimes he would plant a quickset hedge to enclose his garden; sometimes he cropped the willows which surrounded the space before his cave; he bent and fixed their branches in such a manner, that as they grew they might form a kind of bower.

Much to Robinson's grief, the longest day was, in his island, but thirteen hours. In the middle of summer it was night at seven o'clock. Whatever required daylight for the performance of it, must be finished before that time. Therefore, as night drew on, that is to say, about six o'clock, if he had no other more important business upon his hands, he went through his exercise.

*Rich.* What does that mean, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* It means that he exercised himself at shooting with the bow, and throwing the spear, that he might be able to defend himself if he should happen to meet  
with

with a savage or a wild beast; for he was never perfectly free from the dread of these. By degrees, he acquired so great a degree of dexterity in both the exercises above mentioned, that he seldom missed a mark of the size of a crown, though at a pretty good distance from him. When night came on, he went home to milk his lamas for the third time, and took a moderate supper by the light of the moon or stars.

Lastly, he crowned the labours of the day by meditating at night upon his own conduct. Sometimes he went to sit upon the top of the hillock, from whence he could behold the starry vault of heaven at one view, and contemplate it with admiration. Sometimes, also, he took a walk upon the sea-side, to breathe the air freshened by the evening breeze. Then he would ask himself—"How have you spent the day? Having received fresh mercies, have you blessed the divine source from which they flowed? Has your heart been filled with love and gratitude to your heavenly Benefactor? In your trouble have you put your confidence in him? In your gratifications have you forgot him? Have you rejected the evil thoughts that offered themselves to your imagination? Have you suppressed the extravagant wishes that rose in your breast? In a word, are you become really better than you were?"

Whenever to these or the like questions his conscience could return a good answer, and testify that the state of his soul was comfortable, he sung a hymn to the praise of the Supreme Being who had assisted him in advancing one step in the road to virtue. When, on the contrary, he had reason to be not so well pleased with himself, the thoughts of having thus lost a day filled him with sorrow; for he counted the day lost when he had thought or done any thing which he could not approve at night. Whenever this was the case, then close by the notch that he made every day upon the tree which served him by way of almanack, he made two notches crossing each other; and this served to put him in mind of his fault, that for the future he might be better on his guard, and not fall into the same error.

Thus, my dear children, Robinson laboured to correct himself and to become better every day. Do you

also sincerely resolve to form your hearts to virtue? advise you to follow the example that he now gives you. Live him, reserve an hour privately every evening, to give an account to yourselves in silence of the manner in which you have spent the day; and, if you find, either in your thoughts, words, or actions, any thing which your consciences dare not avow, keep a book wherein you may mark down the same, to put you in mind of it from time to time, that, having before your eyes the fault of which you have once been guilty, you may ever afterwards take more care to avoid it. By thus labouring to improve yourselves every day, you will also continually encrease your own satisfaction and happiness.

My dear children, I doubt not that you will afford me every proof of your attention and docility, and this very night begin to put in practice the good advice which I have just now given you.

---

#### FOURTEENTH EVENING.

*MR. BILL.* Yesterday I gave you the particulars of Robinson's manner of living. Three years passed away, and it was still the same. In all that time, and with such persevering constancy in labour, how far do ye think he advanced in the making of his canoe? Alas! he had scarcely cut through half the trunk of the tree, and it now seemed a matter of doubt to him whether he could cut down the tree in less than three or four years more, though he were to work with the same constant regularity as before.

In the mean time he never slackened the work. What else, indeed, could he have undertaken? And, then, he was neither willing nor able to remain idle. One day the thought struck him, that as long as he had lived in this island, he had seen but a very small part of it. He was angry with himself for his own weakness, when he reflected that fear was the cause which prevented him from traversing the whole of it. "Perhaps," said he, "had

“had I been less afraid, I might have discovered many things which would at present be very useful to me.”

This consideration determined him to set out the very next morning by day-break in order to take a view of the whole island.

*Edw.* How large might this island be?

*Mr. Bill.* Perhaps much about the extent of the county of Middlesex. The same day he made every requisite preparation for his departure; and the next morning, having loaded one of his lamas with provisions for four days, having armed and accoutered himself, and prayed for the Divine protection, he set out on his journey with confidence. His design was to keep as much as possible to the sea-side, and to avoid forests, that he might be less liable to meet with wild beasts.

His first day's journey was remarkable for no extraordinary accident. He travelled about twenty miles. The farther he went the plainer he could perceive that the situation of his dwelling-place was in the barrenest part of the island. In many parts he found trees, such as he had never seen before, which appeared to bear fruits capable of furnishing him with a nourishment as wholesome as it was agreeable. It was not until some time after that he knew the usefulness of them, and learned their names.

Amongst these trees was one called the paper mulberry tree, the bark of which is wrought into a fine sort of paper by the people of Japan, and makes a handsome summer stuff for the inhabitants of Otahaité. I will shew you a piece of it, which I received as a present from a gentleman who had been with Captain Cook. Robinson slept the first night in a tree, that he might be the more secure from wild beasts, and at the first dawn of day he set out again.

He had not travelled far before he found himself at the Southern extremity of the island. In some places the soil was sandy. He had a mind to walk out upon a neck of land which extended pretty far into the sea, but suddenly starting back, he grew as pale as death. He looked round him all in a tremble, and then, hanging his head, stood stock still and incapable of motion, as if he had been struck by a thunderbolt.

*Rich.* What was the matter with him?

*Mr. Bill.* His eyes discovered what he never expected to find there, the tracks of men's feet imprinted in the sand.

*Edw.* What! does that frighten him? I think he should rejoice at the sight.

*Mr. Bill.* I will explain to you the reason of his fright. Upon his first beholding these tracks, he did not represent to himself the men, whose steps had left the impressions he saw, as civilized, humane, compassionate beings, ever ready to assist their fellow creatures according to their power; but he imagined them to be barbarous, cruel, ferocious, ready, if they met him, to fall upon him, cut his throat, and devour him: in a word, he did not suppose that civilized Europeans had been upon the spot, but savages and cannibals; that is, as I before explained it to you, and which you could not hear without being shocked, men whose horrible custom it was to feed upon human flesh.

*Rich.* That idea is enough, indeed, to shock one.

*Mr. Bill.* It would have been better for Robinson, had he been accustomed from his childhood not to give way to the impulse of terror, even in the greatest dangers, and had he, at this moment, preserved more coolness and presence of mind. We can all bring ourselves to it, if we will but pay an early and constant attention to the rendering of our bodies, as well as our minds, sound and vigorous.

*Rich.* But I do not rightly understand how we can bring ourselves to this temper.

*Mr. Bill.* By fortifying our bodies with sobriety, regularity, and exercise, conformably to the intent of nature, and by preserving our minds free from blemish, by a steady and enlightened piety. Thus fortified, we shall be able to bear every change of fortune, and look upon danger with an eye of indifference. Thus, my dear children, if you will always temperately confine yourselves to those sorts of food which are by so much the more wholesome, as they are more plain and natural than others, and prepared with less luxurious nicety; if you will abstain more and more every day from delicacies, those poisons  
in



in disguise, as pernicious to the health as they are agreeable to the taste; if you will avoid idleness, which is equally destructive to the body as the soul; if, as far as lies in your power, you will accustom your minds to a habit of attention and reflection, and strengthen your bodies with a degree of exercise that inures you to motion without exhausting you; if sometimes, on purpose, and of your own free choice, you will abstain from a thing which would be very agreeable to you, which you even desire, and which it is perfectly in your own power to procure yourselves; if, upon other occasions, you contentedly bear with things that seem disagreeable, though you could avoid doing so; if, farther, you contract the habit of not having recourse to others, but, on the contrary, of finding in yourselves a resource for all your wants, thus, as far as lies in your power, doing without the assistance of other hands, and using your own judgments in order to receive from your own faculties advice and assistance in every trouble and difficulty; if, lastly, you labour with care to acquire and preserve to yourselves the precious treasure of a conscience free from reproach, which assures you of the protection and favour of the Almighty; then, my dear children, you will gain, and you will feel yourselves possessed of, all the strength of body and mind that you are capable of possessing. The most whimsical and most undeserved changes of fortune will not trouble nor discompose your souls. The most disagreeable events may cause you some surprize, but will not have power to shake your fortitude, nor to alter the serenity of your minds; persuaded that, under the government of Providence as wise as powerful, nothing can possibly happen which will not turn to your greatest advantage.

Robinson, as you see, had not yet reached, by his progress in true piety, that degree of fortitude so necessary to his happiness and repose. This may be imputed to the life which he had led for some years, so tranquil and so unexposed to dangers. In a state of constant tranquillity, (mark well this truth, my dear children,) in a situation of perfect security, man never acquires all the energy nor all the courage of which his mind is susceptible. Does it so happen that he is suddenly placed in

circumstances unusual and terrifying? He is weak, timid, and overpowered with terror. Nay, too much ease sometimes serves no other purpose than to render a man vicious. We ought, therefore, to receive as blessings those trials which Heaven sends us from time to time, be they ever so severe, since they are the means of knowing, of exercising, and strengthening our courage by experience.

You remember into what a consternation the unexpected sight of some tracks of men's feet threw the poor afflicted Robinson. He looks round to every quarter; at the noise of every leaf he feels fresh terror. In the confusion of his spirits, he knows not what to resolve on: at last, mustering up all his strength, he takes to flight, with the utmost precipitation, like a man who is pursued; and so great is his terror, that he dares not, even once, look back. But suddenly he stops; his fear is changed into horror. What an object strikes his eye! Ah! my dear children, prepare yourselves for the most shocking spectacle in nature; the horrible consequences of man's depraved state when totally abandoned to himself, and deprived of all education. He saw a round hole, in the middle of which was a space whereon a fire seemed to have been kindled, though it was then out. All round this hole—I shudder while I relate it—he perceived hands and feet, skulls, and other human bones, scattered about, which presented the horrible remains of an unnatural feast, where a human body had been devoured.

*The Children.* How shocking! What, by men?

*Mr. Bill.* Can they be called men? They have only the outside of men: without education, degraded, rendered brutal, and like the most ravenous animals, neither the loathing which such an action would naturally produce, nor the compassionate feelings of humanity, prevent them from following the abominable custom of murdering their fellow-creatures to feed on them. I here were their prisoners of war, on whom, after they had cut their throats and roasted them, they made a horrible feast, in which their savage joy manifested itself by dances and songs, or rather the howlings of gorged cannibals.

*Charlotte.*

*Charlotte.* Oh! the detestable creatures!

*Mr. Bill.* Let us, my dear *Charlotte*, detest their atrocious manners, and not their persons: they have received no education, no instruction. If you had been so unfortunate as to have received your birth amongst these savage people, you would, like them, run about naked in the woods, without the least shame, stupid and fierce as a brute beast: you would paint your body and your face with various colours, particularly red: you would make holes in your nose and ears, and be very proud to carry in them, for ornament, birds feathers, sea shells, and other trifles: you would, then, make one at the abominable feasts of your depraved relations, and there take your share with as much pleasure as you do now at our best dinners. Rejoice, therefore, all of you, and bless God that you belong to parents who were born and bred up in polished society, where they have learned, from their infancy, to be humane, civil, polite, and friendly, and not to neglect any thing that may render you also mild, agreeable, compassionate, and susceptible of every virtue. Pity the unhappy lot of those men who being left to themselves, still lead a savage life like that of wild beasts in the woods.

*Henry.* And are there any such still?

*Rich.* Far off, very far off from hence, in an island called New Zealand. Papa read us something about it last winter in Captain Cook's Voyages. The natives of that island eat human flesh; but, it is to be hoped, their intercourse with our people will, by degrees, bring them to leave off so barbarous a custom.

*Henry.* That would be well done.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson turned his eyes away from the hideous spectacle; it made him quite sick, and he would, in all likelihood, have fainted, if nature had not relieved herself, by forcing him to throw up whatever was upon his stomach. As soon as he was a little recovered, he fled away again with so much precipitation, that his lama could scarcely keep up with him; for this faithful animal followed close at his heels wherever he went. Fear had so taken possession of Robinson's faculties, that he quite forgot his lama, and, hearing its steps close by him, as he ran, had not the least doubt but

there

there was a cannibal behind in close pursuit of him. Filled with this notion, he fled with redoubled speed, to escape from the imaginary savage at his heels, and, in order to be less encumbered and lighter in his flight, he threw away his spear, his bow, his arrows, and his hatchet. This might have been the moment to make use of them, but he never once thought of doing so; in flight alone he placed all his dependence. But, in his flight, he forgets whither he is running; he regards not which way he takes: the openest ground is that which he prefers, let it lead him where it will. Thus, after he had run for near an hour, it happened that he made a circuit, which brought him back to the very spot from whence he had set out.

Here was new terror! new perplexity! He forgot the place; he had no idea that it was the same which he had seen before; he takes it for a second proof of the horrible cruelty, the sight of which he was endeavouring to avoid. He turns away, therefore, from the spot, and continues his flight as long as he has strength to carry him. At length, quite exhausted, he falls down without sense or motion. Here his lama, having overtaken him, lies down beside him, spent with fatigue. By mere chance it was the very spot where Robinson had thrown away his arms; and these were the first objects that struck his eyes the moment he opened them. Seeing his arms scattered about on the grass, he imagined himself in a dream, and that whatever had passed was no more. He could not conceive by what means they were conveyed there, nor how he came there himself; so much had his flight disturbed all the faculties of his mind.

He rose now to leave the place, but his confusion being somewhat abated, he was not so imprudent as to forget his arms: he gathered them up, and firmly resolved to part no more with the only means of his defence. He was so weakened, that it was impossible for him now to make so much haste as before, though equally urged by fear. He had no appetite for the remainder of the day, and he never stopped but once, which was only for a moment, at a spring, to quench his thirst.

He

He hoped to be able to get home that same day, but found it impossible. At night fall he was within a couple of miles of his own dwelling, at a place which he called his country seat. It was a pretty large enclosure, which he had chosen as a kind of park for one part of his flock, because the grass was better there than in the neighbourhood of his cave. The year before, he had lain there several nights in the summer time, being grievously tormented with muskitoes at his old dwelling-place. For this reason he called the spot his country seat. His strength being quite gone, he was not able to go any farther. Whatever danger there might be in passing the night in so unsafe a place, necessity obliged him to stop there. Quite worn out with fatigue, and his mind still agitated with fear, he lay down to take some repose; but scarcely was he half asleep, when a fresh subject of terror had nearly deprived him of his senses once more.

*Rich.* Poor fellow! to what alarms he is exposed!

*Edw.* What was the matter, then?

*Mr. Bill.* He heard a voice in the air, which very distinctly uttered these words, "Robinson, poor Robinson! where have you been? How came you here?"

*Rich.* Bless me! what could it be?

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson started up, all in a tremble, not knowing what to think. He hears the same words repeated; he ventures to turn his eyes towards the quarter from which the voice came, and finds—what think ye?

*The Children.* Nay, we can't tell.

*Mr. Bill.* He found, what a coward, if he would take the pains to examine before he gave way to his fears, would always find—that he had no reason to be alarmed; he found that it was no voice in the air, but the voice of his own parrot, which was perched upon the branch of a tree close by.

*The Children.* Ha! ha! ha! that is droll enough.

*Mr. Bill.* No doubt the bird was tired of being left alone in the cave, and as it had many a time before followed its master to the place where he now was, it came thither to seek him, and pronounced the same words

words which Robinson had repeated to it hundreds of times.

His fright was now turned to joy at having found out the cause of the false alarm. Robinson stretches out his hand and calls "Poll!" The bird flies to him, and welcomes him with a hundred fond caresses, all the while crying, "Robinson! poor Robinson! where have you been?"

Still restless and apprehensive, Robinson scarce closed his eyes the whole night. He had for ever before him the horrid spot which first occasioned his fright. He strove, but in vain, to banish it from his imagination; all his endeavours were to no purpose. When once the imagination receives a violent shock, to what extremities does it cause a man's thoughts to wander? What a cloud of darkness does passion spread over his reason? Robinson thought of a thousand plans for his future security, every one more extravagant than the other. Amongst the rest—would you believe it?—he had formed the resolution of destroying, as soon as it was day-light, all the works that he had made, and not to leave a trace remaining of all that had cost him so much labour. The copse in which he now lay, and the hedge enclosing the whole park, were to be destroyed; his lamas turned loose; his dwelling-place at the cave, and the willow row, to be all demolished; his garden and trees to be grubbed up; in short, every thing was to be sacrificed to his safety. He would not have the smallest appearance remaining of any thing that might seem to be the work of man's hands.

*Rich.* For what reason?

*Mr. Hill.* That, if the savages should chance to pay a visit to this side of the island, they might not perceive, nor even suspect, that there was a man there.

Let us now leave him to his apprehensions, as we can be of no assistance to him; and while we go to rest, sheltered from the danger to which *he* thinks himself exposed, let us be sensible of our own happiness. Let us return thanks to the Supreme Being, that we were born in a country, where, living amongst men who are civilized, and willing to afford us friendship and assistance, we may

compose

compose ourselves to rest without having any thing to fear from the barbarity of inhuman savages.

*The Children.* Good night, papa ; much obliged to you. How agreeable has this evening's entertainment been !

---

## FIFTEENTH EVENING.

**M**Y dear children, it is a good proverb which advises us *to consult our pillow* before we take any important resolution. Robinson found the advantage of conforming to this advice.

You remember the strange resolutions which his excessive fear made him form. He was very happy that he put off the performance of them until the next day. Scarce had the mild light of morning dispersed the shades of night, when he saw things in quite a different view. What he before judged prudent and necessary, appears to him a senseless and extravagant project. In a word, he rejects all the hasty schemes that fear had put in his head, and he forms other plans which his sober judgment approves.

Let his example teach you, that, in affairs which may be put off, you should not pass from resolving immediately to performing ; defer this latter till the next day, as often as you conveniently can.

Robinson now saw and acknowledged that his fright, the day before, had been carried to an extravagant pitch. "I have been here," said he, "a long time, and no savage has ever yet come near my habitation, which is proof enough that they are not settled in this island. It is most likely that they are inhabitants of another island, from whence some of them come here now and then, to celebrate their victories by a horrible feast ; and probably they never land but at the Southern point of the island, and return to their own country without having the curiosity to come any farther. It is, therefore, by the particular direction of Heaven that I have been  
thrown

thrown on this part of the coast, the least fertile in the whole island. This very disadvantage is now the cause of my security.

“Why should I not hope that the same good Providence will continue to protect me against all dangers, since I have hitherto been so remarkably preserved from the greatest?” He then reproached himself bitterly for having the night before shewn so little confidence in his heavenly Father. Filled with sorrow and repentance, he threw himself prostrate on the ground, to implore pardon for this new fault. Having now recovered his strength, he walked towards his cave to put in execution the new designs which he had just formed.

*Rich.* What did he propose to do?

*Mr. Bill.* He intended to take some proper measures for his greater security, which was very reasonable: for although it be our duty to depend on Providence, being persuaded, that, while we conform our lives to the divine precepts, we shall not be forsaken in time of need, yet, on our sides, we should neglect nothing that may contribute to our happiness or security; for we certainly were never endowed with reason, nor our minds, nor even our bodies, enriched with such various faculties and powers, for any other purpose, but that we should, as far as in us lies, make them all unite towards rendering us more securely happy.

The first thing that he did, was to plant, without sile, at a small distance from the trees which enclosed the front space before his cave, a thick wood which might cover it at a distance, and hinder it from being seen.

With this design, he planted, one after another, near two thousand slips of that sort of willow which he had before observed to take root and grow up in so short a time. He took good care not to plant them in rows: on the contrary, he avoided all regularity, on purpose to give the whole the appearance of a natural growth rather than of artificial arrangement. He resolved next to dig a subterraneous passage from the bottom of his cave to the other side of the hill, that, in a case of extremity, as, for instance, when the enemy should have scaled his barricade, he might have a back-way to escape by.

This



This was also a troublesome and tedious task ; and you must understand, that, in order to have leisure for it, he was obliged to give up the making of the canoe for a while.

In opening this subterraneous passage, he began exactly as miners do, who first dig a pit, and then a gallery.

*Geo.* What sort of a gallery ?

*Rich.* Do you forget ? I can tell you. The miners, in making a mine, first dig into the earth straight down, as those do who are digging a well ; and this perpendicular opening they call a pit. When they are come to a certain depth, they begin to hollow it out horizontally ; and this passage they call a gallery. Thus they go on from pits to galleries, and from galleries to pits, until they come to the vein or bed of metal which they are seeking.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well explained. Observe, that, when they dig thus sideways, or horizontally, the earth which is over their heads would soon crumble down, if they did not take care, as they went on, to keep it up : this they do by means of cross planks, which reach from one side of the passage to the other, and rest upon uprights. Robinson took the same precaution.

Whatever earth he cleared out of it, he carried close to the hedge, and took care to level it. Thus, by degrees, he raised a terrace, about ten feet high, and almost eight thick. At convenient distances, he had left openings, or port-holes, that he might see the out-country. He had, besides, made steps to go up to the top of the terrace, in case he should, one day or other, be obliged to defend his little fort from the top of his rampart.

He seemed now sufficiently secured against a sudden or short attack. But, then, if the enemy should be obstinate, and block him up for some time, what are to be his resources ?

This blocking up was not a vain fancy : it was by no means impossible that such a thing might happen some day or other. He thought it, therefore, necessary to provide also against such an event, and to contrive means whereby he might avoid the necessity of surrendering  
for

for want of provisions, or else dying of hunger. To prevent any such extremity, he resolved to keep constantly within the enclosure, at least, one of his lamas that gave milk, and to have, by way of reserve for the support of this animal, a small rick of hay, which was not to be touched unless in case of necessity. He was moreover resolved to lay up a stock of cheese, fruits, and oysters, and recruit it from day to day, according as the one or the other became unfit to keep.

He had thought of another design, but was obliged to give it up, foreseeing that it would be too tedious in the execution. He was desirous that the water of the neighbouring spring, which formed a small rivulet, might be conveyed, if possible, to the very door of his cave, that, in case of a siege, he might not be deprived of so necessary a conveniency. To effect this, he would have been obliged to cut through a small hill, which, however, was large enough to require a very considerable time before the labour of a single man could complete such a cut. He thought it, therefore, better to give up the idea, and return to the making of his canoe.

For some years there happened nothing worth relating. I hasten now to an event which had more influence on the lot of Robinson, than all that had happened to him in his island as yet.

One fine clear morning, as he was working at his canoe, he perceived a very thick smoke rising at a distance. The terror with which he was at first seized upon sight of this, gave way to curiosity. He hastened to the top of his little hillock to discover the true cause of the smoke. Scarcely was he arrived there, when he was struck with consternation at the sight of five or six canoes drawn up on the beach, and a score or two of savages dancing round a great fire, with the most fantastic motions and horrid cries imaginable.

Though Robinson ought to have expected such a sight one time or other, yet here again he was near falling into a swoon with terror. However, this time he quickly recovered his spirits, by placing his confidence in his Maker. He ran down the hill to put himself in a posture of defence, took his arms, implored  
the

the assistance of Heaven, and firmly resolved to defend his life to the last extremity. Fortified in this resolution by his piety, he found himself master of sufficient courage and presence of mind to go up again by his ladder of ropes to the top of the hill, from whence he was desirous of viewing all the enemy's motions.

Presently his indignation and horror was raised to the highest pitch, when he beheld them drag two unfortunate wretches from the canoes towards the place where the fire was. He suspected, at first sight, that they were going to dispatch them; and he very soon found that he was not mistaken. Some of these monsters kill one of the captives, and two others fall upon him, no doubt, in order to cut him into pieces, and prepare their abominable feast. During this shocking execution, the other prisoner sat a melancholy spectator of what was doing, in the expectation of very soon receiving the same treatment in his turn. But while these barbarians were busily taken up with the butchery of his companion, he watches a moment when nobody had an eye upon him, and, with the hope of escaping death, he suddenly starts away, and, flies with astonishing swiftness directly towards Robinson's dwelling-place.

Joy, hope, fear, and horror, alternately seized on Robinson's heart; they appeared successively in his countenance, which was pale and red by turns. He felt a joy mingled with hope, when he observed the prisoner to gain ground considerably on his pursuers: he was filled with fear and horror when he saw both parties coming as straight as possible towards his habitation. They were separated from it only by a small creek, which the savage, who fled, must cross, by swimming, to avoid falling into the enemy's hands. As soon as he came to the bank of it, he threw himself in without hesitation, and crossed it with the swiftness that he had exerted in running. Two of those who were nearest to him threw themselves in after him, and all the rest returned to their abominable feast. Robinson perceived, with much satisfaction, that these two last were not, by a great deal, such expert swimmers as he whom they pursued. He was landed before they had half crossed the creek. At this moment, Robinson was animated with a  
courage

courage and zeal, such as he had never felt before : his eyes sparkled ; his heart throbb'd, and seem'd to urge him to the assistance of the weaker party. He takes his spear, and, without hesitating, runs down from the top of the hillock. In the twinkling of an eye he pass'es through the grove, and, coming out on the other side, finds himself just between the pursuers and the pursued. He cries to the latter, " Stop ! stop !" but he, turning about, is terrified at the looks of Robinson dress'd up in skins ; he takes him for some superior being, and hesitates whether to fall at his feet or run away from him. Robinson, stretching out his hand, gives him to understand, by signs, that he was his friend, and then, turning about, marches towards the enemy. When within reach of the foremost savage, he throws his spear at him, and strikes him to the ground. The other savage, being about one hundred yards behind, stops, quite surpris'd, fixes an arrow to his bow, and discharges it at Robinson, who was coming up to him. The arrow struck him on the left breast, where the heart lies ; but luckily it came with no great force, and the skins kept it off as well as a coat of armour could have done. The arrow fell at Robinson's feet, and he felt not the smallest hurt from it.

Our hero does not give his enemy time to shoot a second arrow ; he rushes upon him, and, before the savage can draw the bow-string, Robinson lays him lifeless in the dust.

He now turns towards him whom he had protect'ed, and sees him still on the same spot motionless, betwixt hope and fear, doubting whether the action that he had just been witness to, was meant for his preservation, or whether he himself must fall, in his turn, beneath the mighty blows of this unknown being. The conqueror calls him ; makes him understand, by signs, that he is to come nearer. He at first obeys, then stops, walks on a little way, stops again, advances slowly with evident marks of fear, and in the attitude of a suppliant. Robinson makes him every sign of friendship possible, and invites him to come close up to him. The savage approaches ; but at every ten steps prostrates himself on  
the

the ground, at the same time to thank him and to testify his submission to him.

Robinson takes off his mask, and looks at him with a mild, humane and friendly air. At this sight the savage hesitates no more, but flies toward his deliverer, prostrates himself, kisses the ground, takes one of Robinson's feet and puts it on his neck, to signify that he was his slave. But our hero, who knew that he had more occasion for a friend than a slave, quickly held out his hand to him in a friendly manner, raised him up, and endeavoured, by all the means imaginable, to convince him that he should be well used. However, there still remained something to be done.

The first savage was wounded, but not killed. Being now come to himself, he was gathering herbs and applying them to his wound to stop the blood. Robinson made the savage, who stood near him, observe this, who immediately spoke some words in return. Though Robinson did not understand them, yet they pleased his ear by their novelty, being the first sound of the human voice that he had heard for many years. The Indian, fixing his eyes alternately upon Robinson and his hatchet, pointing to it with his finger, and then drawing his hand back again shily, gave him to understand that he desired this weapon to dispatch the enemy. Our hero, though loth to shed human blood, yet sensible of the necessity of killing the wounded savage, gives his hatchet, and turns his eyes from seeing the bloody use that is going to be made of it. The Indian runs up to his adversary, strikes off his head at a blow, and returns with the cruel smile of gratified revenge. Then, making a thousand wry faces, and throwing himself into a thousand odd postures, he lays at Robinson's feet, by way of a trophy, the hatchet, together with the bleeding head of the savage he had killed.

Robinson made signs to him to gather up the bows and arrows of the slain, and to follow him. The Indian, in return, gave him to understand, by signs, that, before they went away, it would be proper to bury the two dead savages in the sand, that, if their companions should afterwards come to seek them, they might not find any remains of them.

Robinson having signified that he approved this precaution, the Indian fell to work with the assistance only of his hands, but with so much activity and dispatch, that in less than a quarter of an hour the two bodies were buried. They then set out together towards Robinson's abode, and went up to the top of the hillock.

*Charlotte.* But, papa, was not Robinson guilty of murder?

*Henry.* Oh! those that he had killed were savages; there was no harm in killing them.

*Charlotte.* Yet still they were men.

*Mr. Bill.* Certainly they were men, my dear Henry; savages or civilized is not the point. The question is, Had Robinson a right to take away their lives?

*Rich.* I think he did very right.

*Mr. Bill.* And why?

*Rich.* Because they were inhuman creatures, and would have murdered a poor wretch who perhaps had never done them any harm.

*Mr. Bill.* How did Robinson know that? Might not the savage who was pursued have deserved death? The others were, perhaps, officers of justice, acting under the authority of their superiors. Besides, who had made Robinson judge between them?

*Edw.* If he had not killed them, they would have discovered his retreat, and have told all their companions of it.

*Geo.* And they would all have come in a body, and have murdered our poor Robinson.

*Henry.* And devoured his body.

*Mr. Bill.* Why that is a pretty good reason. You are not far wrong: he had a right to do it for his security. But, am I excusable in taking away another man's life that I may preserve my own?

*The Children.* Yes, certainly.

*Mr. Bill.* Why so?

*Rich.* Because it is the will of our Maker that we preserve our lives as long as it is in our power: whenever, therefore, any one goes about to deprive us of life, it must certainly be just to prevent him by taking away his, if there be no other means.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Bill.* Without doubt, my dear children, such a forced defence of ourselves is allowable by all laws divine and human ; provided, however, that we have absolutely no other means of saving our lives, than by depriving the unjust aggressor of his. But if, on the other hand, we destroy our enemy, when we have it in our power to preserve ourselves without doing so, either by flight, or by the protection of others, or, lastly, by putting it out of his power to hurt us, we are then guilty of murder, and amenable to the law.

Remember, my dear children, to thank God that you were born in a country where the government has taken such proper steps for the security of our persons, that there is scarcely one in one hundred thousand under the disagreeable necessity of using such a legal defence for the preservation of his life.

This is enough for to-day. When we assemble to-morrow evening, I shall, perhaps, find something more to relate to you.

---

## SIXTEENTH EVENING.

*MR. BILL.* What shall I read to you this evening ?

*The Children.* The New Robinson Crusoe !

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson's lot, my dear children, in which we are all so deeply concerned, is still very uncertain. He went up, as I told you yesterday evening, along with the savage whom he had just delivered, to the top of the hill behind his dwelling, being both of them exceedingly uneasy as to what might still befall them. The posture of their affairs was dangerous and critical ; for, was it not very likely, that the savages, after their horrible feast, would set out to seek their two companions who were missing, as well as the victim that had escaped from them ? In such a case, it could not be doubted but they would discover Robinson's habitation,

tion, and, uniting all their forces, have broken into it, and massacred him, together with his new companion.

All these thoughts came into his mind, while from the top of a hillock and sheltered by a tree, he took a view of the savages, who, by their extravagant dances and horrid howlings, expressed the joy that they felt after their barbarous feast. He deliberated how he should act; whether to fly, or shut himself up in his fort. His thoughts rising to the Almighty Protector of Innocence, he found in himself courage and resolution enough to choose the latter determination. In order not to be perceived, he slipped behind the bushes, crept to his ladder of ropes, made a sign to his companion to follow him and do as he did, and very soon they were both at the bottom.

The Indian, seeing the commodious arrangement of every thing in his deliverer's dwelling-place, was seized with surprize. His eyes had never beheld any thing so well laid out. He felt the same sort of admiration which a husbandman would, who, from the wildest part of the country, should find himself all of a sudden in the midst of a palace.

Robinson endeavoured by signs to make him understand what they had to fear from the savages, if united, and that, in case they should come to attack him, he was resolved to defend himself to the last extremity, and even to death. The Indian understood him, and immediately, with a resolute air, brandishes the hatchet, which he still held, several times over his head, looks with a threatening countenance towards the enemy as if challenging them to combat, and thus endeavours to assure his deliverer that he was ready to defend himself courageously. Robinson applauded these marks of intrepidity, armed the Indian with a spear, a bow and arrows, and placed him sentinel at a kind of post-hole which he had made in his terrace, that he might have a view of whatever passed in the empty space between that and the wood which he had planted.

About an hour afterwards, they heard, all at once, strange and dreadful cries at a distance, which seemed to come from many savages together. They both prepared for combat, and, by their looks, mutually encouraged each



each other to make the most vigorous defence. The cries ceased—presently they began again, louder and nearer—they are succeeded by a deep silence.—Quite near at hand—

*Charlotte.* Oh! papa, if they come I shall run away.

*Henry.* What nonsense!

*Geo.* Do not be uneasy, Charlotte; Robinson will contrive to defend himself. I am not in pain for him.

*Charlotte.* You will see; they are going to murder him.

*Rich.* Pshaw, hold your tongue.

*Mr. Bill.* Quite near at hand shouted a terrible hoarse voice, which was repeated by the echo of the hillock. Already our two champions were in a posture of defence; already their bows were bent: the first savage that shewed himself must infallibly have received a mortal wound. Their eyes, all attention and sparkling with courage, were fixed on that quarter of the wood from whence the voice had been heard. Here I stop.—

*The Children.* But what is the reason of this long silence? Why does not papa go on with the story?

*Mr. Bill.* To furnish you with a fresh opportunity of exercising yourselves in the art of conquering your desires. You are all impatient to know the success of the bloody fight in which Robinson seems on the point of engaging. If you absolutely desire it, I am ready to satisfy your curiosity. But let me see, suppose you were of your own accord, to suspend it for to-day; suppose you were freely to give up the gratification of your curiosity until to-morrow? However, you are at perfect liberty to do as you please, and decide either way. Speak; do you consent or not?

*The Children.* Yes, papa, we agree to it.—We shall be in some pain about Robinson—but never mind, to-morrow evening will make amends—Heaven preserve poor Robinson!

*Mr. Bill.* Your compliance, my dear children, fills me with joy. Amuse yourselves, for the remainder of the evening, in whatever way is most agreeable to you. I am never apprehensive that your time will hang heavy on your hands; on the contrary, I rather suppose that you will think the call for supper too early.

## SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

*M*R. *BILL*. We last night left Robinson and his companion on the watch, to observe whatever might be going forward on the outside of the barricade. They continued on guard till it was almost night; but having perceived no enemy, nor heard any voice for some hours, it seemed very probable, that the savages, disappointed in their search, had returned to their canoes, and were gone back to their own island. They laid down their arms, therefore, and Robinson brought out something for supper.

As this day, so particularly remarkable in the adventures of our hero, happened to be a Friday, he resolved, in some measure, to perpetuate the remembrance both of the day and the events which distinguished it by giving to the savage, whose life he had saved, the name of Friday.

Till now, Robinson had scarce time to look at him with attention. He was a well-made young man, about twenty years of age; his complexion was swarthy, his hair black and long, not woolly like that of the negroes; his nose was short, though not very flat, his lips small, and his teeth as white as ivory. In his ears he wore various feathers and shells, an ornament on which he seemed to lay no small value; in other respects he was naked.

Robinson, who had a proper regard for decency, would not go to supper, though hunger called him pressing, until he had fitted a skin for his new guest, which served him by way of apron. He then made signs to him to sit down beside him and eat his supper. Friday, as we shall now call him, approaches Robinson with all the tokens imaginable of respect and gratitude; he falls down on his face before him, and places the foot of his deliverer on his own neck, as he had done before.

Robinson, whose heart could scarce contain his joy on having found at length a companion and a friend, which he had so long and earnestly wished for, would have

have been glad to express it by a thousand marks of kindness; but, not knowing the character of his new guest, he thought it prudent, for his own security, to keep him in a state of respectful subjection, to receive his homage as due to him, and, in a word, to act as his sovereign for some time. He made him, therefore, understand by signs that he would take him under his protection, but on condition of perfect obedience; that he should perform whatever he was ordered, and abstain from every thing which he, his lord and master, should, of his good will and pleasure, forbid him. While he instructed him thus by signs, he pronounced the word *Tacique*. Fortunately he remembered to have once heard that the savages of South America call their chiefs and princes by that name.

By this word Friday understood, much better than by the signs which accompanied it, what his master meant; and, to shew that he accepted the condition of obeying, he repeated the word *Tacique* several times with a loud voice, intimating that he applied it to Robinson, and fell down prostrate at his feet once more. To signify what respect he bore to the royal authority, he put a spear into Robinson's hands, and fixed the point against his own breast, shewing and acknowledging thereby that his master had the power of life and death over him. Robinson, with the dignity of a monarch, held out his hand to him, assuring him of his protection, and ordered him again to sit down beside him and eat his supper. Friday, out of respect, sat down on the ground, while Robinson was placed on a seat of turf.

Here, my dears, you may see an example of the first beginning of kingly power in the world. Men, who excelled others in wisdom, strength, and courage, were the first kings. Weak men implored the protection and help of the stronger, either to defend them from the danger of wild beasts, which were, in early times, more numerous than at present, or to secure themselves against the injustice of violent men. In return, they promised to submit entirely to them, and to pay them every year a certain part of their fruits and flocks, that the protectors, not having to provide for their own subsistence, might be wholly at leisure to defend their subjects. This

yearly payment, which the subjects obliged themselves to make good to their king, was called by the name of *tribute, impost, public taxes*, and the like. Such is the origin both of the power and riches which all the different sort of rulers in the world enjoy, and of the duty and submission which their subjects pay them.

Robinson was now, therefore, in effect a king. The island was his kingdom, his lamas and his fruits were his treasure, and Friday his subject; his only one, it is true, but a valuable one. His parrot was his only courtier that he had, and almost useless in that character. Nevertheless, his majesty of the island vouchsafed to descend even to his vassal as far as his dignity would permit him.

*Henry.* What is a vassal?

*Mr. Bill.* The same as a slave.—After supper, it pleased his majesty very graciously to give orders concerning every thing that he chote to have observed in the ceremony of going to bed. It was not prudent that Friday, who had been so lately advanced to the stations of his *subject* and *prime minister*, his *commander in chief* and his *whole army*, his *master of the horse* and *steward of the household*, his *chamberlain* and *groom of the stole*; it was not prudent, I say, that this new servant should so soon repose in the same chamber with his majesty. He, therefore, judged it proper that he should pass the night, not in the cave, but in the cellar. How could he resolve to trust his life, and the secret of the subterraneous passage, to a stranger, whose fidelity, having not been yet sufficiently tried, was far from being established? He therefore ordered Friday to make up a bed of hay for himself in the cellar, whilst his majesty took the wise precaution to carry, with his own hands, all the weapons into his bed-chamber.

Afterwards he was not ashamed to appear publicly, before all his people, in the most humble and rustic employment possible. This action, perhaps the only one of its kind, will no doubt surprise you, and you would hardly believe it, if I did not assure you that it is found in clear and express terms in the annals of Robinson's reign, which have been made public to the whole world many years ago. Robinson Crusoe, king of a whole island,

island, absolute master of the life and death of all his subjects, did not blust, in the least, to descend, in the presence of Friday, to a servile office. He went to the lamas that were kept in his enclosure, and with his own kingly hands began to milk them. It was meant for the instruction of his prime minister, and to shew him how to do the same, as he intended, for the future, to commit the care of this business to him.

Friday, with all his attention, could not understand what his master was doing; for neither he nor his stupid countrymen had ever suspected that the milk of animals might be proper food for man, and as wholesome as it was nourishing. He had never tasted any, and was agreeably surpris'd at the sweetness of it, when Robinson persuaded him to put some to his lips for a trial.

After the fatigues which they had suffered during the day, they both found themselves in want of repose. Robinson, therefore, ordered his slave to go to the place of rest which he had pointed out to him, and lay down himself, blessing Heaven for having, in one day, preserved him from so many dangers, and given him one of his fellow-creatures to be his companion, and, perhaps, his friend.

---

## EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

**RICHARD.** I am curious to know what Robinson will undertake now with his man Friday.

*Edw.* Now, that he has assistance, he will be able to perform many things which he could not before.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear children, you will see every day more clearly what great advantages man derives from society, and what reason we have to thank Heaven for having so deeply engraven on our hearts the inclination that leads us to seek the company and friendship of our fellow-creatures.

The first thing that Robinson did the next morning, was to go with Friday and examine the spot where the

savages had held their abominable feast the day before. In their walk, they came to the place where the two Indians were buried whom they had slain the day before. Friday pointed it out to his master, and plainly hinted that he was desirous of digging up the dead bodies and satisfying his unnatural appetite upon them. Robinson, with a look of detestation and horror, shewed him how much he disliked such an inclination, and, lifting up his spear in a threatening manner, signified to him that he would run it through his body if ever he touched them. Friday understood his master's threatening, and submitted, without hesitation, to his orders; yet he could not conceive why he was forbidden to taste a sort of food, of which, from his earliest youth, he had always been extremely fond.

They soon arrived at the place of the feast. What a sight! The ground stained with blood! Bones scattered about! Robinson turns his eyes away from it, and ordered Friday immediately to make a hole, and bury these loathsome remains of barbarous voracity.

While Friday was at work, according to his orders, Robinson was carefully stirring the ashes backwards and forwards, in the hopes of finding some fire still amongst them: but to no purpose; the whole was extinguished, much to Robinson's dissatisfaction, who, next to the valuable gift which Heaven had lately made him in his companion, had now scarce any thing left to wish for, except a fire. While he hung his head and looked sorrowfully upon these ashes, the remains of fire totally extinguished, Friday, seeing him so melancholy, made several signs which Robinson did not at all comprehend; then he snatches up the hatchet, flies off like lightning, darts into the wood, and leaves Robinson, who knew not his design, in the greatest astonishment possible.

Having followed him with his eyes as long as he could, "What can this mean?" said he; "Can the ungrateful fellow intend to forsake me? Can he be treacherous enough to take possession of my dwelling-place, and keep me out of it by force? Or would he have the barbarity to deliver me up by stratagem to his savage countrymen?"—Horrid thought!—Transported with rage, he seizes his spear, and sets out in pursuit of the ungrateful

grateful traitor, at once to punish and prevent his base attempts. Already he was running full speed, when, suddenly, he perceived Friday returning as fast. Robinson stops in a surprise; he sees, to his no small astonishment, the imaginary traitor holding up in the air a small bundle of dried grass, which first appeared to smoke, and then to be on fire. Friday throws it down, and hastily gathers round it other grass and dried branches, and kindles a bright clear fire, which fills Robinson with joy and astonishment. He then understood the reason of Friday's sudden absence. Not able to contain his joy, he flies, with transport, to Friday, embraces him with ardour and affection, and, in his own mind, asks him pardon, a thousand times for the injurious suspicions that he had entertained of him.

*Edw.* But where could Friday have found fire?

*Mr. Bill.* He had hastened into the wood on purpose to cut two dry branches. These he had rubbed together with such dexterity and dispatch, that they took fire quickly. He then wrapped them up in dry grass, and, running swiftly with his bundle held up in the air, the fire soon kindled the grass, and broke out in a blaze.

*Mr. Mered.* Here, again, Robinson appears to me to be very much to blame.

*Rich.* In what respect, pray?

*Mr. Mered.* In this; that, without having any sufficient proof of Friday's treachery, he forms, in an instant, the blackest suspicion of him. How is it possible to be so excessively distrustful?

*Rich.* What he feared might very well be true; so that he had a right to be upon his guard against Friday.

*Mr. Mered.* Understand me right, my dear little friend. I do not blame him either for thinking it possible that he was betrayed by Friday, or for running after him to prevent the fatal designs that he might have formed. This precaution was allowable, nay necessary, with respect to a person totally unknown to him. But what I am angry with him for, is, that he never doubted a moment the truth of his odious suspicions; that he suffered himself to be transported with rage; that he was so wholly mastered by this passion, as never even

once to think that Friday's intentions might be harmless. Now, our distrust of other men should never go so far as that, unless we had already received certain proofs of their treachery. In a doubtful case, let us see the evil of another man—till then let us judge well of him.

*Mr. Bill.* A good maxim. Attend to it, my dear children, that you may put it in practice hereafter.

Robinson, as I told you, was transported with joy to find his ill suspicions groundless, and himself once more in possession of fire, of which he had been so long deprived, and which he had so long and so earnestly wished for. He delights to behold the waving motion of the flames. At last he snatches up a burning branch, and hastens with Friday to the cave.

He instantly lights up a large fire, and places potatoes round it to roast. He next runs to his flock, chuses out a young lama, kills it, and, having skinned and cut it up, puts a quarter of it on the spit, which he instructs Friday how to turn.

While he is thus employed, Robinson cuts off a piece from the breast of the lama. He then peels a few potatoes, bruises and grinds some maize between two flat stones to make flour of it, and puts the whole into one of his pots, which, after he had poured in a sufficient quantity of water, not forgetting salt, he sets over the fire.

*Geo.* I know what he was going to make—some broth.

*Mr. Bill.* The very thing. He had not tasted any for eight years past. You may guess how much he longed for some.

Friday looked on while all these preparations were making, but did not understand to what purpose they were made. He was acquainted, indeed, with the custom of roasting meat; but, as to all the rest of Robinson's cookery, he was entirely in the dark. He knew not even the effect which fire would produce on a vessel full of water. The pot began to boil just as Robinson went into the cave upon some occasion or other. Friday, surprised at this odd appearance, had no idea what could thus put the water in motion. But when he saw it bubble up and boil over the sides, he imagined, in the simplicity



plicity of his heart, that there must be some living creature at the bottom of the pot, which occasioned this tumult in the water; and, therefore, lest it should boil away entirely, he put his hand in to seize the creature, whatever it was; but, instead of finding that, he felt something which made him roar loud enough to shake the whole hillock.

Robinson was startled, on hearing him cry out. His notion was that the savages had surpris'd them, and that Friday was already taken. Fear, and the natural instinct of self preservation, urged him to escape, and save his life by the secret passage under ground; but he quickly rejected this idea, considering how base it would be thus to abandon his subject, or rather friend. Without hesitating, therefore, he sallied forth from the cave, firmly resolved to shed the last drop of his blood, if necessary, in rescuing Friday, once more, from the hands of his barbarous enemies.

*Mr. Mered.* Now I like you, my friend Robinson.

*Mr. Bill.* He springs out, with his spear in his hand; but, to his utter astonishment, finds Friday all alone, crying, twisting himself about, and making a thousand wry faces. Robinson stood motionless, not knowing what to think; at length he found, after a few signs by way of explanation, that all this out-cry was occasioned by poor Friday's scalding his hand.

Robinson had no small difficulty in quieting him. But that you may know, what Robinson did not learn until a year after, when they were both able to understand each other; that you may know, I say, why Friday had made such a noise and so much ado, I must first inform you what notions ignorant people, in some countries, who have had no instruction in their childhood, commonly entertain when an accident happens to them of which they know not the reason.

These poor people imagine that some invisible being, or some spirit, is the cause of every thing for which they cannot assign a reason. According to them, this spirit never does any thing but by the orders of a person to whose service it is bound. They distinguish, by a particular name, those whom they suppose to possess such a

power over one or more spirits ; if it be a man, they call him a conjurer ; if a woman, a witch.

For instance, in some places, if an ignorant countryman has either of his cattle fall suddenly ill, and cannot guess its disorder, he, perhaps, will be weak enough to think that some old person in the neighbourhood has bewitched the beast ; that is, made it fall sick by means of an evil spirit.

*Charlotte.* Yes, papa ; just so Nanny, our dairy-maid, said the other day, when one of the cows went dry all of a sudden.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear Charlotte, you should try to convince the poor girl of her error ; it will certainly be better for her to be undeceived.

If, on the one hand, ignorant people give credit to these silly notions, there are not wanting, on the other, impostors who turn such credulity to their own advantage, and cunningly trick those out of their money who are so weak as to believe in witchcraft, or conjuring : for, by pretending to the art, they confirm the others in the notion that there is really such a thing. Under the name of conjurers and fortune-tellers, they promise, with an air of confident gravity, to break the charm, and force the evil spirit to loose its hold ; but they always demand, for their trouble, a certain recompence, which is to be paid them before-hand. In return for this, they amuse their employers with empty words, ridiculous grimaces, unmeaning gestures, and nonsensical mummeries. If the beast's illness ceases of its own accord, the fortune-teller triumphs, and the credulous man, whom he has deceived, is disposed, more than ever, to be the dupe of such imposture. On the contrary, if the sickness gets the better, and the beast dies, the conjurer will, by his evasions and unintelligible cant, impose on the ignorant owner, who will afterwards be as ready as ever to consult a fortune-teller upon the same occasion.

In proportion as men's understandings are narrowed by prejudice and darkened by ignorance, the more they are inclined to this ridiculous superstition : you may imagine, therefore, that it is pretty generally received amongst savage nations. Whatever cross accidents happen to them, of which their weak reason cannot point  
out

out the cause, they attribute them to evil spirits; and this was exactly Friday's case.

He had never heard it said, nor discovered by his own experience, that water could be made to boil; nor had he ever felt the effect of it in that state, by putting his hand into it; so that he could not conceive whence that acute and sudden pain proceeded, which he felt on touching the boiling water, and, therefore, firmly believed that there was enchantment in it, and that Robinson was a conjurer.

I am going to put you on your guard, my dear children, that you may not be deceived in these matters. You will often, in the course of your lives, have occasion to see effects of which you will not be able to discover the causes. You will meet with jugglers, persons who deal in sleight of hand, who will frequently surprize you with the ingenious tricks and devices that they shew, but oftener by the dexterity with which they perform them. For instance, they will change, to all appearance, a bird into a mouse; they will cut a bird's head off, and afterwards shew it to you alive and well; in short, they will perform several tricks of the same nature, and you shall never be able, with the greatest attention, to find out the manner of performing them. If, on such occasions, you should be tempted to believe that there is witchcraft in the matter, remember Friday, and be assured that you are in the same error with him, and take that for supernatural, which, when explained, appears perfectly natural and easy. But, to give you a proper idea of this subject, we will, at some convenient opportunity, shew you one or two of these tricks, and, at the same time, explain to you how they are performed, that you may be able to form a judgment of all others of the same nature.

Robinson, as I told you before, did not easily succeed in comforting Friday, and persuading him to take his place again at the spit. He consented to it, however, at last, but could not help looking still at the pot with a mixture of curiosity and horror. As to Robinson, whom he took for a supernatural being, he could not lift his eyes towards him without shewing the most timorous respect. What confirmed him in his opinion was his  
master's

master's ruddy complexion and long beard, which gave him an appearance so different from that of Friday and his tawny, beardless countrymen.

*Edw.* Have the savages of South America no beard?

*Mr. Bill.* No; and it has been long thought that they were beardless by nature. But some pretend lately to have observed that the reason of their seeming to have no beard, is their taking the greatest care imaginable to pluck it up as it grows.

But the broth, the potatoes, and the roast meat, were now ready. As they had no spoons, Robinson poured out the broth in two pipkins, but nothing could induce Friday so much as to taste it; he had not the least doubt of its being an enchanted liquor. It made him shudder to see Robinson sip it with so much appearance of satisfaction; but he helped himself to the roast meat and potatoes, which made him amends.

You may easily imagine how delicious these nourishing victuals, dress'd properly on the fire, must seem to Robinson. They made him forget all his past troubles and hardships. He imagined himself not in a desert island, but transported to some populous country. Thus Providence, in an instant, by a flow of unexpected happiness, cures those wounds which have been made in our hearts, and which, though intended for our good, the sense of present pain makes us ever regard as the most incurable evils. I hardly need tell you, that Robinson, in that happy moment, remembered the Giver of all good Things, and thanked him from the bottom of his heart.

The meal being finished, Robinson retired to meditate seriously on the happy change of his situation. Every thing round him wore a more smiling face. He was no longer solitary; he had a companion, with whom, it is true, he was not able to converse as yet; but the very company of this man was some satisfaction to him, and promised to afford him the most valuable assistance. Besides, being no longer deprived of fire, he might enjoy as wholesome and agreeable victuals as he could wish. "What is there to hinder you now," said he, "from living contented and happy? Enjoy in peace the many benefits which you have received from Hea-

ven. You have fruits in abundance, and a numerous flock, which will always be more than sufficient to furnish your table with whatever you desire. Make amends to yourself, now, by ease and good cheer, for the fatigues you have suffered, and the scantiness of your provisions for these several years past. Let Friday, who is young and stout, work for you. His services you have a right to claim, as you have saved his life at the risk of your own."

Here an idea occurred to him which totally changed the complexion of his thoughts.

"But," said he to himself, "what, if you were very soon to see an end of all this prosperity? If Friday were to die? If your fire were to go out again?" This reflection made his blood curdle with horror.

"And if, moreover, by being accustomed to an easy, delicate, inactive life, you were to render yourself incapable of supporting a hard, solitary, and laborious way of living, such as you have already experienced? If you should be forced to return to it?—He sighed heavily.

"To what, then, are you principally indebted for getting rid of the many faults and weaknesses which once disgraced you? Is it not a sober and laborious life which circumstances forced you to pursue? And now, by indulging yourself in sensuality and idleness, you would run the risk of losing that health and strength of body and mind which temperance and exercise have procured you. Heaven forbid!"—With these words, he rose hastily, and walked about in a thoughtful mode before the mouth of his cave. Mean time, Friday put away the remains of the dinner, and, by his master's order, went to milk the *lagas*.

Robinson continued to reason with himself. "If you were to renounce labour and temperance, you would soon forget both the adversity which you surmounted, and the friendly hand which assisted you. Very soon you would become ungrateful, presumptuous, and, perhaps, impious." Horrid idea! and falling on his face to the ground, he prayed to be preserved from so dreadful a state of depravation. This led him to take a resolution as prudent as it was unalterable.

"I will,"

“ I will,” said he, “ partake of the gifts of Heaven, but always with the greatest temperance. The most simple victuals shall be my favourite food, let my provisions be ever so abundant and various. I will persevere in my labours with the same assiduity, though they will no longer be so necessary to me as formerly. One day in each week I will live on the same cold victuals with which I have hitherto subsisted myself; and the last day of each month I will confine myself to the same solitude as I have experienced ever since I have been on this island. I will send Friday to my country seat, and he shall pass that day there.”

Having formed these resolutions of self-denial, he felt the pleasing and pure satisfaction which ever accompanies the efforts that we make to attain a higher degree of perfection. He foresaw the happy consequences of these voluntary sacrifices; his countenance, therefore, becoming more serene, spoke the pleasing sentiments of a heart overflowing with joy. But he was sufficiently acquainted, from experience, with the inconstancy of the human heart, not to be on his guard against the fickleness of his own. He thought it best to make some visible mark, which, frequently meeting his eyes, might make him recollect his laudable resolutions every day. For this purpose, he engraved, with his hatchet, in the rock over the entrance of his cave, these words—*Labour and Temperance.*

My dear children, I give you until to-morrow to reflect upon these instructive particulars in the life of our friend Robinson. Try if you cannot find some amongst them, which you would do well to imitate. You will communicate your thoughts to me, and I will also acquaint you with mine.

## NINETEENTH EVENING.

**R**OBINSON had never been in so happy a situation since his arrival on the island as he was now. The only thing that remained to trouble him, was his apprehension lest the savages should return to seek for their two countrymen, in which case he might probably be exposed to the necessity of shedding blood. He shuddered at the thought of being reduced, once more, to the dreadful choice of either destroying his fellow-creatures or perishing cruelly himself.

Things being, therefore, in this situation, it was incumbent on him to labour for his security, and put himself into a state of defence. He had long been desirous of fortifying his habitation still more; but, while he was alone, the execution of this design appeared impossible. Now, with the assistance of a companion, he thought himself capable of undertaking it. He mounts, therefore, to the top of his hillock, to form a plan of further fortification, which he very soon did, as his situation enabled him to have the whole ground under his eyes at one view. He resolved, therefore, on the outside of the barricade of trees which enclosed his habitation, to dig a broad deep trench, the inner bank of which should be defended with a strong row of paling.

He, moreover, conceived the design of dividing the neighbouring rivulet into two branches, one of which should run in this trench, and the other through the middle of the enclosed space before his cave, that, in case of a siege, he might not be in want of water.

It was not easy to make Friday comprehend, by signs, the whole of this plan; but as soon as he had some idea of it, he ran to the sea-side, and came back loaded with great shells, and with flat and sharp stones, fit to serve for digging. They both, therefore, fell to work immediately.

I dare say you can easily imagine that this was no slight undertaking. The trench, to be of any use, must be, at least, six feet deep and eight broad; the length might be about four score or one hundred yards.

To execute such an undertaking as this without any instrument of iron—no pickaxe—no shovel—think what a difficulty it must be. Besides, it required little less than four hundred pales; to cut these and shape them with only one hatchet of stone, was a laborious task. Lastly, in order to turn the rivulet into this trench, there was a necessity of digging a canal, which, in one place, must cross a rising ground; and this, to crown the difficulty of the work, it was absolutely necessary to cut through.

All these obstacles did not discourage our friend Robinson, who had taken a resolution that was not to be shaken. By leading a life of temperance and continual labour, he was, in the execution of difficult undertakings, master of a degree of courage which is not possessed by men brought up in idleness, used to delicate living, and enervated by effeminacy. *With God's help, and with perseverance,* was his motto, in beginning a work of labour and time; and, you know, when once he was determined on a matter, he never rested until he had completely finished it.

He was the same on this occasion. Friday and he worked every day with equal pleasure and earnestness, from sunrise to sunset; so that, in spite of the awkwardness of their instruments, they advanced the work every day surprisngly. Fortunately, during two whole months, the savages never appeared; a contrary wind hindered them from coming over to Robinson's island. All this time he was able to work without being obliged to take any precautions against the fear of an attack.

Robinson, who was earnestly desirous of being able to converse with Friday, took the opportunity to teach him a few words of English every day, while they were both employed at work; and Friday, on his part was so attentive, that in a short time he made a considerable progress. Robinson took the most natural and easy way to communicate the language to him: whenever it could conveniently be done, he placed the object before his eyes, and then pronounced the name of it distinctly; but when it was necessary to communicate the names of things which could not be made perceptible in this manner, Robinson accompanied the name with gestures and signs.



signs so expressive that Friday could not possibly misunderstand. And, by these means, in less than six months he was able to explain himself tolerably well in English.

This was a fresh addition to Robinson's happiness. Hitherto Friday had been no better than a dumb man to him; now they are able to communicate their thoughts to each other as friends. How frivolous did the pleasure seem which Robinson used to enjoy in the senseless chatter of his parrot, in comparison to the real satisfaction which he felt at present!

The more he knew Friday, the more he liked him. The young man was frank and good natured, and had the greatest affection possible for his master: so that Robinson grew fonder of him every day, and made him take share of his cave, that they might pass the nights together.

In less than two months they finished the trench; and now they saw themselves capable of defying the savages, or even of beating them off should they venture to attack them; for before any one of them could cross the trench and the paling, it was an easy matter for the two besieged to send an arrow or a spear through his body. They looked upon themselves, therefore, as sufficiently guarded against all danger of this sort.

Robinson and Friday, being one day near the sea-side upon a rising ground, from whence they had an extensive prospect all over the sea, perceived, at a distance, some islands, which appeared like small clouds. Friday fixed his eyes attentively on that quarter: All of a sudden he starts up, falls a dancing, and throws himself into so many extravagant attitudes, that Robinson thought he was seized with a sudden frenzy. "Good! good!" cried he, still continuing to skip about. Robinson asked him the cause of this extraordinary transport. "Yonder is my country!" answered he, almost breathless with joy; "that is where my people live!" His countenance, his eyes, his gestures, all expressed the love which he bore his country, and his desire to see it once more. Robinson was not at all pleased with this disposition of Friday's: it was certainly a laudable one, as it shewed that he loved his country, his friends, and his relations;  
never-

nevertheless, Robinson feared lest he should leave him some day or other, and return to his own island. In order to be certified on this head, he resolved to sound his intentions, and, therefore, began the following conversation, which will shew you the excellent disposition of Friday.

*Robinson.* Would you be glad, then, to return to your countrymen, and live amongst them?

*Friday.* Oh, yes; I should be very glad to see them again.

*Rob.* Perhaps you long to eat man's flesh with them again?

*Frid.* No, certainly. I would teach them not to be savages, but to live on milk and the flesh of animals, and, above all, to abstain from eating men.

*Rob.* But, perhaps, they would eat yourself?

*Frid.* No, they will never do so.

*Rob.* And yet they have devoured many men, and will many more still.

*Frid.* Ay, but only their enemies.

*Rob.* Could you make a canoe that would carry you to them?

*Frid.* Yes, certainly.

*Rob.* Well, then, make one, and set out when you please.—How! you look down! What is the matter with you? Why do you look so sorrowful?

*Frid.* Because my dear master is angry with me.

*Rob.* Angry! What makes you think so?

*Frid.* Because he wants to send me away.

*Rob.* Well, but did not you wish just now to be in your own country?

*Frid.* Yes; but if my master does not go there, I will not go—no—no more.

*Rob.* Your people would take me for an enemy and eat me, so that you must go by yourself.—But, what is the meaning of this? Why do you draw the hatchet from my side, and put it into my hand? Why do you lay down your head, and stretch out your neck—What would you have me do?

*Frid.* Kill me: I would rather die than be sent away from you.

Saying these words he shed a flood of tears.

Robinson

Robinson was melted with tenderness, and embraced him. Be comforted, my dear Friday; I love you too well to wish a separation from you: what I said was only to try you, and to know if your friendship was equal to mine. These tears of joy and affection which you see me shed, are pledges of my sincerity. Come to my arms once more. Let us dry up our tears, and never part.

To dissipate the sorrowful ideas that he had excited in Friday's mind, he spoke to him again of a canoe, and asked him several questions upon that subject. Being satisfied with his answers he took him by the hand, and led him to see the canoe that he had begun some years ago. Friday, on examining it, laughed heartily to find the work so little advanced for the time. The tree was scarce cut into the third part of its thickness. Robinson asked him what fault he found in the work. Friday answered, that he could see a vast deal of time had been lost, and labour thrown away, which might have been spared; for that a tree like this could be hollowed in a few days with fire, and that much better than by any other means whatsoever. At these words Robinson was transported with joy: he fancied the canoe already finished; he fancied himself already sailing in it on the open sea; already, after a happy voyage, he fancied himself landed on the continent, and conversing with Europeans. How delightful were all these ideas! He resolved that the work should be begun the very next morning by break of day.

*Geo.* Ah! then our amusement will soon be at an end.

*Mr. Bill.* How so?

*Geo.* When he has a boat he will soon set sail, and then, when he comes home, papa will have nothing more to tell us about Robinson.

*Mr. Bill.* And would you not give up that amusement for Robinson's sake? Would you not freely procure him, at that small price, relief from the hardships he labours under in his desert isle?

*Geo.* Why, yes—very true—I did not think of that.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Bill.* Besides, who knows what may happen? Whether he may not be obliged to put off the working at the canoe, or his own departure? The future is very uncertain; it brings with it so many changes, that, for the most part, it deceives our expectations. We often see our best founded hopes disappointed, and it is the part of wisdom to expect and be prepared for these vicissitudes.

Robinson, who had experienced them several times already, returned home, perfectly resigned to whatever a good and wise Providence should order with respect to the accomplishment of his wish, being persuaded that his heavenly Father knew better than he what was for his real interest; and such, I hope, would be our way of thinking in similar circumstances.

---

## T W E N T I E T H E V E N I N G .

*MR. BILL,* My dear children, I mentioned to you last night, that, in the affairs of life, the best founded hopes frequently vanish and end in disappointment. The adventures of Robinson Crusoe have furnished you with frequent instances of this truth, and you have learned, I hope, from them, and the instructions that I have given you, to bear calmly whatever events may happen contrary to your expectations. But I have something farther to propose to you, while we are upon the subject of self-denial, as proper to accompany the practice of that virtue. It is an exercise of the greatest utility, and, with your consent, I will mention it.

*The Children.* Oh, yes, papa! yes, papa!

*Mr. Bill.* If, then, you desire in the future part of your lives to labour in strengthening your bodies, and exalting the powers of your minds, to the end that you may become distinguished characters, and capable of contributing effectually to the happiness of your fellow-creatures, and thereby to enhance your own, I offer to you, for that purpose, the following plan.

I will,

I will, on my side, read to you, for your instruction, the writings of the ancient philosophers who were preceptors to the illustrious persons whom you so much admired when I went over the ancient history with you. These writings contain the precepts which such philosophers gave to their scholars, and by the observance of which their scholars became great men. Every week I will write down one of these precepts upon a table covered with white paper; I will explain it to you, and shew you how, in the course of the week, you may acquire, in an easy and agreeable manner, the practice of it. Yet, you must not expect that this can be done without sometimes costing you a sacrifice: you must, at one time, resolve to deprive yourself of a favourite amusement; at another, to bear with things very disagreeable. This is the true way to acquire that masculine courage which is to assist us in conquering our irregular inclinations, and in preserving a prudent equanimity upon all occasions of loss, disappointment, and danger. As to us, who are advanced in life, we shall not be contented with merely pointing out the path to you, we will walk in it ourselves, and be your guides: in short, we shall advise you to nothing of which we shall not at the same time shew you the example. What say you, my dear children, to this proposal?

*The Children.* We agree to it; we agree to it.

*Mr. Bill.* Very well, then we shall begin the first convenient day. It is now time to return to Robinson. What I hinted to you yesterday merely as possible, did, however, happen in reality.

*The Children.* What was that, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* I said, that, whatever reason Robinson might have to hope for a probable and speedy departure from his island, there might, nevertheless, happen some unforeseen obstacle, which would cause him to remain on it longer. This obstacle appeared the very next day.

On that day the rains began, and set in with great violence. Robinson, during his stay on the island, had remarked that they take place regularly twice a year, and always about the time of the equinoxes. During this rainy season, which generally lasted a month or two, it was impossible to do any work in the open air, it rained so hard and so incessantly. He had also experienced,  
that

that nothing was more prejudicial to the health than to go much out of doors, or to get wet during this season. What was he to do now? He found it absolutely necessary to put off the building of the boat, and to find some employment without going out of his cave.

What a happiness for Robinson, during these wet days and the long dark evenings of this season, to have fire and light, besides the company of a friend, with whom, while they were both at work together, he might converse familiarly, and fill up the wearisome hours with agreeable employment! Formerly, he used to pass these dull evenings all alone, in the dark, and without any thing to do; whereas, now, sitting with Friday before a good fire, and cheered with the light of a lamp, he converses with a fellow-creature, and is not afraid of time hanging heavy upon his hands.

He learned from Friday all the methods which the savages have for procuring themselves any conveniency, and Robinson, in his turn, taught him a thousand things of which savages have not the least idea. Thus they both enlarged the extent of their knowledge and industry. By mutual assistance, each exerting his particular talent, they succeeded in making several small pieces of work which would have been impossible to either of them singly: and this convinced them how infinitely advantageous it is for men to be united by society, and held together, as it were, by the bonds of social affection and love of their fellow-creatures, in comparison to being dispersed, and wandering on the earth, each by himself, like brute beasts.

Of the bark of trees Friday could make mats of a texture sufficiently fine and firm at the same time to make a sort of stuff proper for cloathing. Robinson, having learned the manner of this work, made, in conjunction with Friday, a stock sufficient for cloathing them both. And it was no small satisfaction to him that he was now able to quit those inconvenient garments made of hard raw hides, which he had hitherto been obliged to wear.

Friday had also the art of making cordage out of the stringy covering of the cocoa-nut and the bark of plants resembling flax; and this cordage was far superior to  
any

any that Robinson could make. He had, also, a particular method of making nets with thread; an occupation which seemed to render many an evening short that would otherwise have been insupportably tedious.

During these sedentary employments, Robinson took pains to clear up the darkness of his friend's understanding. He endeavoured, particularly, to give him just ideas of the Supreme Being. You will easily judge how great was Friday's ignorance and how gross his errors upon the article of religion, from the following dialogue between Robinson and him.

*Robinson.* Tell me, Friday, do you know who made the sea, the land, yourself, and all living creatures?

*Friday.* Oh, yes, very well. *Toupan* made every thing.

*Rob.* Who is *Toupan*?

*Frid.* He that makes the thunder.

*Rob.* Well, then, who is he that makes the thunder?

*Frid.* It is a very, very old man, that lived before any thing else in the world, and he makes the thunder. He is older than the sun, moon, or stars; and all the creatures in the world say O to him (that is, according to Friday's meaning, worship him).

*Rob.* Where do your countrymen go when they die?

*Frid.* They go to *Toupan*.

*Rob.* And where is *Toupan*?

*Frid.* He lives upon the high mountains.

*Rob.* Has any man ever seen him upon these high mountains?

*Frid.* None but the *Owokakeys* (that is the priests) are allowed to go up to him. They say O to him, and then they bring us word what he says to them.

*Rob.* Do those enjoy any happiness who go to him after they die?

*Frid.* Oh, certainly, if they have killed and eaten a great many of their enemies.

Robinson shuddered at this discovery of an opinion as erroneous as it was barbarous, and from that moment he laboured seriously to give him juster notions both of  
the

the Supreme Being and of a future state. He taught him that God is an invisible being, almighty, infinitely wise and good; that he created all things, governs and upholds all things; that he himself is without beginning, is every where present, knows all our thoughts, hears our words, and sees all our actions; that he delights in good, and abhors evil, and that he will make happy in this life, and in that which is to come, those who endeavour, with all their heart, and with all their strength, to become better and better every day.

Friday heard these sublime and comforting doctrines with a respectful attention, and lodged them deeply in his memory. As the zeal of the master to instruct was equal to the scholar's desire to learn, the latter was very soon clearly convinced of the principal truths of religion, at least as far as the former was capable of explaining them to him. From that moment Friday esteemed himself infinitely happy in having been transported from his own country to this island; nor did the reflection escape him, that the intentions of Providence towards him were favourable in suffering him to fall into the hands of his enemies, since, had it not been for that event, he should never have known Robinson. "Thus," added he, "I should always have lived in ignorance of the being who is all-good and all-powerful."

Ever afterwards Robinson accustomed himself to pray in Friday's presence; and it would have been an affecting sight to see with what joy and devotion mixed the poor Indian repeated the words of his master's prayers. They were now both of them as happy, in their way of life, as two men can be who are totally separated from the rest of the human species.

The dull rainy season passed away without appearing heavy to them. The sky now cleared up, the winds abated, the stormy clouds were dispersed; Robinson and his companion once more breathed the mild and temperate air of spring, and felt their spirits enlivened afresh: they now, therefore, joyfully set about the important work which they had designed before the rains came on.

Friday, as being head carpenter in this business, hollowed the trunk of the tree by means of fire. This  
method



method was so effectual and expeditious, that Robinson could not help blaming his own stupidity for never having thought of it. But he satisfied himself by saying, "Yet, if I had thought of it, I could not have made use of it, as I had no fire."

You will excuse me from describing to you the daily progress that they made in this work, as an account so particular would have nothing in it either entertaining or instructive. I shall only tell you, that the boat, which Robinson alone would scarce have finished in several years, was entirely completed, with the assistance of Friday, in two months. Nothing was wanting now but a sail, which Friday undertook to provide, and oars, which Robinson promised to furnish.

*Rich.* Ay! how could he make a sail? He should have cloth for that.

*Mr. Bill.* He certainly did not know how to make cloth; nor had he a loom; but, as I told you before, he could make mats of the bark of trees, and this matting the savages use for sails.

They both finished their tasks nearly at the same time; Robinson the oars, and Friday the sail. But now, though the canoe was finished, it was still to be launched.

*Henry.* What is that, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* Were not you with your uncle once to see a ship launched at Deptford?

*Henry.* O! yes; I remember.

*Mr. Bill.* Then you must have observed, that the ship rests upon a hollow frame of wood-work, which is called the stocks. When they strike away the side stays that keep the vessel from moving, it slides along the frame (which is now called the stanchions) into the water, and this is termed launching a ship.

Unfortunately, the place where they had made the boat was more than half a mile from the sea-side. How were they to get it thither? Must they carry it, or drag it, or roll it along? Each of these ways seemed equally impracticable; the canoe was too heavy to be so managed. What are they to do? Here they were at a full stop: how were they to get over it?

*Edw.* Why, Robinson need only have made a couple of levers, like that with which he rolled two great pieces of rock out of his cave when he was all alone.

*Mr. Bill.* He had not forgot the use that might be made of so simple an instrument; in fact, he had recourse to it upon this occasion; but the method was so tedious, that Robinson expected to be a month before he should convey the canoe to the sea-side. Fortunately, he thought of another method, to the full as simple, which is used by carpenters and other tradesmen in Europe, for carrying the heaviest burthens. They use rollers for the purpose.

*Henry.* What are rollers?

*Mr. Bill.* They are pieces of wood made long and round, something like a rolling-stone. They are placed under the loads which are to be conveyed from one place to another. A man pushes the load at one end, which yields without much resistance, and moves on towards the place whither it is to be conveyed, the rollers turning under it all the while, as if of themselves.

Robinson no sooner made a trial of this method, but he was highly pleased to see with what ease and dispatch the boat could be moved along, and in two days time it was launched in the sea. His joy was doubled when he saw that it sailed with the greatest steadiness.

It only remained now to make preparations for their departure; that is, to lay in a stock of provisions as much as the boat could carry, and then to set sail, both being equally eager to begin the voyage. But where were they to go? Friday's wishes were to return to his native island; Robinson, for his part, would have been glad to land on the continent of South America, where he hoped to meet either with Spaniards or other Europeans. Friday's island was only about four miles off, and the continent was more than a dozen or fourteen. If they landed first on his island, they went some miles farther off from the continent, and, by so doing, encreased the danger of sailing thither afterwards. Friday knew nothing of the sea thereabouts, but barely to sail towards his own island; he was quite unacquainted with the passage to the continent, and Robinson knew it no better, having never sailed upon these seas.

At length Robinson's uncertainty gave place to a fixed desire of seeking to land on some civilized country. In spite of all Friday's objections, and whatever he could urge, it was determined that they should prepare to depart the next morning, and set sail, under God's protection, with the first favourable wind, for that quarter where Friday expected the nearest part of the continent lay.

But this is enough for to-day. It is time for us to make our preparations for retiring to rest.

---

## T W E N T Y - F I R S T E V E N I N G .

*MR. Bill.* Robinson and Friday have now put all their provisions on board the canoe, and the wind is favourable to them; so that, my dear children, you have now to bid them farewell, perhaps, for ever. Who knows if we shall ever see them again, or more properly speaking, whether we shall ever hear of them more?

*The Children.* Oh! how sorry we are that they are going away!

*Bill.* Such is the lot of men. They cannot flatter themselves that they shall always live with those who are most dear to them. They must, perhaps, more than once, endure the torments of inevitable separation. It is, therefore, wise to prepare one's self beforehand for these partings, which are as painful as they are, at times, indispensable.

Robinson, on coming out of his cave for the last time, stopped upon the top of the hillock to indulge meditation for a moment, and suffered his companion to go on before him. He reviewed, in his own mind, the various situations in which he had been during his solitary stay on this island; and when he recollected the singular care with which Providence had supported him in a most extraordinary manner, his heart was moved with gratitude. He shed tears of joy, and, lifting up his hands

hands and eyes to Heaven, he addressed the Almighty with the most fervent devotion.

“ Oh ! heavenly Father, how shall I sufficiently thank thee for all that thou hast hitherto done for me ! Unable as I am to express in words the whole ardor of my thoughts, suffer me to manifest them also by the lowly posture of adoration. On my knees, or prostrate with my face to the ground, or rolling in the dust, let me, as it were, sink into nothing before thee. But every thing is open to thy eyes ; thou readest my heart ; thou seest it filled with inexpressible sentiments of the liveliest gratitude. This heart, which thou hast vouchsafed to amend, and which breathes but for thee ; this heart, so often filled with sorrow, and often comforted by thee ; this heart, Oh Lord ! is all that I can offer thee in return for thy innumerable kindnesses : accept it, therefore, accept it whole, and finish the work which thou hast begun in it. Oh ! heavenly Father, receive me in thy arms, to which I commit myself with confidence, and dispose of me according to thy fatherly mercy. May I never forsake the road of virtue in which thy goodness has placed me ! Suffer me not, Oh Lord ! to abandon it. In this hope I yield myself up to thee ; govern me according to thy wise and good pleasure ; I will go wherever thou shalt conduct me. I go, with equal tranquillity and confidence in thee, to expose myself, perhaps, to fresh dangers. Vouchsafe still to accompany me, and grant me thy invisible, but effectual safeguard ! Watch over my immortal soul, and strengthen it in the trials to which it may be exposed ! Preserve my heart from weakness, impatience, and ingratitude towards thee ! Oh, heavenly and eternal object of my soul's love, my Creator, my Preserver, my all, my God ! ”

Here the power of utterance yielded in Robinson to the force of his feelings : with his face to the ground, he had only strength to weep. Encouraged, however, at length, by secret consolations from above, he rose up and cast his eyes once more upon the country which he was going to leave, and which seemed, on that account, to become more dear to him. Like a man who is quitting his native land without hopes of ever seeing it again, his moist and sorrowful eyes wandered still with affection

affection over every tree which had once afforded him shelter or an agreeable shade, and over every one of those works which owed their being to the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow. All these objects seemed like so many friends from whom he was going to be separated. What were his feelings, when he perceived his lamas feeding at the foot of the hillock ! If he had not quickly turned his eyes from these dear animals, his resolution to depart would have been shaken.

However, at length, his fortune got the better of his tenderness ; he recovered his courage. With his arms open and stretched out towards the country, as if he would have embraced it, together with all the objects that it contained, “ Farewell,” cried he, with a loud voice, “ farewell, ye witnesses of my past sufferings ; for the last time farewell !” But this last farewell was lost in sobs. Lifting, once more, his eyes to Heaven, he went on without farther hesitation towards the sea side. As he went along, he perceived his faithful Poll, who accompanied him, flying beside him from tree to tree. He felt an irresistible desire to taking Poll with him : he, therefore, held out his hand, and calls the parrot by its name. Poll comes flying to him as swift as an arrow, lights upon his hand, runs swiftly up his arm, and rests upon his shoulder. Robinson now overtook Friday, who was waiting for him with impatience ; and they both went aboard without farther delay.

It was the 30th of November, at eight o’clock in the morning, the ninth year of Robinson’s stay upon this desert island, that they set sail, with clear weather and a fresh and favourable breeze. They had hardly got a few miles out to sea before they met with a reef of rocks.

*Harriet.* Oh ! dear, let us know first what a reef of rocks is.

*Mr. Bill.* Seamen give this name to a number of rocks joined together, and either entirely covered with water, or in some places, rising above it. This reef or chain of rocks reached from a promontory of the island more than four leagues out into the sea. It seemed dangerous to sail over these rocks : they, therefore, tacked ; that is, placed their sail in another position, that, by taking a sweep round, they might get on the outside of the reef.

*Eliz.* But if the water covered this reef, how could they know how far it reached into the sea?

*Mr. Bill.* They could judge of that by the waves which they saw break over it; for in places where there are hidden rocks under the water, the waves rise higher, and appear whiter with foam, because these rocks, in stopping them, make them rise and break them.

Scarce had they gained the outmost point of the reef, when, all at once, their canoe was carried away with as much rapidity as if they had many sails set, and went before a strong gale of wind. They were both terrified, and made haste to furl their sail, because they thought they had been surpris'd by a smart breeze. But this was in vain; for the canoe was carried over the billows no less rapidly than before; and from thence they concluded that they were in the middle of a strong current, which forced them along.

*Henry.* What! are there currents in the sea?

*Mr. Bill.* The bottom of the sea is no less rugged and uneven than the surface of the land; and under the water there are mountains, hills, and vallies as well as upon land. Now, the water naturally runs with more swiftness towards the parts that are lower; whence it comes to pass, that there are currents in the sea as large as the Thames, and often exceedingly rapid. It is very dangerous for small boats to fall into these currents, because they find it difficult, not to say impossible, to get out of them again; so that they are frequently carried a hundred leagues out of their course.

*Rich.* Ah! poor Robinson, what is to become of you now?

*Harriet.* Why did he not stay in this island? I thought something would happen to him.

*Mr. Bill.* In undertaking this voyage, he cannot be accused either of levity or rashness. He was moved to it by reasons of the greatest prudence, and most maturely weigh'd. Whatever happens to him now, he may look upon as a decree of Providence, and to that he resigns himself entirely.

They tried, in vain, to force themselves out of the current by rowing. an irresistible power carried them along with the swiftness of an arrow; and they were now

now so far out at sea as to have lost sight of the coast of their island. Their destruction appeared inevitable; for, in less than half an hour more, they would lose sight of the tops of the highest hills upon the island: after that, let the impetuosity of the current cease sooner or later, it was all over with them; for they could not possibly recover the island, having no compass to direct their course.

*Henry.* What sort of compass?

*Mr. Bill.* A mariner's compass. Edward, who has made choice of a sea life, will tell you what it is.

*Edw. (laughing)* I wish I knew every thing that a good sailor should know as well as I do that. A compass, Henry, is a magnetic needle in a round box.

*Henry.* But what is a magnetic needle?

*Edw.* It is a long thin piece of steel that has been touched and rubbed with a sort of stone called a *magnet*, or loadstone; from which rubbing it acquires this surprising property, that, if balanced upon a proper pivot, one end of it will turn constantly towards the North. By means of this compass navigators can steer their proper course, even when they see nothing but the sky and the sea; otherwise they would soon lose themselves, and not know which way to sail.

*Mr. Bill.* Do you understand, Henry?

*Henry.* Pretty well. But to return to the boat in danger.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson, having no compass, could not possibly recover the island, if once he lost sight of it. What a dreadful situation was he threatened with! To be rolled and tossed about upon a vast ocean, in a slight skiff with provisions only for a few days! Can any thing be imagined more hopeless of safety? It then appeared clearly that a true piety and a conscience void of reproach are an inestimable treasure in time of distress. Without this valuable resource, how could Robinson have supported the weight of despair which threatened to overwhelm him? He would have acted as a person destitute of hope, and, perhaps, deprive himself of life, to avoid the dreadful alternative of perishing with hunger.

His companion, whose piety was neither so firmly established, nor so well tried by the number and duration of his distresses, as that of his master, was in the height of despair. Unable to work, and absolutely bereft of all courage, he rests his oar, looks at his master with a hopeless, disconsolate air, and asks him whether they shall plunge themselves into the sea, to prevent at once, by a speedy death, the cruel terrors of that lingering one which seemed inevitably to await them. Robinson, at first, spoke to him affectionately, and endeavoured to re-animate his courage: he, then, mildly reproached him for not putting his trust in the wisdom of Providence, which disposes of every thing for the best; and briefly reminded him of all that he had already taught him upon this subject. "Is it only upon land," said he, "that we are in the hands of the Almighty? Is he not also master of the ocean? If he thinks right, can he not order these waves, which are now so dangerous to us, to carry us to a place of safety? Do you think, that, by throwing yourself into the sea, you could escape from the lot to which he has destined you? Learn, inconsiderate young man, that your immortal soul will, during eternity, be under the boundless empire of the Almighty, and that it cannot hope for happiness, if, rebellious to its sovereign, it counteracts his orders, by contenting violently to break the bonds which unite it to the body."

Friday was sensibly affected with the truth of these wholesome exhortations, and blushed for his own weakness. He immediately took up his oar again, and they both continued to row, although they had not the smallest hope that all their efforts could save them. Robinson said, "We are but doing our duty; for while we have a spark of life remaining, we are bound to do every thing in our power to save it. If we fail, we die with the comfortable assurance that such is the will of the Supreme Being; and his will, my dear friend," added he, raising his voice to a tone of generous animation, "his will is ever wise, even when we, miserable worms, cannot interpret it."

The rapidity of the current continued still the same: they could now see no more of the island than the tops



of the hills ; and now, even of them, they could discover but one, the very highest, and that was lessening to their view very fast : in short, all hope of being saved was vanished.

But when all human assistance fails, when the distress of the unfortunate is at its height, then, my dear children, then comes in aid the powerful hand of Him who governs all things ; and the man who was on the point of perishing, is placed wholly out of danger, by means which he never would have foreseen. This appeared in the present critical moment. Robinson had lost all hope of avoiding a speedy death ; but at the very moment when, exhausted with fatigue, he was obliged to cease rowing, he perceived that the swiftness of the boat's motion abated all at once : he observed also, that the water did not appear so muddy as before ; and, casting his eyes over the surface of the sea, he farther remarked that the current parted into two unequal branches, the largest of which ran violently towards the North, while the other, less rapid, turned short to the South ; and in this latter the canoe happened to take its course.

Transported with joy, he addresses himself to his companion, who was half dead with fear. " Courage, Friday ! It is the will of Heaven that we shall still be preserved ! " And immediately he pointed out to him the circumstances upon which he founded his hope. They both, therefore, took up their oars again, which fatigue had made them let go. Re-animated with the sweet and unexpected hope of escaping from death, they exerted their last efforts to get out of the current, and saw, with infinite satisfaction, that, for once, their labour was not ineffectual. Robinson, who, from a long series of disappointments, was accustomed to let nothing slip his attention, observed, at this moment, that the wind would be of service to them ; he, therefore, quickly unfurled the sail, which, catching the breeze, helped, together with their redoubled exertions in rowing, to carry them very soon out of the current into a smooth sea.

Friday was ready to jump for joy ; he rose up to embrace his master, who, however, begged him to suspend

his transports for a moment, as there remained a good deal still to be done before they could think themselves completely out of danger. In fact, they had been carried out to sea so far, that they could barely perceive their island, like a very small cloud in the farthest extremity of the horizon.

*Henry.* Horizon? What is that?

*Mr. Bill.* When you are in an open country, does not the sky seem, like a great arch, to touch the ground before you, which way soever you turn?

*Henry.* Yes, it does.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, then, the circle which thus bounds our view on all sides, where the earth seems to end and the sky to begin, is called the horizon. You will soon learn more about this.

Our two intrepid sailors rowed with so much perseverance, and a prosperous breeze pushed them on so favourably towards the Eastern coast of the island, for which they were making, that they very soon began to see the mountains again. "Come, my friend," said Robinson to Friday, who sat toward the head of the boat, with his back to the island, "come, Friday, we are near the end of our toil." He had scarce finished these words before the canoe received so violent a shock, that the two rowers were thrown from their seats, and fell down at their length in the bottom of the boat, which now stuck fast, and was soon covered with waves that broke over it.

*Mrs. Bill.* Well, my dear children, I would give up my supper, and, I suppose, you would do the same, to save our poor friend; but it is all over with him. Come, supper is ready in the next room. Nanny has been twice to tell me so.

## TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

*SEVERAL of the Children at once.* Well, papa, let us know quick what is become of poor Robinson.

*Mr. Bill.* You remember, that, at the very moment when he thought himself free from every danger, he fell into a fresh one, of a much more threatening nature than that from which he had just escaped. The canoe stuck fast all at once, and the waves broke over it. If it has struck upon a rock, there is no more to be said—our friends are lost.

Robinson made haste to feel all round the canoe with his oar, and finding no more than about two feet depth of water, and a tolerably hard bottom, he jumped, without more ado, into the sea. Friday did the same, and they both recovered their spirits, on finding that the canoe had struck upon a bank of sand, and not upon a rock. They united their strength to free the boat from the sand, by pushing it towards that side where the water was deepest. They succeeded, and when it was afloat they got into it again.

*Harriet.* But poor Robinson will catch cold—he has wetted his feet.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear, when a man has strengthened his constitution by a simple and laborious life, as Robinson had, he does not so easily catch cold: so do not be uneasy on that account.

*Rich.* We ourselves do not so easily catch cold as formerly. How often had we our feet wet last winter, without feeling the least inconvenience from it?

*Mr. Bill.* A proof that your manner of living has already strengthened you a little.

After they had emptied the boat of the water that was in it, using for that purpose their oars and the hollow of their hands, as well as they could, they resolved to be more careful, and to use only their oars without a sail, that they might be better able to guide the boat at their pleasure. They rowed, therefore, to clear the sand  
bank,

bank, keeping close by the side of it, in hopes of soon coming to its end. This, however, they did not reach till after four hours rowing, to such a length the bank extended from North to South. Robinson remarked that it reached to the very spot where he was shipwrecked nine years before, and, indeed, that this bank was really the same upon which the ship had struck.

*Henry.* Struck, how?

*Rich.* Oh! you are always interrupting.

*Mr. Bill.* He does right in wishing to be informed, and you are wrong, my dear Richard, to take his questions amiss. Do so no more. A ship strikes, Henry, when it comes full against a sand bank, or a rock, from which it cannot disengage itself.

*Henry.* Thank you, papa, for the explanation.

*Mr. Bill.* At length, as they were come into a part of the sea that was open and navigable, they rowed with all their strength to arrive at the island, which they now saw pretty near them. They came up to it just as the sun was setting, and his beams only to be seen upon the tops of the hills; and they landed, quite spent with fatigue, but infinitely pleased to be out of danger.

They had neither of them taken any food the whole day; therefore, without waiting until they should arrive at the cave for a refreshment so absolutely necessary to them, they sat down upon the beach, and ate heartily of the provisions that they had put into the boat. When their meal was ended, they drew up the boat into a creek. You know, I suppose, what that is?

*Rich.* Oh, yes: it is a small opening, as it were, in the shore, somewhat resembling the shape of a bay or gulf.

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, but with this difference, that a bay is much larger, and a gulf still more so.—They drew up their canoe in a creek, and set out for their habitation, carrying back every thing that they had before put aboard the boat.

*Edw.* Come, the story is not quite finished yet.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson and Friday are gone to bed. Friday is by this time fast asleep; Robinson, after returning God hearty thanks for this fresh instance of preservation, is preparing also to compose himself to rest. We might

might very well do the same, but as it is not late, I will tell you what happened the next day.

Robinson, at breakfast time, spoke to his companion thus: "Well, Friday, do you find yourself disposed to make a second attempt with me to-day, like that which we made yesterday?"

*Frid.* Heaven forbid!

*Rob.* Then you are determined to spend your days with me in this island?

*Frid.* Ah! if my father was here with us!

*Rob.* Then your father is still alive?

*Frid.* Unless he has died since I left him.

Here Friday, who was deeply affected, let fall the potatoe that he held in his hand, and, sitting motionless, he shed a flood of tears. Nor could Robinson contain his, when he thought of his parents. Lost in the tender recollection of former scenes, they both maintained a long and deep silence.

*Rob.* Be comforted, Friday; your father is probably still alive. We will go and find him out the first convenient day, and bring him hither.

This was joyful news for Friday: it put him almost beside himself: his exclamations, his attitudes, were such as expressed the transports of his joy: he falls at Robinson's feet to thank him, but, in the fulness of his heart, he is not able to utter a word.

*Mrs. Bill.* Ah, my dear children, what an admirable pattern is this of filial love in a savage, who has received no education, no instruction from his father; who is indebted to him for nothing but barely life, and even that a life which is really miserable.

*Mr. Bill.* So true it is that God has engraven in the hearts of all men principles of affection and gratitude to their parents. Alas! what a horrible monster must that man be, if it were possible for such to exist amongst us civilized beings, who should stifle in his heart these first workings of nature, who should feel no more than indifference for his parents, and who should knowingly give them cause of sorrow and vexation! If ever you meet with such a monster, my dear children, remain not with him under the same roof; avoid him, he is the pest of society; he is capable of the most dreadful crimes, and  
will

will not fail to experience the terrible effects of heavenly vengeance.

When the transports of Friday's joy were a little calmed, Robinson asked him if he knew the passage over to his father's island so well as to be certain, that if they undertook it, they should not be exposed to dangers like those which they had experienced the day before. Friday assured him that he knew the passage perfectly, and would undertake it with confidence even by night; that he had sailed it several times with his countrymen, when they came to this island to feast after their victories.

*Rob.* Then you were amongst them when they killed men and ate them?

*Frid.* Certainly.

*Rob.* And you took your share with them too?

*Frid.* Alas! I knew not that there was any harm in it.

*Rob.* On which side of the island did you generally land?

*Frid.* Always on the South side, as being nearest to our island, and also because cocoa-nuts are to be found there in plenty.

This was an additional proof to Robinson that he had good cause to thank God for having suffered him to be shipwrecked rather upon the Northern coast than the Southern, as in this latter case, he would soon have fallen a prey to the savages. He then repeated his promise to Friday that he would shortly cross over with him to his island, and endeavour to find his father. He made him sensible, however, that this was not to be done immediately, as the present season was precisely the season for working in the garden, and this important business would by no means permit them to be absent.

They, therefore, set about this work without delay. Robinson and Friday strove to surpass each other in the art of digging. During the intervals of rest, they employed themselves in finding out means to improve their gardening tools. Robinson, whose patience and invention were equally inexhaustible, succeeded in making a rake, though he had no more than a sharp-pointed stone to make the holes which were to receive the teeth: from  
the

the nature of the instrument that he used, one may guess how long he was in making them. Friday, for his part, contrived with a sharp stone to make two spades of so very hard a wood, that they were nearly of the same strength and effect as if they had been made of iron.

Robinson was not content with providing merely for his wants; he thought of making some improvements about his habitation, and, by degrees, of ornamenting it. Such, my dear children, has ever been the natural consequence of the progress of the arts. While men were obliged to think of nothing but the means of providing for their subsistence and security, they had not the least idea of cultivating those arts which serve merely to adorn the objects that surround them, or to procure them pleasures more refined than those which they enjoy in common with other animals; but no sooner were they assured of their subsistence and safety, than they sought to unite the agreeable with the necessary, the beautiful with the useful. Hence arose, and were gradually brought to perfection, architecture, sculpture, painting, and all the other arts known by the general denomination of *the fine arts*.

Robinson began by improving and ornamenting his garden. He divided it regularly into different quarters by pretty broad walks, which he marked out with a line. He planted hedge-rows, and made summer-houses and dark walks. One quarter was designed for a flower garden, another for a kitchen garden, and the third for an orchard. This last he enriched with all the best of the young lemon-trees that he found scattered over the island, besides a variety of other young trees, which he grafted with scions from the bread-tree. I had forgot to tell you, that in one of his walks he had discovered a second tree of this species. Friday, who was present at the operation of grafting, could not sufficiently express his surprise; he had no idea of the intent of it, and would have doubted its success, had any other person but Robinson mentioned it to him.

They planted potatoes and sowed maize, both in great quantities; and, as the soil had probably lain fallow since the creation of the world, whatever they sowed sprung

sprung up as favourably as they could wish and brought them a plentiful crop.

At times they went a fishing with the nets which Friday had made during the rainy season, and always caught more of the finny tribe than they could consume: they, therefore, released those which they thought superfluous, throwing them back into their own element. “ It is abusing God’s gifts,” Robinson sensibly observed, “ to grasp at more than is necessary to satisfy our wants; and it is an odious cruelty to take away the lives of harmless animals, when we are about to use them for our nourishment.”

After fishing they generally bathed. Robinson could not sufficiently admire Friday’s cleverness in swimming and diving. He commonly chose some steep rock against which the waves broke. He would cast himself headlong from the top of this rock into the sea, remain some minutes under water, and by the time that Robinson was become uneasy about him, he would pop his head up all at once, and then throw himself into a thousand different positions: now stretched on his back, he let the waves roll him about; at another time—but, were I to tell you the particulars of his performance, it would almost appear incredible to you. On these occasions Robinson reflected with admiration upon the surprising diversity of men’s natural dispositions, capable, in a manner, of arriving at any perfection, if rightly exercised from their infancy.

Sometimes they went a fowling or hunting. Friday was no less skilled in using the bow and arrow than in making them. They killed birds and young lamas, but never more than were requisite for their table. Robinson, I observed before, considered as a very blameable degree of cruelty the odious passion of killing any animal whatsoever for mere amusement, and without a view to conveniency.

Whatever superiority Robinson might have over Friday with respect to understanding and industry, the latter, in his turn, was possessed of much skill and dexterity, to which his master had hitherto been a stranger, but which, however, were of infinite service to them. He had the art of making, out of bones, shells, stones, &c.

all



all sorts of tools, which he used very dexterously in carving wood, the work of which seemed almost as well executed as if it had been cut with iron. For instance, having found a long bone, he made a chisel of it; of a branch of coral he made a rasp; a knife he made out of a shell, and a file of a fish's skin. With these tools he provided for their apartment many little pieces of furniture, which contributed to render their situation much more commodious.

The art of reducing the fruit of the bread-tree into a kind of paste or dough, was of the greatest importance. This paste was as nourishing as our bread, and had nearly the same taste. The savages use this paste raw, but Robinson gave it a little toasting on the fire, which made it eat as agreeable as any bread.

He learned, also, from Friday, the use of the chocolate-nuts, which having formerly found in one of his excursions, he had brought home a small stock of them for trial. When they were roasted before the fire, they afforded a food very agreeable to the taste, and as wholesome as it was nourishing.

Robinson, who was fond of making experiments, pounded a few handfuls of these nuts between two flat stones, and, having reduced them to powder, he boiled them with milk. What an agreeable surprize! The moment he tasted it he knew it to be chocolate.

*Henry.* Ay!

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, like our chocolate in every respect, but that he had no sugar with it. Thus every day Robinson found new resources to supply his wants and gratify his palate. But I must say, to his praise, that he persevered nevertheless in his resolution and habit of living temperately, and of confining himself to the plainest sorts of food.

From this time they began to undertake longer and more frequent excursions all over the island, particularly when they observed that the wind was unfavourable for the savages to come over. In these excursions they made several discoveries which they easily turned to their advantage.

When their work in the garden was finished, they fixed upon a day to go in quest of Friday's father; but  
the

the nearer the time approached, the more Robinson's anxiety encreased. "What if these savages," said he to himself, "should treat you as an enemy? What if they should pay no regard to any thing that Friday could say? In short, what if you should fall a prey to their monstrous appetites?" He could not help communicating all these apprehensions to his friend. Friday protested to him, by every thing the most sacred, that these fears were ill founded; that he knew his countrymen well enough to assure him that they were incapable of using those ill who were not their enemies. Robinson was convinced that Friday would by no means speak so positively, if there was the smallest room for doubt. He, therefore, banished all fear and suspicion, depended upon Friday's good faith, and resolved to set sail the very next day.

With this intention they again floated their canoe, which had been drawn up on the beach, and moored it to a stake fixed in the ground. The same evening they roasted a quantity of potatoes, and prepared other provisions, intending to lay in a stock for at least eight days. Friday shewed upon this occasion that he was not ignorant in the art of cookery. As they had just killed a young lama, he proposed to his master a method of roasting it whole in less time than they could on the spit, and he engaged that its flesh should eat more tender and juicy when dressed after this manner. He went to work thus.

He dug a hole in the ground about two feet deep; this he filled with several layers alternately of dry wood and flat stones. Here he made the fire, over which he held the lama, to singe it, or burn its hair entirely off: he then scraped it with a shell, and made it as clean as if it had been scalded in boiling water. With the same shell he cut it open, and then took out the bowels. In the mean time the wood was burnt to charcoal, the hole was completely heated, and the stones red hot. He took out the wood and the stones as fast as possible, only leaving as many of the latter as were sufficient to cover the bottom of the hole. On these stones he spread a layer of leaves of the cocoa-nut-tree, and on these leaves placed the lama, which he covered again with other leaves;

leaves; and, lastly, over these he laid what remained of the hot stones. The whole was covered with earth.

When they took up the lama after it had lain there some hours, Robinson was curious to taste it, which he did, and found that the meat of it was really more tender, more juicy, and more savoury than if it had been roasted on the spit. From that time, therefore, he constantly used this method.

*Rich.* It is exactly the same way that the people of Otaheité bake their dogs.

*Mr. Bill.* Very true.

*Geo.* Their dogs? Do they eat their dogs?

*Rich.* Certainly. We read of them last winter. Captain Cook's people tasted some of the flesh of their dogs drest in this manner, and found it excellent.

*Harriet.* Excellent indeed!

*Mr. Bill.* You know, I suppose, that these dogs do not feed as ours; they do not eat flesh, but fruits; so that the meat of them may taste quite different from the flesh of our dogs.

Well, children, all the preparations for the voyage are made. Let our two voyagers rest for this night, and to-morrow evening we shall see what may have happened to them.

---

## TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

**R**OBINSON and Friday night have been asleep about half an hour, when the former was suddenly awakened by a violent storm, which began and was at the height almost in the same instant. The roaring of the wind was dreadful, and the earth shook with repeated claps of thunder. "Do you hear this?" said Robinson to Friday, awaking him. "Heavens!" replied he, "what would have become of us if we had been surprised at sea in such weather?" Just at that moment they heard the report of a gun at a great distance.

Friday

Friday thought it was thunder; Robinson was firmly persuaded that a gun had been fired, and this belief filled him with joy. He starts up from bed, runs to the fireplace, bids Friday follow him, snatches up a burning piece of wood, and mounts his ladder of ropes. Friday followed his master's example, without knowing what his intentions were.

Robinson made haste to kindle a large fire upon the top of the hillock, to signify to the people at sea in distress that they would find a safe refuge upon that island; for he had not the least doubt that there was some ship in distress near at hand, and that the report of the gun which he had heard was a signal of their danger. But scarce had the fire begun to blaze up before there came such a shower of rain as put it out in a moment. Robinson and Friday were obliged to hasten to the cave, for fear of being carried away by the water, which ran in floods. The whistling of the wind, the roaring of the loud bursts of thunder, all sound with redoubled tumult; and though, in the midst of this tremendous agitation of the elements, Robinson thought he could distinguish now and then some reports of cannon, yet he doubted whether they might not be the bursting of thunder at a distance. However, notwithstanding his doubts, he indulged himself with the flattering thought that there might be a ship near at hand, the captain of which, if he escaped the danger of this dreadful storm, might take him and his faithful Friday on board, and carry them to Europe. Ten times he attempted to light the fire, and ten times the rain put it out. All that remained in his power to do for the unfortunate people who were struggling against shipwreck and death, he did: he prayed for them with the greatest devotion.

*Rich.* He was not afraid, then, of the storm, as formerly?

*Mr. Bill.* No; you see him now perfectly cured of that senseless fear. But how was this cure wrought?

*Rich.* By his having a clear conscience, which reproached him with no crime.

*Mr. Bill.* Right; and, moreover, by a firm persuasion that the Almighty is a being of the purest benevolence, and that, consequently, nothing happens to those  
who

who are endowed with true piety and virtue but what conduces finally to their greatest happiness.—It was day-break before the storm ceased. As soon as it was clear, Robinson, suspended between hope and fear, went to the sea-side, accompanied by Friday, to ascertain whether his conjectures were well or ill founded. But the first discovery that they made filled Robinson with grief, and almost plunged Friday into despair. The wind had driven their boat out to sea. It would have melted any one with compassion to be witness of Friday's excessive grief, when he saw himself disappointed in the pleasing hope of soon returning to his father. His natural complexion forsook his face, and was succeeded by a ghastly paleness: he could not utter a single word; his eyes were mournfully fixed upon the ground; his whole body was agitated as if his soul were striving to part from it, and to break the bonds which held them united. Suddenly his grief bursts forth in a flood of tears, and he beats his breast and tears his hair, sobbing all the while as if his heart would break.

Robinson had learned, from his own misfortunes, to feel for those of others, and particularly to calm and soothe the sorrows of the afflicted. He was touched with Friday's excess of grief; he felt for his situation, and endeavoured to comfort him by exhortations full of tenderness and good sense. "Who knows," said he, "whether the loss of our canoe may not be for our advantage? Or who can tell of what service this storm, which has carried away our boat, may be in its consequences either to us or to others?" "What service!" said Friday, tartly; "it has deprived us of our canoe, that is all."

"Because neither you nor I, narrow-minded, short-sighted beings as we are, can perceive any other effect of the storm than the loss of our canoe, do you suppose that God, whose wisdom is unbounded, had no other purpose in view when he stirred up this tempest? How can thy feeble understanding dare to judge of and limit the infinite designs of Omnipotence!" "That is right," said Friday, "in a general view; but, as to us in particular, of what service can the storm be to us?" "You must not ask me that question. Nothing less than

than omniscience can comprehend the boundless plans of that Being who rules the Universe. I may, indeed, exhaust myself in conjectures, but who will satisfy me whether they are just or not? Perhaps there might have been raised or gathered over our island so great a quantity of dangerous exhalations, that nothing less than such a storm could disperse them, and thus preserve us either from some violent distemper or even from death itself. Perhaps this boat, the loss of which grieves us so much, might only have served to convey us to our ruin. Perhaps—But why all these perhapesses? Is it not sufficient for us to know that it is God who raises and lays the tempest at his will, and that in him all creatures have a wise and tender father?"

Friday, recovering his composure, was ashamed of his error, repented of his murmurs, and submitted to the decree of Providence. In the mean time, Robinson did not cease to cast his eyes round to every part of the vast ocean that was open to his view; he could not help looking out for some vessel; but there was not the smallest appearance of one. He concluded, therefore, that he had been mistaken, and that what he had supposed to be the report of guns had certainly been thunder. Grieved at the thought of giving up so agreeable a hope, he returned sorrowfully towards his habitation.

But even here he was not at ease: his fancy still ran upon a vessel at anchor near the island. He went up, therefore, to the top of the hillock, from whence there was a full view of all the Western coast, but he could discern nothing that flattered his hopes. Still vexed and uneasy, he went to a very high hill, from the top of which he could view the Eastern coast, and climbing with all speed up to the summit, he casts his eyes round the sea—But heavens! what is his joy when he discovers that he has not been mistaken!

*The Children.* Oh dear!

*Mr. Bil.* He sees a ship, and, notwithstanding the distance, he sees it so distinctly as to be convinced that it is one, and of pretty large burthen. You will excuse me, my dears, if I forbear attempting to describe the excessive transports of his joy. He flies like lightning to his

his cave, and arrives quite out of breath. He snatches up his arms, without which he never went to any great distance, and unable to say any more to Friday, who was astonished to see him in such a hurry, than these words, "There they are! quick! quick!" he remounts the ladder of ropes, and sets off again with the utmost precipitation.

From his master's hurry and confusion, and the few words that he spoke, Friday supposed the savages to be at hand; taking up his arms, therefore, he followed him with all speed.

They had at least twelve miles to go before they came to that part of the shore off which the vessel seemed to lie at anchor; nor did Friday learn the cause of his master's hurry until he arrived at this spot. Robinson shewed him the ship at a distance. Friday could not conceal his astonishment; for, notwithstanding the distance, he guessed it must be at least a hundred times bigger than any thing which he had ever seen of the kind.

Robinson expressed his joy in a thousand different ways; sometimes he danced, sometimes he embraced Friday with tears in his eyes, and congratulated the good fortune of both. Now, indeed, they should set off for Europe, and come to England! Now Friday should see how the people live in that country! what houses they inhabit, and how they pass their time in peace, enjoying all the conveniencies and pleasures of life! Thus he ran on without stopping, and would perhaps have talked for an hour, had he not recollected, that to lose the precious time in useless words was now particularly unreasonable, and that he ought, by every method in his power, to endeavour to make himself visible to the people in the ship. But how was this to be done? Here was what puzzled him.

He endeavoured to make them hear him, but to no purpose, though the wind had changed during the storm, and blew, at present, off the island towards the ship. He then begged his friend to make a fire directly, which might be seen by the people on board. This was quickly done; and they kindled a blaze that rose as high as the tops of the trees. He had his eyes constantly fixed upon the ship, expecting every moment to see them  
lower

lower a boat, and send it towards the shore. But his expectations were all in vain.

At last, as the fire had been lighted now more than an hour without any appearance of a boat, Friday offered to swim to the ship, notwithstanding its distance, and invite the crew to come on shore. Robinson joyfully consented to this, on condition, however, that he should take care not to expose himself rashly, nor neglect any thing for the preservation of his life. Immediately Friday strips off his cloaths of matting, cuts a branch, and, holding it between his teeth, springs boldly into the waves. Robinson accompanied him with his eyes and most friendly wishes.

*Charlotte.* But why the branch, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* A green branch is, among the savages, a sign of peace. He who approaches them with a bough in his hand, has nothing to fear from them. It was for his security, therefore, that Friday took this precaution.

He arrived safe at the vessel, and swam round it twice or thrice, calling the people, but nobody answered. Perceiving the ladder at the ship's side, he went up by it, holding the branch in his hand.

When he was high enough to see all over the deck, he was frightened at the sight of an animal, such as he had never seen in his life; it was covered with black woolly hair, and as soon as it saw Friday, it uttered such noises as perfectly surprised him. However, it soon ceased crying out, and appeared so mild and so engaging, that Friday was now no longer afraid of it: the creature approached in a manner so humble, and crept along wagging its tail and whining so plaintively, that Friday supposed it to be entreating his help and protection. When it had crept close up to him, and stopped, Friday ventured to pat it, and the creature seemed transported with joy. Friday walked all over the deck, calling the people, but nobody appeared. While he was lost in admiration of the many surprising objects that he saw on the deck, and was standing with his back to the hatch-way, he received, all of a sudden, so violent a blow behind, that he fell flat on his face. Getting up in a great fright, he looks round him, and stands petrified with



with consternation, on beholding a creature of a pretty large size, with crooked horns, and a long bushy beard, rearing itself upon its hind legs, and preparing, with a threatening air, to make a second attack upon him. Friday roared out as loud as he was able, and jumped into the sea.

The first of these animals, which was black, and which I need not name, as, no doubt, you know what it is, from the description that I have given you of it—

*Rich.* Oh! it was a water spaniel.

*Mr. Bill.* You have guessed it. The spaniel, in imitation of Friday, jumps also into the water, and swims after him. Friday, hearing the noise of something that fell into the water behind him, imagined the horned monster to be pursuing him. He was so terrified at the thought, that he was scarce able to swim, and ran great danger of drowning: a fresh instance from which we see how hurtful the passion of fear is, since it hurries us into dangers to which we should never be exposed, if we did not suffer ourselves to be overpowered by it.

He did not even dare to look behind him: however, after he had a little recovered from his fright, he swam so fast that the spaniel could scarcely keep up with him. When he reached the shore, being unable to speak, he fell down quite spent at Robinson's feet. The spaniel landed a few minutes after.

Robinson spared no pains to bring his faithful companion to himself. He rubbed his temples, shook him, and called him aloud by his name. But it was some time before Friday opened his eyes and spoke. As soon as he was able, he began to relate the terrible adventure that had happened to him; how the ship appeared to him a great mountain of wood, on which stood up three large trees (meaning the masts); how the black creature had shewn him a thousand marks of fondness; and how the monster with the beard and horns had attempted to kill him: lastly, he added, that he believed the monster to be master of the floating mountain of wood, as he saw no man on it.

Robinson listened to him with a good deal of surprise. The horned monster he supposed to be a goat.

As to the ship, he concluded that it was fast upon a rock or sand bank, and that the crew, fearing to be wrecked, had quitted it, and taken to their boats for safety, but he could not conceive what was become of them. If they had reached the island, the spot where he then stood with Friday was the most likely place for their landing; but he could perceive no traces of them. If they had perished, yet either their bodies or their boats, or both, would, in all probability, have been thrown upon some part of the shore. However, at length, he recollected that the wind had changed during the storm, and, from an Easterly gale, had shifted suddenly to the West. This circumstance seemed to explain to him what he found so much difficulty in comprehending at first.

“Certainly,” said he to himself, “the people who took to their boats, must have been driven by the Westerly gale from reaching this shore; the wind must have carried them Eastward; so that, perhaps, they have perished in the open sea; perhaps they were carried away by some current; or, perhaps, before the shifting of the wind, they might have touched on one of the islands to the Westward. Heaven grant that this last conjecture be true!” cried he, with a sigh. And he communicated his opinion to Friday, who thought it not improbable.

“But what are we to do?” said Robinson. “Whether the crew have perished, or are only tossed about by the winds, in either case we can do nothing better than unload the ship of whatever effects we can move. But how are we to attempt this now that we have no canoe?” At that moment he felt for the loss of his canoe almost as much as Friday had a few hours before; he thought of every method possible either to replace it, or to substitute something else in its room; but he was a long time without hitting upon any thing that would answer. To build another canoe, would take up too much time. To swim to the ship, was an attempt that he durst not undertake on account of the distance. Besides, what could he expect to save by doing so?

*Rich.* I know very well what I would have done.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, what would you have done?

*Rich.* I would have made a raft.

*Mr. Bill.* That was precisely the idea that struck Robinson at last. "A raft," said he to himself, "will be soonest made."

*Henry.* Now, what is a raft?

*Rich.* A raft is a number of beams tied close together, so that one can walk upon them, and this will carry you upon the water as well as a boat.

*Mr. Bill.* You are very right; and just such a raft did Robinson intend to make to carry him to the ship, that he might save whatever goods he could bring away. It was resolved that one of them should go to the cave, and bring back provisions for a day, as well as all the cordage and tools that he should find. As Friday was the more active of the two, he was charged with this business; and while he performed it, Robinson cut down trees proper for the raft.

Friday could not be back before night-fall: in the mean time Robinson was much delighted with the spaniel, for which he felt a kind regard as coming from Europe.

The spaniel, for its part, seemed perfectly happy in meeting with so good a master, and played a number of amusing tricks before Robinson. At Friday's return, Robinson gave the spaniel part of his supper, though this was the first food that he had tasted himself the whole day. Luckily it happened to be a moon-light night; they both, therefore, worked without ceasing till near midnight, when they found themselves so overpowered with sleep, that they could no longer resist its approaches.

*Edw.* I do not wonder at that; they had not slept the whole night before.

*Geo.* Besides, they had been stirring about so much all the day, especially Friday.

*Mr. Bill.* They lay down upon the grass, and the spaniel at their feet, as their guard. Thus, till the return of the dawn, they refreshed their bodies, and gathered new strength in sound and undisturbed repose.

## TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

*MR. BILL.* Scarce had the ruddy morning begun to appear in the Eastern part of the horizon, when the wakeful Robinson roused his companion to go on with the work which they had begun the day before. They worked so incessantly the whole day, that the raft was finished that very evening.

They had joined a double row of trunks of trees together in such a manner with cords and willow twigs, that it formed, as it were, a solid floor, fit to lie even on the water, and about twenty feet long, with nearly the same breadth. They had also been careful to construct this raft upon rollers close to the beach, that they might the more easily set it afloat without loss of time.

Fortunately, the tide was on the ebb about break of day. They did not delay a moment in launching their raft, that they might have the advantage of the ebb, which, like a current, would carry them out towards the ship. They push off, are now upon the open sea, and in less than half an hour come along-side of the ship.

What were Robinson's feelings when he approached this European vessel! He would have kissed it, and glued his lips to every part of it if possible! That it came from Europe, was built, manned, and conveyed thither by Europeans, were circumstances which could not fail to render it dear to him. But, alas! these Europeans themselves had disappeared—perhaps had been swallowed up by the waves; an afflicting surmise to Robinson, who would cheerfully have sacrificed half of the days that he had still to live, on condition of finding the crew, and setting sail with them for Europe. But as he was obliged to give up this hope, it only remained for him now to save as much of the goods out of the ship as he could for his own use.

*Geo.* But could he take possession of goods that did not belong to him?

*Mr. Bill.* What think you, Richard, could he do so?

*Rich.*

*Rich.* He might, to be sure, take them out of the ship, and carry them ashore; but if the owners appeared, he was obliged to restore them.

*Mr. Bill.* Thus justice decrees certainly. If he did not take out the goods, they would be spoiled by degrees in the sea-water; he had, therefore, some right to the use of them; he might, without any scruple, take to himself whatever he found most necessary, and keep it, looking upon it as a recompense, which the owners, if ever they appeared, could not justly refuse him for the trouble that he had taken in saving the remainder of the cargo.

As to what concerns shipwrecks in general, the following customs are observed in some civilized states. The shipwrecked goods are generally divided into three parts; the first for the owners, if living, or, if not, for their heirs; the second is given to those who have saved the goods; and the last belongs to the sovereign of the country.

*Edw.* The sovereign! Why has he a share?

*Mr. Bill.* That is a question to which I cannot, at present, give you a very satisfactory answer; however, I will inform you of every thing on the subject that is within your comprehension. The prince or sovereign of the country, by whatever title he is styled, maintains upon his coasts a number of persons who are obliged, by their station to look after shipwrecked goods, that none of them be carried off, but that whatever is saved may be lodged in a place of security. Without this precaution, the merchant, to whom the cargo belongs, would seldom recover any part of it, because the goods would always be either stolen or spoiled. Now, as the sovereign is at the charge of maintaining these people, it is but just that he should be indemnified by those who reap the advantage of so expensive an establishment. For this reason, it has been regulated in some countries, that the third part of shipwrecked goods should belong to the sovereign of the place.

Consequently, Robinson was authorized to appropriate to himself two-thirds of the goods that he might be able to recover out of the ship, and to apply them

to whatever use should seem best to him, as being his lawful property.

*Riz.* Two thirds?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes; one-third for his pains and trouble, and the other, as being the only lawful sovereign of the island, in which the vessel had been wrecked.

*Riz.* But who made him sovereign of the island?

*Mr. Bill.* Common sense. A country, like any thing else, which has no owner naturally belongs to him who first takes possession of it; and such was exactly the case here.

When Robinson was a little recovered from the excess of joy which he felt at the sight of an European ship, his first wish was that it might not prove to be damaged, but capable of being set afloat. In this case he was resolved to embark in it with Friday, and set sail, if not for Europe, at least for some European colony in South America, or the West Indies, notwithstanding the danger of being on the open sea in a ship without sufficient hands to work it, and without having the knowledge of navigation which a sea-voyage requires. He sailed round the ship on his raft, and examined the depth of water about it, but had the mortification to be convinced that he must never expect to see it afloat again.

The storm had lodged it between two rocks, where it was jammed in so fast, that there was not the least possibility of moving it one way or the other, and it was likely to remain in its present situation until the force of the waves should disengage it by dashing it in pieces. Disappointed in all his hopes for the preservation of the ship, Robinson hastened aboard to examine the cargo, and see whether that was damaged. Friday still remembered his fright so strongly, that he could scarce persuade himself to accompany his master upon deck. He ventured, however, at last, though not without trembling, as the first object that met his eyes was the terrible horned monster.

But he was no longer so fierce as before: he was lain down, and seemed exceedingly weak and hardly able to rise. The fact was, that, for three days past, nobody being at hand to give him his usual food, he had received  
little

little, or no nourishment. Robinson, who suspected this to be the case the moment he saw the animal's enfeebled state, made it his first care to seek for something to appease its hunger. As he was very well acquainted with the inside of a ship, he was not long in finding what he sought, and had the pleasure to see the great voracity with the greatest eagerness what he brought it; while Friday, for his part, could never sufficiently admire the odd figure of the animal, as he thought it, having never seen any thing like it before.

Robinson began next to take a survey of the ship; he went from deck to deck, and from cabin to cabin, and found every where a thousand things, which, in Europe, one would scarce think worth looking at, but which to him were of infinite importance. In one part was a stock of biscuit, rice, flour, corn, wine, gunpowder, balls and shot; in another place were ship-cannon, muskets, pistols, swords, hangers, and cutlasses; elsewhere there were hatchets, saws, pincers, gimblets, rasps, planes, hammers, iron bars, nails, knives, scissars, needles, and pins. Farther on, he sees pots, porringers, plates, spoons, tongs, bellows, fire-shovels, and other kitchen utensils, some of wood, others of iron, tin, and copper. Lastly, he finds chests full of cloaths, linen, stockings, shoes, boots, and a number of other things, for any single one of which, if it had been offered to him for sale, Robinson would freely have given his lump of gold, which he had long since forgotten.

Friday was lost in amaze at the sight of so many objects, all equally unknown to him, and the uses of which he could not so much as guess. Robinson, on the other hand, could not contain himself; he wept for joy: like a child, he touched every thing, snatched up every thing, but laid it down as soon as he saw any thing else that he liked better. He was going, at last, down to the hold, but found a considerable quantity of water in it; a proof that there was a leak in the ship's bottom.

He considered what he had best carry ashore in this his first trip, and found some difficulty in making his choice. Now he thought one thing most indispensably necessary, now another, and frequently rejects what he had just preferred, and makes it give place to another, which is

also rejected in its turn. At length, however, his choice was fixed upon the following objects, as being to him the most valuable of any that he could carry away: 1st. two barrels, one of gunpowder, the other of shot; 2d. two muskets, two brace of pistols, two hangers, and two cutlasses; 3d. two suits of cloaths, complete, for himself and Friday; 4th. two dozen of shirts; 5th. two hatchets, two saws, two planes, two iron bars, some hammers, and several other iron tools; 6th. some books, paper, pens, and ink; 7th. a tinder box, with matches, flint, and steel; 8th. a hoghead of biscuit; 9th. some pieces of sail cloth; 10th. and last, the goat.

*Henry.* The goat? Oh! he could have done without the goat.

*Mr. Bill.* That is very true, Henry; but the goat could not so well have done without him. Robinson was too compassionate to leave the poor creature exposed to the danger of perishing with the ship, which might be sunk before he came back. Besides, there was room for her (for it was a she-goat) on the raft after it had been loaded with every thing that seemed to claim his greatest regard. No! he did not forget the poor goat—he carried her with him.

But he disdained to take many articles which in Europe would have been eagerly seized the first of all. A barrel of gold dust, and a casket of the most valuable diamonds, he found amongst the captain's effects, but was in no wise tempted to take them away, as they could not possibly be of any service to him.

He had employed so much time in examining the ship, in opening and emptying the chests, in indulging his joy and admiration, in choosing and placing upon the raft what he had a mind to carry away, that, when all was done, he had only an hour to spare before the tide would begin to flow again. They were obliged to take the advantage of it; for, without the flow of the tide, they would hardly be able to gain the shore. Robinson spent this hour in dining after the European fashion, which he had not done for a long time before.

He brought out, therefore, a piece of hung beef, a few herrings, some biscuit, butter, cheese, and a bottle of wine, and laid the whole upon a table in the cabin.

Friday



Friday and he sat down upon chairs. The very circumstance of dining at a table, sitting on chairs, having plates, helping themselves with knives and forks; in short, of making a meal with the advantage of so many European conveniencies, gave Robinson a pleasure that it would be impossible to express: not to mention the victuals, particularly the bread, which had been so often in vain, the object of his wishes. You cannot imagine how delicious they tasted to his palate. One should, like him, be deprived for nine years successively of all those sorts of food, and all those conveniencies, in order to conceive, in its full extent, the luxury that he enjoys.

Friday, who knew nothing of the European manner of eating, was very much puzzled in handling his knife, and still more his fork. Robinson shewed him how to use them; but Friday, endeavouring to imitate him, and to put a bit of meat into his mouth with the fork, from pure habit lifted up his hand with the handle of the fork to his lips, while the piece of meat went off towards his ear. Robinson having made Friday taste the wine, he firmly refused to drink any of it: accustomed, as he was, to spring water, his palate could not bear the fiery strength of a fermented liquor. The biscuit on the other hand, was quite to his taste.

The tide now beginning to flow, they get upon the raft, push off, and are carried gently towards the island. In a short time they come to shore, and hasten to land the goods with which the raft was loaded.

Friday was very curious to know the meaning of all those things, and their uses. To satisfy his curiosity, Robinson goes out of sight behind a bush, and dresses himself in a shirt, stockings, and shoes, together with an officer's uniform complete; then, putting a laced hat upon his head, and a sword by his side, he comes, all at once, and shews himself to Friday. Seized with astonishment, Friday starts back a few paces, doubting, at first sight, whether it were really his master, or some being above the human species. Robinson could not help laughing at his amazement; he held his hand out to him in a friendly manner, assuring him that he was still the same, still his friend Robinson, though he

had undergone a change of dress, and, in some measure, of fortune. He gave him a suit of sailor's cloaths, shewed him the use of each part, and desired him also to retire behind the thicket and change his dress.

Friday went accordingly; but how long was he dressing! and how many trials did he make! He put on each part of the dress wrong: for instance, he put his two legs through the sleeves of the shirt, ran his two arms into the breeches, covered his head with the feet of them, and tried to button the jacket behind. What awkward attempts at dressing! However, he was fortunate enough to correct all his mistakes, and, at length dressed himself properly at all points.

He jumped for joy, like a child, when he saw how well he was clothed, how convenient and easy this dress was to the body, and how proper to defend him from the stings of muskitoes. The shoes alone, were disagreeable to him; he thought them inconvenient and useless. He begged leave, therefore, to put them off, and Robinson gave him full permission to do in that respect whatever he pleased.

He also shewed him the use of the hatchets and several other tools, with which he was quite delighted. They began to make immediate use of them, in cutting a mast for their raft, that, with the help of a sail, they might, for the future, be able to go to and from the ship without being obliged to wait for the ebb and flow of the tide. Robinson undertook this task alone, and sent Friday to his dwelling-place to milk the lamas, which they had neglected for two days past.

During his absence, Robinson loaded one of the muskets. He proposed to have the pleasure of surprising his friend with the astonishing effects of gunpowder. As Friday, at his return, was admiring the dispatch with which Robinson had finished his work, the latter perceived a sea-gull flying away with a fish that he had seized out of the water. He snatches up his musket, and says to Friday, "Do you see that sea-gull? He shall fall this moment." And so saying, he levels at the bird, draws the trigger, and fires. The sea-gull falls.

Imagine, if you can, Friday's terror and surprize. He fell down as if it were himself that had been shot. Immediately

mediately his old superstition revived concerning *Toupan*, who produces the thunder. Astonished and confused as he was, he took his master for *Toupan*. He raised himself up on his knees, and held out his hands in a trembling and suppliant manner, towards Robinson, without being able to utter a single word.

Robinson was far from making a joke of any thing that concerned religion, though ever so erroneous. The moment, therefore, that he suspected Friday's superstitious notions, he was vexed that he had not previously informed him of what he was going to do when he fired, and, therefore, hastened to clear up his mistake. He raised him in a friendly manner, embraced him affectionately, bid him take courage and cease trembling; and added, that he would teach him, in a moment, how to make the same thunder and lightning; for there was nothing but what was perfectly natural in every thing he had seen and heard. He explained to him the nature and effects of gunpowder; shewed him the construction of the gun; and, loading it in his presence, gave it to him, that he might fire it off. But Friday was still in too great a fright, and begged Robinson to try the experiment in his stead. He, therefore, set up a mark about a hundred yards off, and fired, while Friday stood by his side.

He was very near falling a second time, so terrible did what he saw and heard appear to him. There were several grains of shot in the mark, which had entered pretty deeply into the wood. Robinson, having remarked this to him, made him perceive how secure they must be for the future against all attacks of the savages, while they had this artificial thunder and lightning in their power. What he was now witness to, and what he had seen in the ship, inspired him with so profound a veneration for Europeans in general, and Robinson in particular, that for some days he could not recover that air of familiarity which he had usually kept up with his friend. Night coming on put an end to the agreeable labours of this happy day.

## TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

*MR. BILL*, I suppose it will be agreeable to you, my dear children, if I begin directly, and without any preface, upon our friend Robinson's affairs.

He had not ever since his coming to the island enjoyed a more agreeable night's rest than the last, because he had not seen himself so happy as at present; and never was man more touched with love and gratitude towards his Supreme Benefactor, to whom he was indebted for this happiness. How often, when alone, did he offer up his thanks, in the most respectful posture, to the Heavenly Disposer of all Things, for the blessings that he had vouchsafed him! Nor was he content with feeling these sentiments of gratitude himself, he endeavoured also to communicate them to Friday. With this view, he taught him, before they went to rest, a prayer of thanksgiving, which they both repeated with softened and grateful hearts, to the praise of the Supreme Being, the Universal Father of Nature.

The next morning they rose pretty early, and carried all their goods into a coppice, where they covered them with boughs of trees to secure them from the rain if it should fall, and then set off with the first ebb to return to the wreck.

I forgot to tell you that they had provided themselves with cars, so that this trip was made in much less time than the former, and to the full as fortunately. They took care, in the first place, to lower down upon their raft all the planks that they could find in the ship, with which they might cover the raft as it were with another floor, and so keep the goods much drier than those which they had carried away the day before.

Robinson examined the cargo afresh, to chuse whatever he should think preferable in so great a quantity of goods, which he could not carry away all at once. He was not, indeed, so much puzzled this time, as he had already secured the most necessary articles; however,  
he

he chose nothing without fully weighing the value of it.

Amongst other things he resolved to carry away one of the six small carriage guns that were in the ship.

*Rich.* A gun! I think he might have carried away something more useful.

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, so we may think who see things at a distance. Robinson, on the contrary, who judged of his situation from a nearer view of it, thought this gun a very necessary article, were it only for his ease and security.

*Rich.* How so?

*Mr. Bill.* The part of the shore, where he was obliged for the present to lodge what goods he had brought out of the ship, was open on every side, and, unfortunately, at no great distance from the spot where the savages used to land. He might, indeed, depend with tolerable security upon the use of his guns and pistols, in case of an attack, but the idea that he should be thereby reduced to the cruel necessity of killing some of those unhappy savages, made him shudder whenever he thought of it. His design was, therefore, in having a piece of cannon on the shore, to fire a ball over their heads when they approached the island in their canoes, and so terrify them, and make them perhaps sheer off and return to their own country.

You see now, my dear Richard, how liable we are to be mistaken, when we take upon us to give an opinion concerning the behaviour of other persons. We very seldom know all the motives that induce a man to act: how can we, therefore, be so presumptuous as to set up for judges of his actions? A wise man thinks that he can never be too circumspect in the judgment which he passes upon the conduct of other persons; he even forbears to give an opinion unless he be obliged; he is sensible that he has enough to do to look to himself and his own affairs; and thus, my dear children, we will endeavour to act for the future.

Besides the piece of cannon, they placed also upon the raft the following articles: 1st. three small bags, one of rye, another of barley, and the last of pease; 2d. a chest of nails and screws; 3d. a dozen of hatchets; 4th. a barrel

a barrel of gunpowder, with balls and shot ; 5th. a sail ; 6th. a grindstone.

*Rich.* Why that ?

*Mr. Bill.* To sharpen knives, hatchets, and other tools, when they required it.

*Rich.* Were there no stones upon the island ?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, plenty ; but none fit for sharpening their instruments. Have not you observed, that those stones which are used for that purpose are of a particular sort, and much softer than most others ?

*Rich.* Yes, I have.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, Robinson had never yet found upon his island any of that sort of stone, which has less hardness than stone in general, and seems composed of grains of sand. But a grindstone is not only exceedingly useful, but indispensably necessary to those who make use of sharp iron tools. He preferred it, therefore, without hesitation, to the gold-dust and diamonds, which he had valued so little before, and had left behind him in his first trip to the vessel.

Before he set off to return, Robinson examined the condition of the ship. He found that the leak was gaining ground, and that the rubbing of her sides against the rock, occasioned by the motion of the waves, had already loosened and started several planks. He foresaw, therefore, that the first gust of wind would dash the ship to pieces, and concluded that he must be expeditious if he wished to save much more of the cargo.

As the wind blew then towards shore, they were able to reach it solely by the assistance of their sail and oars, though the ebb, which had scarce run half down, was against them. In their way to the shore, Robinson blamed himself much for one thing. His way of thinking here proves him to have been a perfect lover of justice.

*Edw.* For what did he blame himself, papa ?

*Mr. Bill.* For not carrying away the gold-dust and diamonds.

*Edw.* What would he have done with them ?

*Mr. Bill.* He had no view of using these things himself, but he reasoned thus : " It is not absolutely impossible," said he, " that the captain of the vessel may be  
still

still alive, and come some day or other to examine whether he cannot save part of the cargo. If a gale of wind were to rise and dash the ship to pieces before you could go back to it, and thus the diamonds and gold-dust were to be lost, how could you justify yourself to the owner and to your own conscience, for having thought merely of saving what might be of use to yourself, without paying the least attention to his interest by saving the goods that would be most valuable to him? Perhaps his fortune, and that of many other persons, depend on this slight instance of attention which you have neglected to pay them. Robinson! Robinson!" cried he, highly dissatisfied with himself, "how far art thou still from being as just as thou oughtest to be!"

He was on the point of pushing back again before he landed, his conscience was so touched at his neglecting a duty which he with reason looked upon as sacred.

In the mean time they approached the shore, and, just as they were about to land, they ran the risk of seeing all their goods lost in the sea; for, as it continued still to ebb, and the depth of the water lessened every moment, the headmost part of the raft was soon upon the dry sand, and, consequently, higher than the sternmost, which was supported by the water, that was falling every instant. Luckily Robinson and Friday were both astern, and, therefore, able to stop the goods which were slipping off, and to keep them from rolling into the sea.

After they had made all things steady, they were obliged to walk in the water and mud up to the knees before they could get them ashore. By their care and precaution in this business, nothing was either lost or damaged, and they were ready to put to sea again before the return of the tide.

Robinson was no sooner aboard the ship but he hastened to convey upon the raft the barrel of gold-dust and the casket of jewels; and, having thus relieved his conscience of a load which lay upon it, he thought he had now a right to think of himself.

In this trip he carried away, among other articles, some wheel-barrows which happened to be aboard, I know not for what use; a great quantity of cloaths and linen;  
a number

a number of tools and pieces of furniture; a lantern, and all the papers that were in the captain's cabin. As the tide was now flowing up, they set sail, and having the advantage of wind and tide, they were quickly ashore.

Robinson spent the rest of the day in taking a precaution which he thought indispensable necessary. He trembled at the idea, that, were a heavy shower to come on, he should be disabled from using what he counted the most valuable of all his effects, namely, his gunpowder. To prevent such an accident, he resolved that very day to make a tent of a large sail-cloth which he had saved, and to lodge his treasure under it, where it would be safely sheltered from the rain.

As he was now provided with scissors and with needle and thread, this work was soon finished, and Friday was not long before he knew enough of it to be able to assist him. He could not sufficiently admire the admirable invention of the needle and scissors; and frequently declared, that, in comparison of the industrious Europeans, he and his countrymen were no better than poor idiots.

They finished the tent before sun-set, and Robinson had still time to shew Friday the effect of a great gun. He charged it with a ball, and pointed the muzzle towards the sea, that the ball might skim the surface of the water, and Friday might see distinctly how far the gun would carry. Robinson put fire to the touch-hole, and though Friday was already in some measure prepared for it by two shots from the musket, yet the explosion being now much louder, terrified him so much, that he trembled from head to foot. The ball marked its course on the surface of the water by lightly dipping and rebounding until it was out of sight. Friday affirmed, that a single shot like this would be sufficient to turn his whole nation of countrymen to sudden flight, if they were even approaching by thousands; because they would not have a doubt that he who could produce such thunder must certainly be Toupan.

After night-fall, Robinson put a light in his lantern to cast an eye over the papers that he had saved, in order to discover the ship's destination, and to whom she belonged:



belonged: but, unfortunately, all these papers, as well as the books, were written in a language that he did not understand. Here, therefore, he had fresh occasion to be sorry for having neglected the study of foreign languages when he might have learnt them. But this sorrow, coming too late, was of no use.

Two circumstances, however, which he observed, gave him some information concerning the ship's destination, and the object of her voyage. He found, amongst others, some letters for persons in Barbadoes, an island in the West Indies, where there is a great traffic for slaves.

*Henry.* Traffic for slaves, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* I will explain it to you. In Africa—you remember, I suppose, which way that quarter of the world lies?

*Henry.* Oh, yes; towards the South.

*Mr. Bill.* In Africa, which is the country of the negroes, men, in ignorance and stupidity, do not seem to differ much from the brutes. Their chiefs or kings, who are as savage as themselves, treat them accordingly. If any Europeans arrive on their coasts, whole crowds of blacks are offered to them for sale, as we sell cattle here in a market. Even fathers bring their children, and exchange them for trifles. Thus the Europeans every year purchase a great number of negroes, and carry them to the West Indies, where they are forced to work at the hardest labour, and are treated in every respect with a great deal of severity. The lot of such a *slave* (for so these unfortunate people are called by their purchaser) is truly wretched, nor can we wonder that many have even preferred death to it.

*Rich.* It is not well done to use human beings in that manner.

*Mr. Bill.* Certainly it is very unjust; and we have hopes that in time this iniquitous traffic of slaves will be abolished.

Robinson found also, among the papers, an account from which he gathered that the ship was bound for Barbadoes, and had a hundred slaves aboard. Having communicated this circumstance to Friday, he added, "Who knows if these poor wretches are not indebted  
for

for their liberty to the storm which occasioned the ship to strike? Who knows whether they have not saved themselves by the boats, and landed on some island, where, their tyrants having no longer any power over them, they now live after their fashion, happy and contented?" Friday agreed that this conjecture was not wholly improbable. "Well then, my friend," replied Robinson, with some warmth, "could you now repeat the question that you lately asked me?"

*Frid.* What question?

*Rob.* You asked me, of what use could the storm be that carried away our canoe?

Friday looked down, quite ashamed and confounded?

"Oh! Friday," said Robinson, animated with pious zeal, "acknowledge, here, the hand of an all-powerful and all-wise God, which has appeared sensibly in this affair. Consider what the storm has given us, in return for the little that it has taken away. Can your eyes on all these different articles; they are such as render life commodious and happy. Whence should we have had them were it not for the storm? It is, indeed, an unpleasant thing to owe one's happiness to the misfortunes of another; yet, the greatest number of those who were in the ship are now, perhaps, better off than before she struck. As this supposition is not wholly void of probability, what think you now of the power which governs the world?"

"I think," answered Friday, "the wisdom and goodness of that power are inexpressible, and I was a senseless idiot in saying what I did." At the same time, he lifted up his hands and eyes towards Heaven, and implored pardon for the fault which he had committed through stupidity.

Robinson took as much care of the papers which he had been looking over, as of the diamonds and gold-dust, that, if ever he returned to Europe, he might, by means of them, discover the persons to whom he should restore the treasure that he had saved out of the ship.

For six days successively they made two or three trips a day to the wreck, and brought to land every thing they could possibly convey away. A thousand little matters which we would scarcely think it worth while to pick

up, because we have never felt how disagreeable the lots of them is, were of infinite value to them, and, therefore, they did not neglect to take them away. One part of the cargo consisted of elephants teeth; those they did not touch, because they could make no use of them. They also left behind several hogheads of coffee; as Robinson was determined not to fall again into the habit of using pernicious superfluities though ever so agreeable: but they tore up and carried away as many of the ship's planks as they could, because they seemed likely to be useful, and, consequently, valuable. They took away even the remaining five pieces of cannon, together with all the iron that they either found loose or could loosen from the ship's works.

After they had made eighteen trips, all with good success, they observed, as they were on board the nineteenth time, that a storm was rising very fast. They made haste, therefore, to load the raft and push off, hoping to gain the shore by rowing before the storm should gather strength. But in vain; they were scarce half way towards the shore when a violent gale of wind, accompanied with thunder, lightning, and rain, swelled and agitated the sea in such a manner, that the waves, rolling over the raft, carried off all the goods that were upon it. As to themselves, they held pretty close for some time to the mast, so that the waves could not wash them away, though at times they went clean over their heads.

At length, the slightness of the raft began to give way to the fury of the waves. The cordage and other bindings, which held the pieces of it together, being loosened, all the beams of which it consisted quickly came asunder.

*Harriet.* Heavens! what will become of poor Robinson?

*The Children.* Softly! have patience!

*Mr. Bill.* Friday sought to save himself by swimming, and Robinson seized a piece of wood, with which he was sometimes plunged into the deep, and sometimes rode upon the ridge of the waves. But, being longer under water than above, he had lost his breath, and could neither see nor hear. His strength now forsook him, and

he was almost insensible ; he utters a weak cry, and sinks down, oppressed by a huge wave, which carries away the beam that supported him.

Happily his faithful Friday was not far from him, though he might have saved himself and gained the shore sooner if he had chosen to do so. When he saw him sink, he, without hesitating a moment, dived down, seized him with his left hand, and by means of his right, rose with him again to the surface of the water. He then exerted himself with so much success, that, in a few minutes, he reached the shore with his master's body.

*The Children.* Ah ! his body !

*Mr. Bill.* You all seem to be alarmed. I use the word body because Robinson shewed no signs of life.

Friday, who was distracted at his master's present condition, carried him a little farther up on the beach, hung over him, called him with a loud voice, shook him, rubbed him, and joined his lips to his mouth to communicate breath to him if possible. At length he had the inexpressible satisfaction to perceive signs of life in him ; he, therefore, continued his exertions, and Robinson quickly recovered the use of his faculties.

Opening his eyes, he asked, in a weak and trembling voice, " Where am I ? " " In my arms, my dear master ! " answered Friday, with tears in his eyes. An affecting scene now took place between them. Robinson thanked Friday at thousand times, and called him his saviour : Friday, for his part, through joy at seeing him restored to himself, was almost ready to run wild.

My dear children, we cannot finish the account of that day's adventures with any circumstance more interesting than this. Enough, therefore, for the present time.

## TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

*MR. BILL.* Well, my dear children, our friend Robinson is restored to life once more. A good night's sleep in his tent, upon a bed that he had saved from the wreck, recovered him so well, that he was up at day-break; he felt himself possessed of his usual strength, and returned thanks to God for having preserved both his life and health. The storm had continued the whole night, and he waited, with impatience, until it was broad day-light, to see what was become of the ship.

The sun was now above the horizon, and Robinson saw, to his grief, that the ship had disappeared. Planks and timbers, scattered here and there upon the beach, were sufficient tokens that the storm had dashed it to pieces. This being the case, he found some reason to applaud his own foresight in saving every part of the cargo that he could. Happy the man whose prudence and caution always regulate his conduct, and who, in all the accidents which deprive him of any advantage, can say to himself, with truth, as Robinson could upon this occasion, that it was not his fault! How much this inward satisfaction will lighten the misfortunes, which, without it, would be accompanied with the greatest vexation!

Robinson and Friday were particularly careful to gather all the remains of the wreck together on one spot of the beach. They foresaw that every plank and every splinter might be of use another time. When they had finished every thing that concerned the wreck, they formed a regular plan of the employments which were to take place next.

The object was, at present, to convey all these goods to their dwelling-place; but they thought it dangerous, while they carried one parcel, to be at so great a distance from the rest. Robinson settled it, therefore, that they should carry the goods and stand guard alternately,  
the

the one in the morning, the other in the afternoon. He loaded the carriage guns, ranged them beside each other, like a battery, and pointed them towards the sea. They kindled a fire, which he who stood sentinel was to take care to keep up; and they placed a match beside the guns, that they might be ready to fire whenever the case required it.

Robinson made the first journey to carry the goods home. In order to spare his best cloaths, he had dressed himself like a sailor; and, instead of the weapons that he formerly wore, he had now a cutlass by his side, and two loaded pistols in his girdle. He began by loading his wheel-barrow with some casks of gunpowder, and other articles which were most in danger from the rain. The water-spaniel, which had never quitted him, was, by no means, a useless companion on this journey. Robinson harnessed him to the wheel-barrow, and the dog was of considerable service to him in conveying the burthen forward. As these spaniels are very docile, and capable of being taught many things, this dog was soon trained to his new employment, and acquitted himself in it as well as any beast accustomed to the draught. He carried also a parcel in his mouth, which he had been taught to do by those to whom he formerly belonged.

At his return, Robinson brought all his lamas, ready harnessed for carrying burthens, in order to use them for that purpose. As there were seven of them, and each of them was able to carry one hundred and fifty pounds weight, you may easily calculate the weight of goods which they, all together, conveyed home every journey.

So many articles could not all be stowed in Robinson's cellar. He hastened, therefore, to pitch another large tent in the enclosed ground before his cave. This was meant as a store-tent for the present, until other means should be contrived for securing the things. In eight days the whole was carried home, except a number of boards and timbers which they sheltered as well as they could with thickets and brushwood.

*Hamel.* But, papa, you have not told us any thing more about the goat.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Bill.* Ah! very true; I had nearly forgot her. Well, the goat, as you may suppose, was brought home also, and put into a little park along with the tame lambs, and she agreed very well with them.

What agreeable employments have Robinson and Friday now before them! They scarce knew where to begin. However, Robinson, who had contracted a taste for regularity, as well as the habit of it, quickly distinguished the more necessary labours from those which were less so, and did not hesitate in giving the preference to the former. The most important of all was the building of a shed, or storehouse, to shelter the goods, which could not be put into the cellar, more securely than they were under the tent. Here it was necessary to do the business of a house-carpenter, to which they had neither of them served an apprenticeship.\* But,

What could be difficult to the industrious and persevering Robinson now that he was provided with all sorts of tools? The most troublesome pieces of work, and those in which he had the least experience, were no more than a play to him who had happily succeeded in so many others without assistance or proper tools. The cutting down and hewing out of the trees, the squaring of the beams and rafters, the joining and fitting of them, building of brick walls, making of a double roof, one of boards, and the other of the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree—were all executed with surprising dispatch.

The little building, when finished, was not much unlike one of our country cottages. Robinson had taken care to bring away with him the ship's cabin windows; they served to give light to the building, without the inconveniency of holes that would let in the wind. The glass was an object of particular admiration to Friday; he had never seen any before, and he learnt, by experience, the commodious purposes that it serves.

When all was put under cover and in proper order, Robinson thought of contriving for himself a convenient way of entering his fortress without weakening it. The most secure method for the purpose was by means of a common gate and a drawbridge. Being provided with every necessary for this undertaking, as nails, chains, hinges, locks, and iron work of all sorts, he immediately began

began upon it. They first made the gate and the draw-bridge; and, afterwards, they made an opening in the terrace and palisade sufficient for the width of the gate, which they next reared up in its place; then they laid down the bridge in such a manner, that, when raised, it might lie against the gate, and cover it. Lastly, they loaded the guns, and placed them upon the terrace, in such positions, that two of them should defend the right flank, two the left, and two the front of their fortification: so that henceforward they might be quite at their ease as to the attacks of the savages, and had, besides, the advantage of an easy and convenient way for going in and out.

When harvest time was come, Robinson made use of an old hanger, instead of a sickle, to cut down his maize, and his wooden spade served him for digging his potatoes. How easily was the work performed with such instruments! It would have been a pleasure to see them gather their harvest, and still more to assist them.

*Henry.* Oh! I wish I had been there! How I would have worked!

*Edw.* Nay, you have no occasion to go so far as Robinson Crusoe's island for work. Papa will find you plenty, if you are fond of it. There is wood to be sawed, to be split, and to be carried; there are plats in the garden to be dug up; there is weeding and watering of the flowers; and, in short, you will always find enough to do.

*Mr. Bill.* Why do I set you to work at these different employments?

*Rich.* To accustom us never to be idle, to strengthen our bodies, and preserve us in good health.

*Geo.* For my part, I like it, and you shall always find me, papa, as diligent and industrious as Robinson himself.

*Mr. Bill.* Well we shall see that. We are very sensible that Robinson was the better for it, and every one of us also experiences more and more the happy effects of an active way of life.

When the harvest was gathered, Robinson made two sails. Friday soon learned the use of them, and in one day they threshed all their maize. It filled two sacks  
which



which might contain about six bushels. They had a stock of biscuits which would last some months; but as it must, of course, lessen every day, Robinson resolved to supply its place occasionally with bread, which he intended to make himself.

He had brought a hand mill from the ship, and wanted nothing but a sieve to bolt the flour, and an oven for baking the bread. He found expedients for both. Some fine muslin, of which there was a whole piece amongst the goods saved from the ship, served him to make the bottom of his sieve; and the building of the oven gave him very little trouble; so that the whole was finished before the rainy season came on.

He made, by way of trial, two sorts of bread, one of rye flour, and the other of maize. The rye bread was by far the better tasted of the two, which determined Robinson to give it the preference. He proposed to sow the greatest part of his land with rye, instead of maize, that he might always have a stock of grain sufficient to supply them with bread; nor did this seem an undertaking beyond his power to accomplish, assisted as he was by his man Friday, since in this island they might have two crops in the course of the year.

There was one article that would have been exceedingly useful to them, but, unfortunately, they could find nothing of the sort amongst the goods in the ship; and that was an iron spade. It is true, Friday had made one of hard wood that might serve upon occasion, but still they found room to wish for a better; for it is certain, that an iron spade is, after all, more handy and effective for breaking up the ground, than a wooden one can possibly be. Robinson, therefore, who determined, for the future, to make agriculture his principal employment, as being, of all sorts of labour, the most agreeable and most useful, conceived the design of fixing up a forge to make spades himself, and, possibly, other instruments besides.

This design was not so extravagant as perhaps you may think it; for every thing necessary for a forge was to be found in his storehouse. There was a small anvil, several pair of pincers, a pretty large pair of bellows, and such a stock of iron, both wrought and in bars, as would

probably be sufficient to keep him in work all his lifetime. This plan was, therefore, immediately put in execution.

By means of a large boarded roof, which they put over the kitchen, it was so extended that they were able to fix up a forge in it, and to work at it even during the rainy season. Part of this season, therefore, they spent in working smiths work; and if they succeeded upon the whole, it was not without some disappointments and unsuccessful trials. When the spades were finished, Robinson had a mind to go a little farther, and to try his abilities at making a plough; and in this also, to his inexpressible joy, he perfectly succeeded.

This plough was, you may suppose, very different from ours. It consisted of a single branch of a tree; one end of which, bending down, rested on the ground, and was furnished with a sock, and also a handle, by means of which the person who ploughed might guide it at pleasure: at the other end they were to harness their oxen, or horses; but as they had none, they were obliged themselves to supply their places. In a word, this plough was exactly like that in use amongst the ancient Greeks, at their first undertaking the practice of agriculture. I can give you a sketch of it here.



*Henry.* Really, it is a very curious plough.

*Geo.* Had it no wheels?

*Mr. Bill.* No: you see it had not. All instruments were at first as simple in their make as this plough. By degrees men made additions for greater convenience: so by altering and improving, they increased the utility and commodiousness of the tools necessary for their different labours.

In the mean time, Robinson had every reason to be proud of this invention; it was wholly his own, for he had never seen a plan of it. By all that we can learn from history, many ages of the world elapsed before men arrived at the invention even of so simple a machine as this plough; and the inventors of it were looked upon by posterity as men of such exalted wisdom, that, after their death, they were paid divine honours. Richard, you remember the name of him to whom the Egyptians attribute the invention of the plough.

*Rich.* Yes; it was Osiris, whom, for that reason, they afterwards worshipped as a god.

*Mr. Bill.* The Phœnicians ascribed this useful invention to one Dagon, whom they also regarded as a being of superior order, and called the Son of Heaven.

*Edw.* But could not Robinson make the lambs draw the plough?

*Mr. Bill.* At first he doubted whether they were fit for this work, as they seemed rather beasts of burthen than of draught; however, he determined to make a trial of them, and the success of it exceeded his hopes. They became gradually accustomed to the work, which, at length, they performed in every respect as perfectly as if Robinson and Friday had been brought up ploughmen, and the lambs had been trained like our beasts of draught.

To sow their field according to all the rules of art, there wanted but one instrument, which they could scarcely do without, and which they had not found in the ship.

*Henry.* I can guess what that was.

*Mr. Bill.* What do you think?

*Henry.* A harrow.

*Mr. Bill.* You are right. Without it tillage would be imperfect. By means of it we break the clods, throw the grains of corn into the furrows, and cover them, without which they would never spring up, but be devoured by the birds.

In the first place, Robinson made as many iron teeth as he thought would be necessary for the harrow. After some unsuccessful attempts, he, at length, succeeded in

making the wooden frame in which these iron teeth were to be fixed. Lastly, he made as many holes in the frame as it was to contain teeth, and when he had driven them in, and clinched them, the harrow was finished.

The rainy season being over, he sowed two bushels of rye, one of barley, and half a bushel of pease; and, at the end of the five months, he had the satisfaction to gather a crop of twelve times as much seed as he had sown, namely, twenty-four bushels of rye, twelve of barley, and six of pease; a stock more than sufficient to last them six months. But like a prudent œconomist, he was willing to have a superabundance of every thing, because there might come on a season of scarcity; besides, hail or other accidents might destroy his crops. He resolved, therefore, to have a barn, which being filled, every half year, might always contain a sufficient stock, in case a crop should happen to fail.

With this intention, when the weather was settled fair, they unroofed the store-house, in order to add another story to it, which might serve as a granary. The building of this required more skill and labour than that of the ground floor; but their indefatigable perseverance triumphed over all difficulties, and the work was soon happily completed.

During these transactions, the goat yeaned two young ones; so that the species might now be multiplied and kept up on the island. The spaniel served as a guard by night, and Poll, the parrot, amused them at table, and pretty often also when they were at work. On the other hand, the jamas were become more valuable to them than ever; as, besides affording milk, butter, and cheese, they assisted in tilling the ground. In order, therefore, to be perfectly happy, Robinson wanted nothing now but—guests.

*Rob.* To be with his father and mother.

*Mr. Bill.* And to have some more companions. Being only two upon the island, they must expect, sooner or later, one of them to die before the other, who would then remain a poor hermit, separated from all the rest of mankind. Yet Robinson looked upon it as a blameable weakness to make one's life miserable by the dread of evils

evils that are possible, but still concealed in futurity. "The same power," thought he, "who has hitherto provided for me in all things with such unexampled bounty, will still continue to exert it in my favour." Thus his life passed in tranquillity and content. He enjoyed inwardly peace of mind; and, without, every thing promised him the most perfect security. Happy state! May God grant you all to enjoy the same!

"Amen," said Mrs. Billingley; and the company separated.

---

## TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

*MR. Bill.* Well, my dear children, I have a great number of things to relate to you this evening.

*The Children.* Oh! so much the better! that is charming!

*Mr. Bill.* Provided only that I find myself able to do it.

*The Children.* Oh! dear papa, we shall take care not to interrupt you, so that you will certainly be able to get through it.

*Mr. Bill.* Well, I shall try; but prepare yourselves for a fresh scene of horror, the event of which cannot be foreseen—By your motions, I can nearly perceive what your conjectures are; the sequel will shew whether they are just.

If I were to go on now enumerating to you all that Robinson performed every day by the help of the tools with which he was provided, the recital would not amuse you very much.

*Rich.* It might be agreeable enough; but we can easily imagine all that.

*Mr. Bill.* I can only inform you, that they successively attempted many different arts, and imitated most sorts of tradesmen—the baker, the blacksmith, the taylor, the shoemaker, the carpenter, the joiner, the wheelwright, the potter, the gardener, the butcher, the fisherman,

man, and several others; they imitated them, I say, with so much success, that they were soon able to make up a hundred things, for which we indolent Europeans require as many different workmen. Their strength increased in proportion as they exerted it, and their minds, being in a state of constant activity, and always in search of some useful object, were improved every day more and more. May not this be regarded as a proof that we were created for the same activity, since health, virtue, and happiness, are the necessary consequences of it?

Six months passed away in these agreeable employments, during all which time Friday durst not revive the scheme of taking a voyage to his own country; but frequently, after finishing his task of work, he would go up the hill from whence he could see his native island, and, there, buried in profound thoughtfulness, he lamented the misfortune of being separated from his father, perhaps for ever. Robinson, for his part, had avoided speaking on the subject, because it was not in his power to comply with his friend's wish while the necessary arrangements, which their new way of living required, were still unfinished.

At present the most indispensable parts of the business were completed, and Robinson was the first to propose the building of another boat, to go and seek Friday's father. At this proposal, the young man's joy was as great as formerly on the same occasion, and his thankfulness to Robinson appeared in the same manner. The work was begun the very next day, and, with the help of good hat-hets, was finished, as you may easily imagine, much better and much sooner than the first time.

One morning that Robinson was engaged in the ordinary cares of his habitation, he sent Friday to the sea-side for some turtle, which was now become a rarity to them. After a short absence, he came back running at full speed. Out of breath with running and with fright together, he could but just stammer out these words, "Here they are! here they are!"

Robinson, in a fright, asked him hastily whom he meant. "Oh! master! master!" answered Friday, "one, two, three—six canoes!" In his flurry he could scarcely bring out the number six.

Robinson ran hastily up to the top of the hillock, and saw, not without shuddering, that Friday had counted right. He perceived six canoes full of savages, just ready to land. Coming down immediately, he bid Friday be of good courage, who stood trembling all the while; and he asked him, whether, if they should come to an engagement with the enemy, he would stand by him faithfully, to the best of his power.

“Yes,” answered he, “to the last drop of my blood;” for, having had time to recover himself, he felt his courage mount by degrees to its usual pitch. “Well,” said Robinson, “let us endeavour to prevent these monsters from executing their horrible designs. I will explain my intention to you as we go along; this is not the time to talk—we must act.”

With these words, he wheeled down one of the carriage guns, took six muskets, two brace of pistols, and two hangers. Each of them put a brace of pistols in his girdle, a hanger by his side, and three muskets on his shoulder, and when they had taken a sufficient quantity of powder and ball, they harnessed themselves to the gun, and with a firm countenance took the field under all that formidable and warlike apparatus.

Having passed the drawbridge, they halted. Friday went back into the fort to raise the bridge and shut the gate, and then, by means of the ladder of ropes, which always hung to the rock, he came out again, and joined his general. Robinson thought this precaution necessary, that in case their undertaking should not succeed, the enemy might not be able to get possession of his fortress.

Here Robinson explained to Friday the plan that he had formed. “We will go round the hillock,” said he, “and walk through the thickest part of the wood, that we may not be perceived by the enemy; and, then, crossing amongst the thickets, which extend almost to the sea-side, we shall approach the savages without being perceived by them. When within reach of them, we will fire the great gun, and the ball passing over their heads, no doubt, will terrify the barbarians, make them abandon their prey, and take to flight in their canoes.”

Friday thought the plan not impracticable. "Thus," continued Robinson, "we shall have the satisfaction of saving the unfortunate wretches whom they intend to devour, without shedding a drop of blood. But if, contrary to our expectations, they should be encouraged by their numbers, and not take to flight, then, my dear Friday, we must shew that we are men, by bravely facing the danger to which we shall expose ourselves from the most laudable intentions. He, from whom nothing is hid, sees what induces us to endanger our lives; he will preserve them if it be for our advantage: therefore, his will be done."

And so saying, he gave his hand to his companion, and they mutually promised to assist each other to the last drop of their blood.

Having arrived without noise almost at the last of the thickets, they there made a halt. Robinson, in a low voice, desired Friday to steal with all possible circumspection behind a large tree which he shewed him, and then to come back and inform him whether he could discover the enemy from that spot. He brought word back that they were easily to be seen sitting round a large fire, and picking the bones of one prisoner whom they had already dispatched; that, not far from them, he saw another lying on the ground, and tied hand and foot, who seemed to be a white man, and had the appearance of a beard; and that, in all probability, he was going soon to share the same fate.

Robinson was startled at this report, especially when he heard mention of a white man. Having a prospect-glass about him which he had found aboard the ship, he went to the tree himself, and from thence, by the help of this instrument, could discover that Friday's account was perfectly true. He saw about fifty savages sitting round a fire, and could clearly distinguish the prisoner to be an European.

He could scarcely contain himself; his heart throbb'd, his blood boiled. If he were to yield to the fury of his first passion, and fall upon these barbarians at once, it would be the way to shed much blood. But, as the blind instinct of passion should never get the better of  
reason,



reason, he restrains his transports in order to avoid that unpleasing necessity.

As there was a spot farther on equally sheltered with thickets, he went behind a bush pretty near the savages, and which had an opening in the middle of it large enough to see through, though not to be remarked at a distance; there he points his cannon in such a manner that the ball would pass over the heads of the savages high enough not to hurt them. Then he told Friday, in a low voice, to imitate exactly what he should see him do.

He lays down two of his muskets on the ground, and holds the third in his hand; Friday does the same: he then applies a lighted match to the touch-hole of the cannon, and fires it off.

At the noise of the report, the savages fell backwards on the grass as if they had been all shot at once. Robinson and Friday, on their side, attentive to what passed, and uncertain what might be the event, prepared for engaging if that should happen to be necessary. In less than a minute the savages rise off the ground, recovering from their astonishment; the most fearful run to their canoes, but the boldest take up their arms.

They had been frightened merely by the noise of the cannon; unfortunately, they did not perceive the fire, nor hear the whistling of the ball. The fright was, therefore, not nearly so great as had been expected. After looking round on every side without discovering any thing that could terrify them again, they gathered courage, and those who were running away presently returned. They all set up a dreadful yell, and began their dance, shaking their weapons with furious looks and gestures.

Robinson was undetermined what to do; but observing with surprise, that, when the dance was ended, the whole company of the savages not only took their places again, but sent two of their number to seize the unfortunate European, he could not contain himself any longer. He looks at Friday, and says to him, in a low voice, "You take the right, I the left, and Heaven be our defence." So saying, he presents and fires; Friday does the same.

The man took much better aim than the master; for on the enemy's left there fell five, and on the right only three: of these eight three were killed, the rest wounded. The consternation with which those who were not hurt took to flight, cannot be described. Some ran one way, some another, all of them yelling in the most hideous manner. Robinson was going to fall out from behind the bushes, sword in hand, in order to take advantage of their rout, and deliver the unfortunate European, who lay bound hand and foot; but he saw, with astonishment, a party of the runaways rally all of a sudden, and stand upon their defence. He made haste to take up a second musket, and Friday doing the same, they both fired at once.

At this discharge there fell only two of the enemy; but several of them being wounded, some more, some less dangerously, began to run away, howling dreadfully: presently, three of them fell down, but still with some remains of life.

Robinson, when he laid down the gun that he had just fired, to take up the third, which was still loaded, said to Friday in a loud voice, "Now let us shew ourselves:" at the same instant, they both frast from their concealment, and appear before the savages. Robinson flies to the unfortunate prisoner, to shew him that relief was at hand; but as he approaches him, perceives that some of the savages, who before were running away, now that they discovered their enemy, stopped short, and rallied to prepare for combat. He noticed this to Friday, who perfectly understood his master's meaning, advanced a little way, fired, and saw one of the Indians fall.

In the mean time, Robinson, with his knife, cut the busines with which the prisoner's hands and feet were tied, and asking him in English and Latin who he was, the man answered in Latin, *Christianus, Hispanus*; that is, a Christian and a Spaniard. His excessive weakness hindered him from saying any more. Fortunately, Robinson had taken care to provide a bottle of wine, in case of being wounded. He gave the Spaniard a little, which revived him exceedingly, so that he soon began to recover his strength. Robinson then furnished him with a hanger

hanger and a pistol, that he might help them to complete the defeat of the savages, and, mean time, Friday was ordered to bring all the muskets, that they might be loaded afresh.

The moment the Spaniard was armed with a hanger and a pistol, he fell furiously upon his enemies, and dispatched two of them in the twinkling of an eye. Friday, with the sixth musket, which had not been fired yet, advanced to support him, while Robinson was hastening to load the other five. The two champions found some resistance at first, and were soon separated; for the Spaniard came to close engagement with a very stout Indian, and Friday, on the other hand, after firing his last musket, pursued, sword in hand, a whole party of runaways, some of whom fell beneath his arm, others jumped into the sea to swim to their canoes, and the rest fled and hid themselves amongst the bushes.

But the Spaniard was now hard put to it. He had, it is true, at first, notwithstanding his weakness, attacked the Indian with great impetuosity, and given him two wounds in the head with his hanger: but this so enraged the savage, that with his heavy stone falchion he was near cutting the Spaniard down, who found it as much as he could do to parry off his blows: nor, indeed, could he at length prevent the furious Indian from seizing him by the middle, throwing him to the ground, and twisting the hanger out of his hand; but in the very moment that he was going to cut off his head, Robinson, perceiving the Spaniard's danger, fired at the savage, and killed him on the spot.

Scarce was the Spaniard raised from the ground before he seized a loaded musket, and went with Friday in pursuit of the savages who had fled into the coppice. As they were few in number, and for the most part wounded, Robinson thought it best to remain on the field of battle, and observe the motions of those who had escaped to their canoes. His two friends were not long before they joined him again, with the assurance that there were no more of the enemy in the wood.

They were both about to enter one of the canoes which the savages had left, and to pursue those who were rowing off to sea; but Robinson stopped them. "My friend,"

friends," said he, "it is enough; we have, perhaps, shed more blood than we ought. Let us suffer those to live who have no longer the intention or the power to hurt us."

"But if we suffer them to escape," replied Friday, "they will, perhaps, return and attack us in greater numbers."

"Well," answered Robinson, clapping him on the shoulder in a friendly manner, and pointing to the Spaniard, "is not our army also stronger now by one-third than it was in the morning? Thus reinforced, we shall be able at any time to cope with an army of these miserable enemies, especially if we stay for them behind our entrenchments."

*Harriet.* That was well done of Robinson, to spare the remainder of the savages.

*Mr. Bill.* It was certainly acting with prudence and humanity. It would have been too cruel to kill, without necessity, a single one of these unfortunate wretches, who had not the least suspicion that there was any harm in what they were doing, and who, on the contrary, embraced, as the clearest truth, that deplorable error, which taught them that to kill and eat a great number of their enemies was a very meritorious action.

*Edw.* Yet, I think, they ought to have known that it was not right to do so.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear friend, how could they have known it?

*Edw.* Hey-day! Why any little child knows that it is not right to kill a man and then eat him.

*Mr. Bill.* But how does the little child know this? Is it not by being early so instructed?

*Edw.* Yes, certainly.

*Mr. Bill.* And if he had never been instructed on the subject; if his father, his mother, and all those whom he ought to love and respect, had always told him that it is a very laudable action to kill one's enemy, and eat his body?

*Edw.* Nay, why—to be sure—then——

*Mr. Bill.* Why, then, a child would never suspect the contrary. He would rather partake, as soon as he was of age, in the killing and the feasting. This was the case

case with those poor savages. Let us thank God that we were not born amongst them, but had civilized parents, who early instructed us in the difference between good and evil, justice and injustice.

Our hero, the friend of human kind, shed tears of compassion when he traversed the field of battle to assist those who were still alive. It was all over with the greatest part of them, and the rest expired in his arms while he poured wine upon their wounds, and endeavoured to recover them. The savages lost one and twenty men, and the victorious army, far from having lost any, had only one wounded; the Spaniard, when he was thrown down, had received a severe bruise.

*Harriet.* But how came this Spaniard amongst the savages, papa?

*Mr. Bill.* That is more than Robinson himself has yet had time to be informed of; therefore, let us restrain our curiosity until to-morrow.

*The Children.* Oh! then, we must stop here.

## TWENTY-EIGHTH EVENING.

*HARRIET.* Well, papa, now for the Spaniard; what brought him amongst the savages?

*Mr. Bill.* Have a little patience, and you shall hear. Some incidents happened in the mean time which I must first relate to you.

*Rich.* Indeed! well, that rouses my curiosity.

*Mr. Bill.* Robinson, having a mind to examine one of the two canoes which the savages had left behind them, went towards it, and, to his great astonishment, he found in it another unfortunate creature, tied hand and foot as the Spaniard had been, and looking more dead than alive.

Robinson made haste to cut his cords, and would have lifted him up, but he was not able either to stand or speak. He lay groaning, no doubt, under the apprehension that they were going to put him to death.

As he was an Indian, not an European, Robinson called Friday, who was then busy in burying the dead bodies, to speak to him in his native tongue. Scarce had he cast eyes on the prisoner before Robinson and the Spaniard saw a scene take place which drew from them tears of benevolent sympathy. Friday, all of a sudden, like a man beside himself, flies to the prisoner, embraces him, locks him in his arms, cries, laughs, jumps, dances, roars, clasps his hands, strikes himself on the face and breast, cries out again, and, in short, acts like one that is delirious. It was some time before Robinson, who questioned and urged him repeatedly, could draw from him this short answer, "It is my father!"

It would be difficult to describe all the marks of filial love and affection which this excellent young man shewed upon this occasion. Twenty times he jumped out of the canoe upon land, and from the land into the canoe again. Sometimes, sitting down, he opened his jacket, and pressed his father's head to his bosom to warm it; at others, he rubbed the joints of his arms and legs, which were numbed by having been so tightly bound; and now he embraced him again, and covered him with kisses. Robinson, who had still some wine in his bottle, gave it to him to wash his father's limbs, which were grievously swelled. He then stepped aside to let Friday indulge his joy with more freedom.

Returning after some time, he asked him if he had made his father take any nourishment. "The glutton," answered he, pointing to himself, "had before eaten up all." Robinson gave him his breakfast, which he had not touched, and Friday gave it to his father. Scarce had he received it when his son started out of the canoe in a hurry, and went off so quick, that before Robinson had time to say, Where are you going, Friday was already out of sight.

He soon appeared again, but did not come back with quite such expedition. When he was pretty near, they could see that he had a pitcher of water in one hand, and some victuals in the other. He gave the water to his father, and the victuals to his master in return for the breakfast which he had received from him. The cold

water

water afforded visible refreshment to the old man, who was ready to faint with thirst.

Robinson then turned towards the Spaniard, who, exhausted with fatigue, was lying stretched upon the grass. He made Friday help him also to some refreshment. The Spaniard, by his looks, endeavoured to express his gratitude. He strove to rise, but was not able, being prevented by the pain that he felt in the joints of his hands and feet, which were swelled from having been bound so very tightly. Friday was ordered to sit down beside him, to bathe his arms and legs with wine, and to take the same care of him as he had of his father.

It was truly moving to behold this affectionate son, who, while he attended, the Spaniard, turned his head every moment towards his father to see how he was. At one time, when the old man, in order to repose himself, lay down at full length, Friday, quite uneasy, flew to him without speaking a word; but when he saw that his father had only lain down to be more at his ease, he returned in a moment, and continued his attention to the Spaniard. Robinson now had a mind to try whether he could not, with Friday's assistance, convey the Spaniard to the canoe; but Friday, who was young and strong, took that task upon himself alone, and carried him with ease upon his shoulders. When they had placed in the other canoe, not only the cannon and the muskets, but also all the arms of the conquered Indians, Friday quickly entered the first, and, though the wind began to freshen, and was rather against him, yet he made such speed, by dint of rowing, that Robinson, who ran on foot along the sea-side, could by no means equal the swiftness of the canoe. He was scarce half way home when he saw Friday returning, who passed by him in his way to fetch the other canoe; and before Robinson could get up to the first, where the Spaniard and Friday's father were, Friday was there with the second: with such remarkable swiftness did he row.

They were now opposite their dwelling place. Robinson hastened thither for some planks and poles, which he put together in the form of a litter or bier, to convey the disabled men to his habitation with more ease. He and Friday carried them up, one after the other. What

a treasure was here for Robinson, who longed for nothing so much as the happiness of enlarging his company! His heart beat with joy when he reflected, that, for the future, he need not apprehend being forced to lead a life of solitude again. His satisfaction was complete. As the two invalids seemed to have occasion for nothing so much as rest, Robinson presently warmed some wine to bathe their bruised limbs, while Friday made them up a bed, on which, when ready, they delayed not to repose themselves.

The two hosts then prepared a good supper. Friday was ordered to go to the park, and bring home a young lamb; Robinson undertook all the rest. He could not help smiling frequently at the thought that he should now resemble a king still more than ever. The whole island was under his dominion; all his subjects were indebted to him for their lives, acknowledged his will as their supreme law, and were bound to expose themselves in his cause to the greatest dangers if necessary. One circumstance was remarkable, that he counted in his dominions as many different sects of religion as he had subjects. Friday had adopted his master's religion, which was the Protestant; the Spaniard was a Roman Catholic, and Friday's father was an idolater.

“What is to be done in this matter?” said Robinson to himself: “have I not a right to oblige them all to embrace the belief which I think best?” He was some time reflecting on this subject, because it was one that had never engaged his thoughts before.

What answer think ye, my dear children, should sound reason have given to this question? Ought he to force his subjects to receive his particular religion, or ought he not?

*The Children.* He should not constrain them in any respect.

*Mr. Bill.* Why not?

*Rich.* Because a man's belief, or way of thinking, is independent of all the world, provided he behaves himself inoffensively in other respects.

*Mr. Bill.* But if a master sees clearly that his subject is in an error, may he not lawfully force him to renounce it?

*Rich.*



*Rich.* What would be the consequence? When a man is *forced* to believe, he becomes neither the honest nor the wiser for it.

*Mr. Bill.* That is true, for violence can never convince him that he was in an error before; and of what use can professing be, when it does not proceed from conviction. Besides, how is a man certain that he whom he would force to embrace his belief, is really in an error? May he not be mistaken himself?

*Henry.* Certainly, that might be the case.

*Mr. Bill.* How so?

*Henry.* Because every man is liable to be deceived.

*Mr. Bill.* Consequently, no man has a right to advance his opinions as incontestable truths.

In fine, my dear children, it belongs to God alone to be the infallible judge of our belief: he alone can decide on the truth or falsehood of our opinions: none but he can know perfectly whether our search after the truth has been earnest and sincere, or slight and negligent; nor is there any but he who can judge how far our errors are to be imputed to us.

Robinson saw this matter nearly in the same light. "Far from me," said he, "be the indiscreet zeal which endeavours to force men into its belief! Far from me be the blind frenzy of persecuting and torturing fellow-creatures, merely because they have the misfortune to be deceived, or the virtue to refuse professing publicly that of which they are not convinced inwardly. In my island, at least, such injustice shall never find a place. I will do every thing in my power to enlighten my new subjects; but if I am not happy enough to convince them of their errors, or of the truth of my religion, then I shall leave them to believe what they *can* believe, and to give an account of their faith, not to me, who am their equal, and liable to error, but to God alone, the unerring judge of all."

He, therefore, resolved, that all, without distinction, should enjoy the free exercise of their religion, if it should so happen, that, notwithstanding previous instruction, they could not agree amongst themselves upon one single form of religious worship.

Friday being now returned, they forthwith proceeded to get ready the supper. "Let us celebrate this day," said Robinson, "as a double festival: on the one hand, we have rescued two fellow-creatures from the voracity of those monsters in human shape; on the other hand, you have found your father."

Friday had no occasion to be exhorted to rejoice; indeed, his heart had never experienced such joy before, and he shewed it continually, by singing, jumping, and laughing, all the while that he performed what he had to do with equal diligence and exactness. Cheerfulness and gaiety, far from being a fault, is ever an amiable quality, when, instead of making us absent and neglectful, it cheers us in our labours.

The two guests now awoke. Although they still felt some pain, yet they found themselves considerably relieved, and able, with the assistance of Robinson and Friday, to rise and sit at table. The old Indian seemed as much struck and astonished at every thing that he beheld, as his son had formerly been on his first seeing the effects of European industry.

Friday acted as interpreter in the conversation that his master had with the old man and the Spaniard.

*Geo.* Did Friday understand Spanish?

*Mr. Bill.* No; but the Spaniard, who had been six months amongst the savages, could speak the language of Friday's country tolerably well, so that he could understand him. The following is the substance of his account:

"Our ship was bound to the Coast of Africa for slaves. We were returning from thence, having exchanged all our goods for gold dust, elephants teeth, and negroes. We had taken a hundred slaves on board, and were carrying them to Barbadoes to sell them: twenty of them died on account of our stowing them too close one upon another. A violent gale of wind, which lasted several days, drove us out of our course, and carried us towards the Coast of Brasil. Our ship sprung a leak, so that we durst not trust ourselves out to sea again, but coast along the main land. Suddenly we were attacked by another gale from the West, that carried us off the coast, and, in the night, we struck upon  
some

some rocks not far from an island. We fired several guns, and made other signals of distress, being resolved not to quit the ship until the last extremity. We set the blacks free, that they might assist us in pumping, as the ship leaked in more places than one; but the moment they saw themselves at liberty, they, with one accord, seized our boats, being determined, by means of them, to save their lives, and escape from their masters.

‘What could we do? It was impossible for us to have recourse to force; we were but fifteen against four score, and besides, the greatest part of them were armed. On the other hand, how could we think of remaining on board a wreck without a single boat? This would have been exposing ourselves to certain death. We remonstrated with them, and even entreated them; we endeavoured, by our supplications, to prevail on those, who had lately been our slaves, either to remain with us or take us with them. Here I cannot help speaking in the highest terms of the humanity and generosity of these blacks. Though they had received the most rigorous treatment from us, yet they were moved with compassion, and suffered us to get into the boats, on condition that we gave up our arms. We jumped in, therefore, disarmed, and the boats were so over-loaded that we expected to sink every moment.

‘However, we did every thing in our power to reach the island, but suddenly the wind changed, and carried us out to sea in spite of the laborious exertions of the rowers. Our destruction now appeared no longer a matter of doubt: nevertheless, the boats, though over-loaded and tost about by the most violent waves, still had the good fortune to live; and, contrary to all expectation, without losing a single man, we were carried to an island perfectly unknown to us, where the inhabitants, simple and humane, received us with the most hospitable benevolence.

‘We have lived with them ever since, in the best manner we could, but still very indifferently. These poor savages have nothing themselves to subsist on but fishing, and a few fruits which the island produces spontaneously. They shared their little stock of provisions with us cheerfully, and shewed us their manner of fishing, that we might

might ourselves provide a part of our subsistence. The negroes were not so ill off as we, both because they were accustomed nearly to the same way of living, and also because they had recovered their freedom.

‘Some days ago, this island was invaded by a nation of neighbouring Indians. Every one took up arms, and we should have thought ourselves wanting in the most essential duty of society if we had not assisted people from whom we had received such friendly entertainment. I fought by the side of this brave old man, who, like an enraged lion, threw himself into the hottest of the combat. I saw him surrounded, and would have rescued him, but had the misfortune to be made prisoner along with him.

‘In this dreadful captivity we passed two days and two nights, bound hand and foot, without receiving any nourishment. They now and then threw us pieces of stinking fish, such as the sea left dead on the beach; and these they cast to us with as much disdain as if we had been the vilest of animals.

‘This morning, at break of day, we were dragged to the canoes in order to be conveyed to the place where these barbarians were accustomed to devour their victims. Providence brought you to our assistance; generous men! you delivered us; so that we have received more at your hands than ever we shall be able to repay you.’

Here the Spaniard was silent; being penetrated with gratitude, he shed abundance of tears. Robinson, for his part, was delighted to find that his former conjectures were amply confirmed, and Friday joined him in admiring the wisdom and goodness of Providence.

The Spaniard, on being asked who owned the ship's cargo, answered, that the vessel had been fitted out by two merchants of Cadiz; that one of them had given an order for the purchase of slaves, but the other, detesting this traffic, desired to have gold-dust in return for his goods.

Upon this, Robinson took the Spaniard by the hand, led him to his cellar, then to the storehouse, and shewed him the most valuable effects of the wreck safely stowed in both places. Friday took upon him to recite the particulars

ticulars concerning them, and the Spaniard was so struck with astonishment that he could scarce utter a word.

Robinson enquired also in respect to the owner of the diamonds and the officer's dress. He was told that they were both part of the effects of an English officer, who, having resided many years in the East Indies, was returning to England, but, falling sick on his way home, he desired to be set ashore on the coast of Africa, where he died, and his effects were put on board the Spanish ship, to be conveyed to Barbadoes, whence they were afterwards to be sent to England.

Robinson shewed him also the papers that he had taken out of the ship; by means of which the Spaniard learnt the name of the merchant to whom the gold-dust belonged, and also that of the officer's widow to whom the diamonds and cloaths should be restored. From that moment Robinson looked upon the gold-dust, the diamonds, and the papers, as a sacred deposit entrusted to his care.

Night approaching, all parties found themselves so exhausted by the fatigues and dangers of the day, that each one had occasion to retire earlier than usual to seek refreshment in sleep. They did, therefore, what we shall also do as soon as we have returned thanks to God for having this day permitted us to enjoy uninterrupted happiness and tranquillity.

---

## TWENTY-NINTH NIGHT.

*MR. BILL.* The next morning Robinson assembled all the strength of his empire, in order to perform an office which required this junction, and which could not be put off. There was reason to fear that the stench of the dead bodies of the Indians slain the day before might have a dangerous effect upon the air: they provided themselves, therefore, each with a hatchet, and repaired to this scene of horror.

*Henry.* With hatchets?

*Mr. Bill.* Yes; not to dig graves: if that had been the design, they would have provided themselves with shovels,

shovels, spades, and pickaxes ; but they intended to cut down wood, and make a pile to burn all the bodies to ashes.

*Rich.* That was the custom of the Romans.

*Mr. Bill.* And many other nations besides. Robinson did not chuse to imitate the imprudence of his countrymen, who, at that time, buried their dead in the midst of towns, and even within their churches, where consequently the living must breathe an air infected by the disorders of the dead.

*Harriet.* Hey ! why they do so still, papa.

*Mr. Bill.* Yes, unfortunately, they do so. Let this example make you sensible how difficult it is for men to abolish ancient customs, though universally acknowledged to be pernicious: wherefore, I advise you, by early application, to acquire wisdom and virtue. If once we adopt error and vice, if unfortunately we become familiar to them, how difficult is it to get rid of them, even when we are sensible of their danger !

Every body knows in this age that the stench of dead bodies is poison to the living ; and yet nobody scruples to deposit them in burying-grounds in the midst of cities, or even in the vaults of churches, where they are not so much as covered with earth. Another century and more will elapse before people will think seriously of abolishing so pernicious a custom.

*Henry.* I wish I were a person in authority ! I should settle that matter.

*Mr. Bill.* This, my dear, is one of the principal motives that should induce you to acquire all the good qualities and all the merit possible : then, distinguished by your countrymen, they will honour you with their confidence, and confer on you dignities which will authorize you to reform dangerous abuses, and to introduce wholesome customs. Heaven seems to intend each of you to be one day of the number of those who are entrusted with the power of promoting your country's happiness. Every thing that is necessary for your attaining so exalted a trust, the goodness of Providence has bestowed upon you. You are born of enlightened and virtuous parents, who enjoy the confidence and love of their country ; you are endowed with the happiest qualifications

fications of body and mind, which have never yet been spoiled; and, I may venture to affirm, that you are receiving an education which few men have the happiness to receive. It would be a disgrace to any of you to frustrate the good intentions of Providence, which has done every thing to enable you to become men of a superior class, and capable of the greatest things. Your behaviour affords not the smallest doubt in that respect. If, as I hope, you should fulfil your honourable destiny, if you should arrive one day or other at the rank of those powerful men whose actions affect the happiness of so many thousands, make use of the authority entrusted to you to lessen the evils and promote the good of your fellow-creatures; scatter round you joy, prosperity, and happiness. Remember then, also, what has now given rise to this paternal exhortation, and, if possible, prevail upon your countrymen to bury the dead in places where the stench of their bodies may not injure the health of the living.

*Edw.* Have patience! Let me try what I can do. When I go to town, I will speak of it to my grand-papa and my uncles; they will take care to manage it.

*Mr. Bill.* Do, my dear.—Robinson and his companions, having burned the dead bodies, returned to the dwelling-place. In the mean time, Friday informed his father of the horror wherewith civilized nations look upon the eating of human flesh; which appeared very strange to the old man. But Friday, having repeated to him all that he had himself learned from his master on the subject, gave him at length a disgust to the barbarous custom. As the son was called Friday, Robinson gave the father the name of *Thurs/day*, and thus we shall call him for the future.

Robinson summoned them all to council, where Friday still served as interpreter, and his master, as chief, opened the assembly with the following short speech:

“ My dear friends, all who are present see themselves now in possession of whatever can contribute to render their lives peaceable and commodious: nevertheless, I feel, that, in the enjoyment of these good things, my heart will never find satisfaction while I know that there are persons who have a greater right to them than I have,

have, and yet languish in the want of them. I speak of your countrymen, my dear friend, my dear European; I speak of the Spaniards who are now amongst the savages. I wish that each of you would communicate to me his advice and opinion concerning the properest means for bringing those unfortunate people hither, and making them share the same lot with us."

After he had finished, each gave his opinion in his turn. The Spaniard first offered to go for them, all alone, in one of the canoes that they had taken from the Indians. Thursday declared that he was ready to undertake the same expedition. Friday was of opinion, that his father, on account of his age, should remain on the island, and that he himself, who was fitter for the enterprize, should accompany the Spaniard. A generous contest arose between the father and son, which of them should expose his life; and Robinson was obliged to interpose, and terminate it by a decision to which they submitted without murmuring. He pronounced, that Thursday and the Spaniard should make the projected attempt, and that Friday should remain with him.

*Charlotte.* But why did not he send Friday, papa, rather than the poor old man?

*Mr. Will.* His affectionate friendship for Friday would not permit him to expose him to a danger which he himself did not share with him. Besides, the father knew the sea, and could navigate it better than the son. As to the Spaniard, there was a necessity that he should go, because, if he did not, his countrymen would, perhaps, not accept Robinson's invitation.

It was, therefore, agreed, that they should set sail together as soon as they all four had finished ploughing and sowing a field at least ten times larger than that which they cultivated before, because the encrease of the colony would necessarily occasion a greater consumption of food.

Each of them, therefore, turned ploughman for some weeks, and as they all laboured with a good will, the work was both very well and very speedily performed. At the end of a fortnight they were ready to prepare for the voyage.



Before their departure, the Spaniard gave a proof not only of his honesty and gratitude towards Robinson, but also of his prudence and circumspection. He represented, that the other Spaniards were, like himself, no more than common sailors, and, consequently, people without education; that he did not know them sufficiently to answer for their behaviour; and that, therefore, he was of opinion, that Robinson, as master of the island, should draw up an agreement, expressing the conditions upon which they should be received, and that none should be admitted without previously accepting his terms.

Robinson, delighted with this proof of his new subject's fidelity, immediately pursued his advice. The agreement which he drew up in consequence of it, was worded as follows:

“ All persons who are desirous of residing in Robinson Crusoe's island, and of enjoying there the conveniences of life which they are invited to share, must consent,

“ In the first place, to conform in every thing to the will of the lawful master of the island, and to submit cheerfully to whatsoever laws and regulations the said master shall judge necessary for the good of the territory.

“ Secondly, to be active, sober, and virtuous; for no idle, drunken, vicious person will be tolerated in this island.

“ Thirdly, to abstain from all quarrels, and, in case of receiving offences, by no means to become judges in their own cause, but to carry their complaints before the master of the island, or the person to whom he shall delegate the office of judge.

“ Fourthly, to join, without murmuring, in all the labours which the good of the community shall require, and, in case of necessity, to assist the master of the island at the hazard of their lives.

“ Fifthly, should any person presume to oppose any one of these just laws, all the other members of the community shall be bound to unite against him, either to oblige him to return to his duty, or to banish him for ever from the island.

“ Every one is advised to consider these articles maturely, and not to sign them (which would be equal to the obligation of an oath), unless he is firmly resolved to abide by the conditions of them.

Signed

ROBINSON CRUSOE.”

It was settled that the Spaniard should translate this agreement into his native language, and take pen and ink with him, that his countrymen might sign it before they embarked.

They next chose the best of the canoes, and prepared for their departure.

*Geo.* But was there room in one canoe for all the Spaniards?

*Mr. Bill.* No: they only wanted this canoe to sail to the other island: for their return they could use the boats belonging to the Spanish ship, which, as the Spaniard declared, were still in very good condition.

When their provisions were laid in, the wind being favourable, the two deputies set sail, after taking a friendly leave of Robinson and Friday. The latter was so affected at the separation, that even the day before his sorrow had caused him to shed tears for hours together, and took from him all desire of nourishment. At the moment of his father's departure he became inconsolable. Every now and then he embraced him, and bedewed him with his tears. It was not without some difficulty that the old man could escape from him to enter the canoe, and, even after they had pushed off from shore, Friday threw himself into the sea, and swam to the side of the boat, to shake hands with his father once more, and give him his last farewell, which was almost stifled with sobs. On his return ashore he sat down upon a rising ground, where he remained sighing and shedding tears with his eyes fixed upon the canoe, which scudded before the wind until he had entirely lost sight of it.

Robinson, to amuse him, spent the rest of the day with him in shooting game, and traversing the hills. They had not gone very far, when the spaniel, that accompanied them, stopped at the foot of a rock all overgrown with bushes, and fell a barking. They went up

to him, and observed a hole in the rock, which a man could not enter without creeping.

Robinson, who loved minutely to examine every thing that drew his attention, desired Friday to try if he could get into the hole, who, in making the trial, had scarce put his head withinside, before he drew it out again in a hurry, uttered a dreadful roar, and ran away with the greatest terror and precipitation, never once listening to Robinson's voice, who called him back repeatedly. At length, overtaking him, Robinson asked, with much surprize, why he had run away. "Ah!" replied he, scarce able to speak, "ah! my dear master, let us run, let us save ourselves with the utmost speed. In that cave is a most terrible monster; his eyes are like burning fire, and his throat so wide that he could swallow us both at once."

"A monstrous throat indeed!" said Robinson: "I should be curious to see it."

"Ah!" cried Friday, falling on his knees, "for Heaven's sake do no such thing. The monster would infallibly devour you, and then poor Friday would have no master." "Has it devoured you?" said Robinson, smiling. Here Friday hesitated to answer. His master, therefore, desired him to hasten to the dwelling-place, and fetch a lantern. In the mean time, he went back to the rock, and stood sentinel before the hole, with his musket in his hand.

Robinson said to himself, "What could Friday have seen to terrify him so? Was it a wild beast? a lion? a tiger? a panther? or any such animal? In that case it would certainly be rash of me to enter the hole. But if there were such animals in this island, I should have seen some of them long before now. Besides, if it had been one, Friday could not have escaped its claws. No, no; it is no such thing. His fearfulness has deceived him, and made him fancy he saw what really was not there to be seen. I will know what it is, were it only to cure this good young man of his childish aptness to be frightened.

Friday now arrives with the lantern lighted. He endeavoured once more, with tears in his eyes, to dissuade his master from exposing himself to a danger which he

said was so evident, and in which he would inevitably meet his ruin. Robinson was a stranger to fear; when he had once determined upon a step from mature reflection, he was afterwards immoveable: exhorting Friday, therefore, to take courage, he advanced boldly towards the cavern, with a lantern in one hand, and a loaded pistol in the other.

His head was scarce within side of the hole, when, by the feeble light of the lantern, he perceived an object which really made him shudder; nevertheless, he did not run away. Holding his lantern farther in, the better to discover this unknown monster, he found it to be a lama that was dying of old-age. Looking round, and perceiving no other animal but this harmless lama, he crept entirely into the cavern, and bid Friday follow him.

The poor fellow was all of a tremble, yet he could not think of abandoning his master; he, therefore, made a noble effort to overcome his fear, and, in short, had the courage to creep into the hole after him, where he saw with astonishment how much his fright had deceived him with regard to the great fiery eyes and huge throat of the animal.

As he entered, Robinson said to him, smiling, "Well, Friday, you see what fear can make us believe. Now, where are the great blazing eyes? Where is that prodigious throat that you saw?"

*Fria.* And yet I really thought I saw them; nay, I could have sworn it.

*Rob.* That you thought so I have not the least doubt; but you ought to have known how deceitful fear is, and that its delusions make us seem to see a thousand things which never existed. Believe me, Friday, it is the foundation of all stories concerning ghosts, and I know not what idle fancies of the same sort. The first tellers of these absurd tales were fearful old women, or cowardly men of the same stamp. They imagined, like you, that they saw something which they did not see; and, like you too, just now, they would have sworn that they saw what they did not see. Be a man, Friday; for the future always look twice; and banish from your breast  
this

this fearfulness, which would be scarce excusable in a girl. Friday promised to do his best.

While they were talking, the old lama expired. Robinson and Friday dragged it out of the hole, in order to bury it. They next more attentively examined the spot where they were, and found it to be a very spacious and agreeable cave, which they might in future turn to advantageous uses. It appeared as if hewn out by design: it was cool without the least dampness, and the walls, which seemed to be of crystal, reflected the light from all sides with as much splendour as if it had been a drawing-room brilliantly lighted up.

Robinson resolved to convert it into an agreeable retreat, where he might enjoy a refreshing coolness during the hotter part of the day, and also lodge any of his provisions that were liable to be spoiled by the heat. Luckily it was no more than a short mile from the dwelling-place, whither Friday presently repaired, and brought back tools, with which they both set to work to enlarge the entrance. They intended to make a door, and this task employed them agreeably during the absence of their two deputies.

### THIRTIETH EVENING.

**EDWARD.** Every time now that papa sits down to continue the story I feel a dread over me.

*Mr. Bill.* What are you afraid of, my dear?

*Edw.* That it will be the last evening.

*Geo.* If I were papa, I would make it last so long—that it should not finish at all.

*Mr. Bill.* My dear children, all our pleasures here below are bounded: this must also have an end, and you will do well to prepare yourselves before-hand for the conclusion of Robinson's adventures. However, even now a storm is rising, as you will soon see; I cannot answer for the consequences of it; be on your guard.

A week was now elapsed without any appearance of the deputies. They began to be uneasy about them. Friday ran twenty times a day to the top of the hillock or the sea-side, and wearied his eyes to no purpose in looking out for them. One day when Robinson was busy at the dwelling place, Friday came towards him full speed, singing, jumping, and bawling like a madman, while he was still as far off as he could see his master—"They are coming!—they are coming!"

At these agreeable tidings Robinson took his prospect glass, and hastened to the top of the hillock. With his naked eye he could perceive at a distance a boat making sail towards his island; but when he put the prospect glass to his eye, the joy that was in his countenance disappeared, and he said to Friday, shaking his head, "I doubt whether those are the people that we wished for." Friday at these words turned pale.

Robinson looked at the object a second time, and his doubt was now changed into uneasiness. At last, being convinced that they were not his friends who were in the boat, he communicated his alarms to Friday, who was already much disquieted. "My friend," said he, "they are neither the Spaniards nor your father; it is an English boat, with English sailors in it." Friday began to tremble from head to foot. "Follow me," said Robinson, taking the road to an eminence from whence they could better discover the Northern coast. Scarce had they reached it and looked out to sea, when they were struck motionless, and, as it were, petrified with astonishment. They perceived, at the distance of about a couple of leagues, a large English ship lying at anchor.

Surprise, fear, and joy, seized Robinson's breast by turns: joy, at the sight of a ship which might perhaps carry him to his own country; surprise and fear, because he could not conceive what had brought an English ship upon these coasts. It could not be a storm; the weather had been quite calm for some weeks. Nor could the ship's course have occasioned her to come that way. What reason could the captain have for sailing towards parts of the world where the English have neither

ther settlements nor trade? He apprehended, therefore, that they might be pirates.

*Henry.* What are they?

*Mr. Bill.* There are men to be found, who have been so ill instructed in their earlier years as not even to know that theft is a crime. These wretches make no scruple of taking away other people's property, either by fraud or violence. If they do this on land, they are called *thieves*, or *robbers*; if on sea, they are called *pirates*, *freebooters*, and the like.

*Edw.* But these were Englishmen.

*Mr. Bill.* So they appeared to be, it is true; but it was possible that they might be outlaws and pirates, who having seized upon an English ship, had dressed themselves in English cloathing. Besides, England has at all times produced as many thieves and robbers as other countries. During the first years of his solitary sojourning in this island, deprived of all manner of help and society, Robinson would have thought himself happy, had he fallen into the hands of pirates, been carried away a slave, and thus restored once more to the society of men; but now that his situation was much more agreeable, he trembled at the idea of being carried away by such marauders. He imparted his apprehensions to Friday, and they retired in order to observe, at a distance, those who were coming in the boat, and endeavour to discover their design.

Robinson and Friday posted themselves on a rising ground that was covered with trees and underwood, from whence, without being perceived, they could have an eye upon whatever passed. They saw the boat, with eleven men in it, come to land at a part of the shore that was smooth and sandy, and about a mile from the place where they were. The strangers landed; eight of them were armed, and the other three tied neck and heels. These they unbound as soon as they were upon the beach. By the countenance and actions of one of them in particular, they judged that he was soliciting the compassion of those who were armed: he fell at their feet in the posture of a suppliant. The other two now and then lifted up their hands to Heaven, as if to implore succour and deliverance.

Robinson, shocked and grieved at this sight, knew not what to resolve on: meantime, Friday approached him with an air of triumph, and whispered,, "Well, I find, master, your countrymen eat their prisoners too." "Pshaw!" said Robinson, a little out of humour, "they will do no such thing;" and he continued to observe them with his prospect glass.

It was not without shuddering that he saw some of those who were armed lift up their hangers several times over the head of him who was on his knees before them. At last, he observed that the prisoners were left alone, while the others dispersed themselves in the woods.

All three sat down with sorrowful and desponding hearts on the spot where the rest left them.

This sight reminded Robinson of his own deplorable situation the day he was cast ashore upon the island, and it inspired him with the resolution of risking every thing for the preservation of these unfortunate people, if they should prove deserving of it. Having thus determined, he sent Friday home with orders to bring as many guns, pistols, hangers, and as much ammunition, as he could carry.

*Harriet* What is ammunition?

*Mr. Fill.* Powder and ball. Robinson thought proper to stay upon the spot and observe what passed. Friday having performed his errand, and all the fire-arms being charged, they observed with satisfaction that the sailors, being scattered about, were lain down in the shade, here and there, to sleep, during the violent heat of the noon-day. Robinson, having waited a quarter of an hour, advanced confidently towards the three prisoners, who were still sitting in the same spot with their back to him. When Robinson, approaching them, called out suddenly, "Who are you?" they were all three thunder-struck.

They started up, and were going to run away; but Robinson bade them fear nothing, for he was come to assist them. "You are, then, sent from Heaven," said one of them, taking off his hat respectfully, and surveying him with the greatest astonishment. "All assistance comes from Heaven," replied Robinson; "but,  
not



not to lose time, tell me in what consists your distress, and how I can relieve you." "I am captain of that ship," said one of them; then pointing to his companions, "this," continued he, "was my mate, and that gentleman a passenger. My sailors mutinied and seized the ship; their intention at first was to kill me, and these my two companions, for finding fault with their behaviour; however, they have at length yielded to our entreaties, and spared our lives; but this boon is almost as bad as death itself. They expose us on this desert island, where, being in want of every thing, we are sure to perish miserably."

"On two conditions," said Robinson, "I will risk my blood and my life to relieve you from this extremity."

"Generous man! let us but know what they are," said the captain.

"They are these: While you remain upon this island, you shall conform in every thing to my will; and, if I succeed in recovering for you the possession of your ship, you shall give me and my companion a free passage to England." "We, the ship, and all that it contains, shall be wholly at your disposal," replied the captain.

"Very well," said Robinson, "I put a musket and a sword into each of your hands, on condition that you shall not use them until I think proper. Your assassins are now asleep and dispersed one from the other: come; let us try and master them without spilling any blood."

They set forward. Friday carried with him the cords which had been taken off the three prisoners. The first sailor that they came up to lay with his face to the ground, and slept so soundly that they seized him by the hands and feet, and crammed a handkerchief into his mouth, before he was well awake. They tied his hands behind his back, and commanded him to remain on the spot without stirring an inch, or making the least noise, on pain of being put to death that moment. They made him turn his head towards the sea, that he might not observe what was passing amongst his comrades.

The second met with the same treatment ; he was tied hand and foot, turned, and threatened in the same manner. Fortune, or, more properly speaking, Providence appeared on this occasion the protector of innocence and avenger of villainy. Six of them were now tied, but the two last awoke, started up, and took their arms. " Wretches !" cried Robinson to them, " see where your companions lie ; be assured we are superior to you in force ; lay down your arms this very instant ; the least delay may cost you your lives !"

They threw down their arms, and, in their turn, fell upon their knees to entreat their captain's pardon. Their hands being tied in the same manner as those of the rest, they were all conducted to the cavern which had been lately discovered, there to be confined. They were then informed that the guard who was to have the care of them would shoot the first man through the head who should attempt to come out at the door. It was also thought expedient to take their knives away.

After this, Robinson and Friday, with their new friends, went down to the boat : they drew it up on the beach, and bored holes in its bottom to render it for the present unfit for use.

*Henry.* Why did they do so ?

*Mr. Bill.* They foresaw, that when the first boat did not return, the people aboard would send a second. They chose, therefore, to put it out of their power to take back the first.

What they expected happened accordingly. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the ship fired a gun for the sailors who were on shore to return. This signal not being obeyed, though thrice repeated, they saw another boat put off from the ship towards the island. Robinson, with his companions, retired to a rising ground, in order from thence to observe what measures circumstances might require them to pursue.

The boat having come to land, the men jumped out and ran to the first, but were not a little surprised to see it drawn up a good way on the beach, and with holes in its bottom. They looked all round, and called their companions by their names, but nobody answered. They were ten in number, all well armed.

Robinson,

Robinson, being informed by the captain, that, amongst those whom they had made prisoners, there were three who from fear alone had joined in the mutiny, sent Friday and the mate, for them immediately. On their appearance, the captain, to whom Robinson had communicated his design, after reproaching them a little for their behaviour, asked them, whether, if he should pardon them, they would remain faithful to him for the future. "To the last moment of our lives," they said, trembling, and falling on their knees. "Before this mutiny," continued the captain, "I always took you for honest men, and am willing to believe that you were forced to take a part in it. I hope, however, you will make amends for the past by being steady and faithful in future." The three sailors, heartily repenting of their folly, shed tears of joy on being forgiven. The captain gave them back their arms, and desired them to yield a punctual obedience to their common chief.

In the mean time, the people of the second boat were continually calling out, and now and then firing their guns, with the expectation that their scattered comrades would hear and join them. At last, finding all their researches useless, and the day now drawing to a close, they began to fear for themselves; they put off, therefore, intending to lie at anchor about a hundred yards from the shore. The captain and Robinson were apprehensive lest they should go back to the ship, and the crew should take the resolution of setting sail and going off with the vessel, and not wait longer to search for their strayed companions. This apprehension filled Robinson and the rest with much anxiety.

Luckily a thought struck him, from which they promised themselves great success. He ordered Friday and one of the sailors to go behind the thickets, about a mile from the boat, and answer the men whenever they called; then, as soon as they perceived that the others heard them, they were to go farther in by degrees amongst the underwood, in order to draw the sailors after them to as great a distance as possible from shore; and, having  
done

done this, Friday and the sailor were to return as quick as they could by another way.

This stratagem succeeded completely. No sooner did the sailors in the boat hear a voice answer them, than they hastened to land again, and, taking their muskets, ran towards that quarter from whence they heard the voice. Two were left to guard the boat.

Friday and his companion performed their part admirably. They drew the sailors after them amongst the thickets about three miles from the shore, and then they hastened back with all speed to join their commanders. In the mean time, Robinson had unfolded to the captain his whole plan for mastering these people without bloodshed.

Night now came on, and it grew by degrees darker and darker. Robinson and his companions advanced silently towards the boat, till within about twenty yards of it, unperceived by the two sailors who guarded it; then they all shewed themselves at once, and, with much noise and clattering of their arms, threatened the two men with instant death if they dared to stir a step. They begged for quarter, upon which Robinson's party went up to them, and tied their hands. This done, they made haste to draw up the boat to a considerable distance from the water, led away their two prisoners, and concealed themselves behind the bushes, to wait for the return of the other sailors. They came back straggling one after another, and all exceedingly fatigued with their unsuccessful expedition. Their astonishment and vexation at not finding the boat is impossible to be expressed. As soon as there were five of them together, one of those who had been pardoned was sent to them to ask whether they chose to lay down their arms and surrender that moment without murmuring; adding, that, in case of their refusal, the governor of the island had posted a detachment of fifty men not thirty yards off, whose fire could not possibly miss them though it was dark; that the governor's people had already taken their boats, and made all the rest of their companions prisoners; so that there was no choice left them but either to surrender or die.

At the same time Robinson and his company made a clattering with their arms, to confirm the sailor's account of their number. "Can we hope for pardon?" said one of them. The captain, who was unseen, answered, "Thomas Smith, you know my voice; lay down your arms instantly, and you shall all be spared your lives, except Atkins." He, it seems, was the principal ringleader of the mutiny.

They all immediately threw down their arms. Atkins begged for mercy, entreated the captain's compassion, and represented to him that he was not more guilty than the rest. The captain answered him, that all he could do was to intercede for him with the governor, and he must wait the effect of that intercession. Then Friday and the three sailors were sent to tie their hands; and the other three mutineers returning at the same time from their ramble among the thickets, they were informed of what had passed, and, dropping all thoughts of resistance, submitted to be tied with the rest.

Upon this, Robinson, as one of the governor's officers, came forward to the prisoners. The captain, who accompanied him, chose out those whom he thought capable of a sincere repentance: these were sent to be lodged near the entrance of the dwelling-place; the others were put into the cavern. Amongst those who had been put there before, there were two whom the captain thought to be equally disposed to return faithfully to their duty, and these were ordered to be brought to him.

To-morrow evening, my dear children, you shall have the sequel of this adventure.

---

### THIRTY-FIRST EVENING.

*MR. BILL.* My dear children, we now draw near the conclusion: Robinson's lot will soon be decided: a few hours more and our friend will know whether he is sentenced to remain in his island without hopes

hopes of quitting it, or whether he shall be able to gratify his most earnest wish of again seeing his parents.

This depends on the captain's success. Will he, or will he not, with the assistance of the sailors who have returned to their duty, be able to make himself master of the ship? If he can, all our friend's anxiety will be at an end; if not, things will remain as they are, and he must not think of leaving the island.

Those whose lives had been promised them, were lodged, as before mentioned, near the entrance of the dwelling-place; they were ten in number. Robinson informed them, as from the governor, that, their offence being mutiny, they should not receive a full pardon, but on the condition of assisting their lawful commander to recover possession of his ship. They all protested that they would perform this condition with the greatest cheerfulness and fidelity. Robinson added, that, if they acquitted themselves properly of this just and reasonable duty, they would not only exempt themselves from all manner of punishment, but also save the lives of their comrades in prison, who, if the ship was not recovered that very night, were all to be hanged the next morning at break of day.

This was also told to the prisoners: they were then left together for a while, that, in this interview, the criminals threatened with speedy death might confirm the others in their fidelity, which was the only possible means that could save their lives.

In the mean time, the ship's carpenter was ordered immediately to repair the boat that had been scuttled; and, as soon as this was done, they launched them both. It was agreed, that the captain should command one, and the mate the other, the crew being equally divided between them. Every man was provided with arms and ammunition. Robinson took the captain by the hand, and wished him good success. The two boats now set sail.

*Eaw.* I wonder that Robinson did not go with them.

*Mr. Bill.* It was not for want of courage; but prudence did not permit him to go upon this expedition. The prisoners in his absence might escape, and make themselves masters of his dwelling-place. This, being  
his

his only retreat in case of danger, and containing all his resources, was of too much consequence to him that he should imprudently run the risk of losing it. The captain himself saw the propriety of this consideration, and was of opinion that Robinson and Friday should stay and guard their little fortrefs.

Robinson, whose destiny was now going to be decided, felt an anxiety and agitation of mind that did not suffer him to rest.

Sometimes he sat down in the cave, sometimes he walked about upon the terrace, and sometimes he went up the ladder of ropes to the top of the hillock, to take advantage of the silence of the night, and listen whether any thing was to be heard from that quarter where the ship lay. Though he had scarce taken any nourishment the whole day, he could not prevail upon himself to do it now. His anxiety was continually encreasing, because he expected the signal that had been agreed upon between them: three guns were to be the token of the captain's success, and it was already midnight. He at length reflected, that he was wrong to fluctuate between hope and fear, to *tremblingly alive* to both; and he seasonably recollected a maxim with which he had, not long ago, endeavoured to fortify his man Friday. "In a doubtful case," said he, "always expect the worst. If this worst does not happen, so much the better for you; if it does, you are prepared for it, and have already destroyed half its power to hurt."

Consequently, Robinson considered as indubitable the ill success of the expedition. He mustered up all his fortitude and resignation to Providence, to enable him to support this misfortune. He now gave up all hope—when, suddenly the deep and distant sound of a gun was heard. As if he had been roused out of his sleep, he listens—a second report—then a third! There is no longer any room for doubt: the captain has recovered the ship, and will very speedily set sail for Europe.

Intoxicated with joy, he flies, he slides down the ladder, throws his hands round Friday's neck, who lay asleep upon the grassy slope of the terrace; he presses him to his bosom, and bedews him with his tears, un-

able to utter a single word. "What is the matter, my dear master?" said Friday, opening his eyes, and terrified at all this hurry and sudden overflow of affection. "Ah! Friday!" was all the answer that Robinson, in the fulness of his joy, could return.

"Heaven have compassion on my poor master's head!" said Friday to himself, imagining him to have lost his senses. "You must go to bed, my dear master;" and at the same time he was taking him by the arm to lead him to the cave. Robinson, in a tone of voice which expressed his transport, cried, "Me! me to bed! Friday, at the very moment when Heaven is crowning the only wish that my heart has cherished so long! Did you not hear the three guns? Know you not that they are happily masters of the ship?"

Friday, on being informed of this fortunate event, rejoiced, it is true, but more on his master's account than his own. The thoughts of soon quitting his native climate for ever, damped the satisfaction which he would otherwise have enjoyed in going with Robinson and his father to a country from whence so many wonderful things had already been presented to his view, and where he expected to see others still more marvellous.

Robinson was never so affected with the transports of joy before. Sometimes he went up to the top of the hillock, threw himself on his face, lifted up his eyes towards the starry vault, and returned God thanks for having at length procured him the means of departing from this desert island; presently he would go down again, shake his dear Friday by the hand, talk of nothing but Plymouth and Exeter, and begin to pack up the goods. In this agitation he passed the night without once thinking of repose.

At the first peep of dawn his eyes were turned towards that quarter where the ship lay at anchor. He waited with impatience for the moment when broad daylight should give him a full view of the instrument of his deliverance. The moment comes—Heaven! is it possible?—Dreadful idea!—He sees, without the smallest room for doubt—that the ship is no longer there. He shrieks, and falls down in a swoon.

Friday



Friday ran to him, but was a long time before he could comprehend what was the matter with his master. At length, Robinson, stretching his trembling hand towards the sea, "Look there!" said he, with a feeble and almost inarticulate voice. Friday no sooner turned his head that way than he discovered the cause of his master's grief.

I see, my dear children, you know not which sentiment to indulge. You are divided between joy and compassion. You hope that this incident will prolong the story; but our friend's melancholy situation moderates and restrains the liveliness of your satisfaction. You all maintain a profound silence; I will take advantage of it, and go on.

Robinson shews us here, by his example, how careful even the best men should be not to suffer their passions to get the better of them. If he had not at first indulged an immoderate joy, he would not afterwards have fallen into an excessive degree of sorrow, which entirely darkened his reason; he would have been sensible that he ought to support the shock with resignation, though it destroyed his dearest hopes; he would have reflected that Providence has means to rescue us from distress, even when we think it impossible. This reflection would have contributed to restore him to tranquillity. Once more, my dear children, you see how much remains to be amended even in persons the most forward in the path of virtue.

While Robinson was desponding, and Friday endeavouring to comfort him, they suddenly heard a noise at the back of the hillock as of several people walking. They rise in a hurry, and looking on that side from whence the noise came, they were agreeably surpris'd to behold the captain coming up the hillock, accompanied by some of his people. Robinson sprung forward to take him by the hand, and happening to turn himself that way, he perceived the ship at anchor in a creek on the Western side of the island. Judge whether his grief was banished in a moment. This sight inform'd him at once that the captain had changed his station before the break of day, and moored the ship in that safe and commodious harbour.

Robinson was so overjoyed that he could not quit the captain, who on his side was no less delighted. They thanked and congratulated each other a thousand times. The captain related the manner of his becoming master of the ship without killing or wounding a single person. The night was so dark that the mutineers never saw him, and so made not the least difficulty in receiving those on board who accompanied him. The most refractory were going, it is true, to stand upon their defence, but their resistance would have been vain; they would immediately have been overpowered and laid in irons. When he had finished his recital, he indulged his feelings of gratitude to his deliverer. "It is you," said he, with tears in his eyes, "it is you, generous man! who by your compassion and prudence have saved me and restored my ship. It is now yours; you shall dispose both of that and me at your pleasure." He then ordered the men to lay on the table some refreshments that he had brought from the ship, and the whole company, with hearts full of joy, sat down to an excellent breakfast.

In the mean time, Robinson related his strange adventures, which more than once excited the captain's highest admiration. The latter entreated Robinson to tell him what he should do for him. "Besides what I stipulated yesterday," answered he, "in return for the assistance that I afforded you, I have three things more to desire of you. In the first place, I request you to wait the return of the Spaniards and my man Friday's father; 2dly, to receive aboard your ship, not only me and my people, but also all the Spaniards, whom you will land in their own country, sailing to Cadiz for that purpose; lastly, to pardon the principal mutineers, and to punish them no otherwise than by letting them remain here on my island, as I am persuaded that it will be the best way to reform them."

The captain, having assured him that these articles should be punctually performed, sent for the prisoners, picked out the most guilty, and told them their sentence, which they heard with a degree of satisfaction, very well knowing that by law they were liable to be put to death. Robinson, ever full of humanity, gave them in-

structions

structions concerning the manner of procuring themselves subsistence, and promised to leave them what was his best treasure in the island, namely his tools, his furniture, and his cattle. At the same time he recommended to them, over and over, to put their trust in Heaven, to agree together, and to be industrious, assuring them that the practice of these virtues would not a little contribute towards rendering their confinement in this island agreeable.

He was still speaking, when Friday, out of breath, brought the pleasing news that his father was coming with the Spaniards, and that they were that moment landing. All the company prepared to go and meet them. Friday flew to the sea side, and embraced his father again and again, before the rest came up.

Robinson saw with surprise, that, amongst those who came in the boats, there were two women. He questioned Thursday concerning them, who told him that they were natives whom the two Spaniards had married. As soon as these two Spaniards learned that Robinson was going away, and intended to leave some sailors behind him upon the island, they requested permission to remain there also with their wives, alledging, that, after the accounts which they had heard of this island, they could not desire a better establishment.

Robinson, charmed at their request, most readily consented to it. He was well pleased that two men should remain upon his island, of whom all their comrades gave the most excellent character, as it was possible that they might bring back the mutineers, with whom they were left, to a regular and peaceable life. With this view he resolved to give the Spaniards a degree of authority over them.

Those who were to be left on the island were six Englishmen, and two Spaniards with their wives. Robinson called the whole together, and declared his will to them in the following words :

“ I hope none of you will dispute my right to do as I please with the property of this island and all that belongs to it. I wish equal happiness to all of you who remain here after me. To secure it, there must be a certain order and subordination amongst you, which it belongs

belongs only to me to prescribe. I declare, therefore, that I appoint the two Spaniards as substitutes in my place, and that they shall for the future be the lawful masters of the island. You shall all pay them the strictest obedience; they alone shall have possession of the little fort and live there; they alone shall have under their care all the arms, ammunition, and tools, but which they will lend you, whenever you have occasion for them, provided you be quiet and peaceable. In all dangers you shall unite for the common defence. Your labours both in the garden and the field shall be performed in common, and every crop be equally divided amongst you all. Perhaps one day or other I may have an opportunity of hearing from you. Perhaps I may even resolve to come and finish my days in this island, such an affection do I feel for it even at this moment. Then woe be to him who shall have infringed my regulations! He shall be shewed no compassion, but set adrift in a slight boat, to take his chance upon the open sea, let the weather be ever so unfavourable."

They all agreed to these regulations, and promised the most perfect obedience.

Robinson then took an inventory of the few goods that he intended to carry away with him, and which were to be immediately put on board the ship. They were, 1st, the dress of skins that he had made for himself, together with the umbrella and the mask: 2dly, the spear, the bow and arrows, and the stone hatchet, which were also his own workmanship: 3dly, Poll, the spaniel, and two lamas: 4thly, several utensils and pieces of furniture, which he had made while he was alone: 5thly, the gold-dust and diamonds: and lastly, the lump of gold which was his own property.

All these articles being carried aboard, and the wind favourable, their departure was fixed for the next day. Robinson and Friday prepared a dinner, by way of entertainment before their departure, for the captain and those who were to compose the future colony on the island. They served up the best of every thing that was amongst their provisions, and the victuals were so well prepared, that the captain could not sufficiently admire Robinson's skill in entertaining his company. The  
captain,

captain, to imitate the generosity of his host, and to contribute in some measure to the welfare of the new inhabitants of the island, ordered a quantity of provisions to be brought from the ship, together with gunpowder, iron, and working tools; all which he bestowed as a present on the colony.

Towards evening, Robinson made his excuses, and begged permission to be alone for an hour, alledging that there remained some important business which he wished to settle before his departure. Every one withdrawing, he went to the top of the hillock; there he revolved in his mind the series of events that had happened during his abode upon the island, and his heart, full of the liveliest filial gratitude, opened itself in thanksgiving to his Supreme Benefactor. How shall I express his pious acknowledgments? But hearts like his will find in their own feelings the expression of those sentiments which I want words to interpret.

The time of their departure being arrived, Robinson affectionately exhorted the colony to be unanimous, industrious, and, above all, religious; and, bearing in his breast a regard for the welfare of the whole, he recommends them as his brothers to that divine protection which he had always wonderfully experienced. He looks round once more with inward satisfaction: again he thanks Heaven both for delivering him at present by a miracle of goodness and wisdom: for the last time, he bids farewell to the inhabitants whom he leaves in the island, but in a voice scarcely to be heard. At length he goes aboard, accompanied by Thursday and Friday.

*Some of the Children.* Now the story is ended.

*Rich.* Pray, have patience; who knows whether some obstacle may not yet happen to hinder his departure?

*Mr. Bill.* The wind was fresh, and blew so favourably that the island seemed to withdraw from them very fast. As long as it was in sight, Robinson, standing upon the deck in mournful silence, kept his eyes fixed upon the spot, which, from his having lived upon it for twelve years, and experienced and surmounted many distresses there, was become almost as dear to him as his

own native country. At length, having lost sight of the island, and the top of its highest hill, he retired into the cabin with Thursday and Friday, in order to relieve the oppression of his thoughts in the amusement of friendly conversation.

They had a very fine voyage, and in twenty-four days cast anchor in the harbour of Cadiz, where they landed all their Spanish passengers. Robinson went into the town to enquire for the merchant to whom the barrel of gold-dust belonged which he had saved from the wreck. He was fortunate enough to find him, and to learn that the honest merchant, by recovering this gold, would be extricated from the greatest difficulties. The loss of his ship had been followed by the most disagreeable consequences: it had thrown his affairs into such confusion that he *failed*.

*Henry.* Failed? how?

*Mr. Bill.* When a man owes more than he can pay, he gives up whatever property he has remaining to be divided proportionably amongst his creditors, who thus lose each of them more or less; and in this case, a man is said to become a bankrupt, or to fail.

The barrel of gold-dust was more than sufficient to pay off the merchant's debts. Penetrated with gratitude, he wished to bestow the remainder upon his benefactor. Robinson, far from accepting it, declared that he was already too well rewarded in the satisfaction of having prevented the ruin of an honest merchant.

From Cadiz they set sail for England. In this part of the voyage a melancholy event happened. Thursday fell suddenly ill; all the assistance that could be given him was of no service. You may imagine what Friday suffered, and what was his excess of grief on the death of a father whom he loved beyond expression. The two lamas, also, being no longer able to endure the voyage and the sea air, died soon after.

The ship arrived without any accident at Portsmouth. Robinson hoped to find there the widow to whom he was to restore the diamonds. He found her, indeed, according to the direction that he had received for her, but in very low circumstances. Having received neither remittances nor even tidings from India for two years,  
 she

she and her children were reduced to very great distress; in short, they were almost in rags, and poverty was painted in the countenance of each person of the family. Robinson, therefore, once more experienced the satisfaction, so delightful to every man of benevolence, of being an instrument in the hands of Providence to dry up the tears of the unfortunate, and put an end to their distresses. He gave her the diamonds; and as a plant that is almost parched in stalk and branches recovers its strength and verdure after a kindly and refreshing shower, he saw this family, through returning plenty, and the satisfaction naturally accompanying it, lift up their heads once more, make a proper figure in society, and enjoy a happiness arising from independence which they had long since despaired of attaining.

As Robinson found here a small vessel going to Plymouth immediately, he took leave of his captain, not chusing to go by land, and hastened with Friday aboard the Plymouth vessel, which set sail that same evening.

This short passage was soon performed. They were already in sight of the Eddystone light-house, when all of a sudden a violent storm arose, which carried the vessel to the Westward. All that skill and activity could do was put in practice to tack and keep out to sea, but to no purpose: a furious gust of wind rendered all their exertions useless; it forced the ship upon a sand-bank with such violence that she bulged.

The water came pouring in so fast that they had not a thought of saving her: in fact, the people had scarce time to take to their boats, which was the only resource they had to preserve their lives.

They fortunately reached shore at a place not far from Plymouth. Robinson and the ship's crew immediately steered their course thither; he, like a poor traveller, now twice shipwrecked, and saving out of all his effects nothing but his faithful spaniel, who swam after the boat, and Poll, his parrot, which flew upon his shoulder the moment she saw him leave the ship. He stopped in Plymouth that night, and the next day learned, that, amongst the goods saved from the wreck, were his umbrella and suit of cloaths made of skins. These,  
being

being of no use to the finder, were restored to him by a fisherman for a trifling gratuity. As to his great wedge of gold, it was lost irrecoverably.

*Rich.* Poor Robinson!

*Mr. Bill.* He is now exactly as rich as when he formerly set sail from Plymouth. Perhaps Providence permitted this loss, to prevent any rash young person from being dazzled by Robinson's example, and traversing the world, like him, in the hope of returning with a treasure found by chance. As to Robinson, the loss gave him very little concern. Proposing, as he did, to live, all the rest of his days, as soberly and with the same perseverance in labour, as he had whilst upon his island, he found a lump of gold to be quite unnecessary in the prosecution of such a plan.

He now took the coach for his native city Exeter. He had already learned at Portsmouth that his mother was dead, that affectionate and tender mother, and he had bitterly lamented her loss. Buried in melancholy on account of this event, he attended very little to the accidents of the road, and passed through the towns of Brent, Alhburton, and Chudleigh, without taking the smallest notice of them. At length he stops in Exeter: his heart beating with joy, he springs out of the coach, and if it had not been for the numbers of people in the street, whose presence somewhat abashed him, he would have fallen on his face to kiss the ground of his native city.

Going into the inn at which the carriage stopped, he chose to send to his father, in order to prepare him by degrees for the unexpected return of his son. The man who was charged with this message had orders to tell the old gentleman, at first, that a person desired to speak with him, who brought him agreeable news from his son: he was, after some time, to add, that his son was coming to Exeter; and, lastly, to declare that the bearer of these agreeable tidings was his son himself. Without this preparation, the good old man might have been seized with such an excess of joy as would have cost him his life.

After this precaution, Robinson, who still knew the street perfectly well, flies to his father's house. As  
soon



soon as he arrived there, in a transport of inexpressible ecstasy he throws himself into his father's arms, who trembled all over. "Oh, my father!"—"My dear son!"—was all that they could say. Throbbing and speechless, they remained some time locked in each other's arms; at length, a seasonable flood of tears relieved both their breasts, which were almost suffocated with joy.

Friday, whom the multitude of different objects that he saw, filled with surprise was staring about in silence. His eyes could never have enough. The first day he saw nothing, I may say: he was dazzled, confounded, and could fix on no object.

In the mean time, the noise of Robinson Crusoe's return and his surprising adventures was spread rapidly through the city of Exeter. He was the sole subject of conversation, and every body crowded to see him, every body desired to hear him relate his adventures himself. His father's house was for ever full of people, and Robinson was employed in relating his story from morning to evening; in the course of which he never forgot to address to the fathers and mothers who heard him the following exhortation, "If you love your children, I pray you, teach them, in their early years, to be godly, sober, and laborious:" and if there happened to be young persons present, he was careful to give them this wholesome advice, "My dear children, obey your parents and your teachers; learn diligently whatever you have a capacity to learn; fear God, and be careful—oh, be careful to avoid idleness! It is the mother of every vice."

Robinson's father was by profession a broker, and he wished to see his son apply to his own business, in order to take it up after his death; but Robinson, long accustomed to the pleasure of manual labour, begged his permission to learn the trade of a carpenter, and his father not opposing his inclination, he put himself, together with Friday, apprentice to that business, in which they made such proficiency, that, before the end of the year, they could work with as much neatness and dispatch as any of the trade in Exeter.

After some time, they opened the business in partnership, and during their whole lives remained faithful

friends and inseparable companions. Industry and sobriety were so much a second nature to them, that they could not have passed even half a day in idleness or loose living. In remembrance of their former solitary way of life, they pitched upon one day in the week to live in the same manner as they used in their island, as far as that could be done. Concord between themselves, indulgence for the faults of others, beneficence towards those whom they knew, and humanity to all men, were virtues so habitual to them, that they could not conceive how any one who neglected the practice of them could be happy. They were particularly distinguished by a pure, sincere, and active piety. Joy and love were seen to sparkle in their eyes, whenever they pronounced the name of the Supreme Being; and they were in pain whenever they heard this sacred name uttered in vain and from mere levity. Therefore, the blessing of Heaven visibly crowned all their endeavours. Being always actively employed about something useful, they reached a very advanced age in health and peace; and the remotest posterity will respect the memory of two men, who by their example, have shewn to the world in what manner we may best work out our temporal welfare in this life, and our eternal happiness in the next.

Here Mr. Billingsley was silent; the children continued sitting some little time longer, in deep reflection, until this thought, *I will endeavour to do the same*, which resulted as a moral from what they had heard, took root in the breast of each, and acquired the force of an immoveable resolution.

F I N I S.









1

